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for the

GERMAN FLUTE

IN FOUR VOLUMES,

Containing a Selection of Two Hundred

Favorite Airs

Properly adapted for that

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Musical Instrument Makers 196 Strand.

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THE END.

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Vol. I

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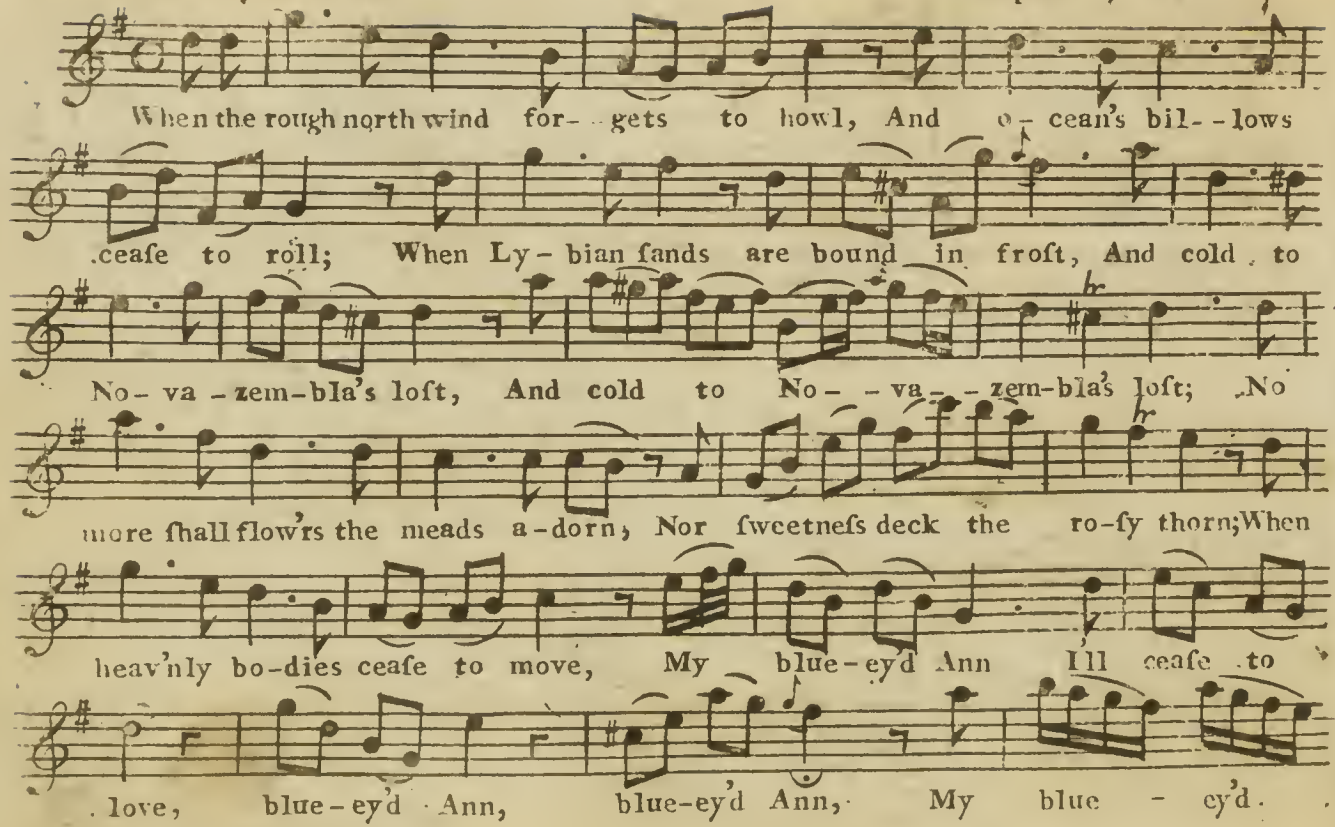
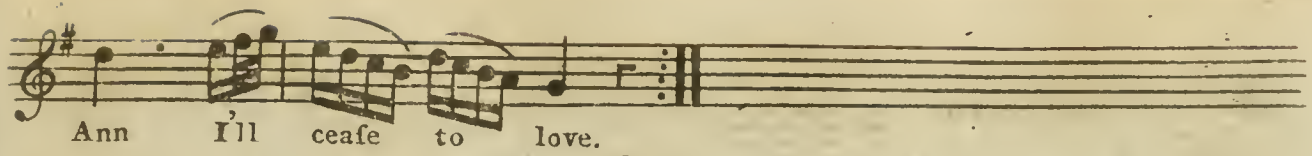
Blue-ey'd Ann

Compos'd by T. B. Gray.


When the rough north wind for- gets to howl, And o- cean's bil- lows
ceaſe to roll; When Ly- bian ſands are bound in froſt, And cold to
No- va - zem-bla's loſt, And cold to No- va- zem-bla's loſt; No
more ſhall flow'rs the meads a-dorn, Nor ſweetneſs deck the ro-ſy thorn; When
heav'nly bo-dies ceaſe to move, My blue-ey'd Ann I'll ceaſe to
love, blue-ey'd Ann, blue-ey'd Ann, My blue - ey'd.

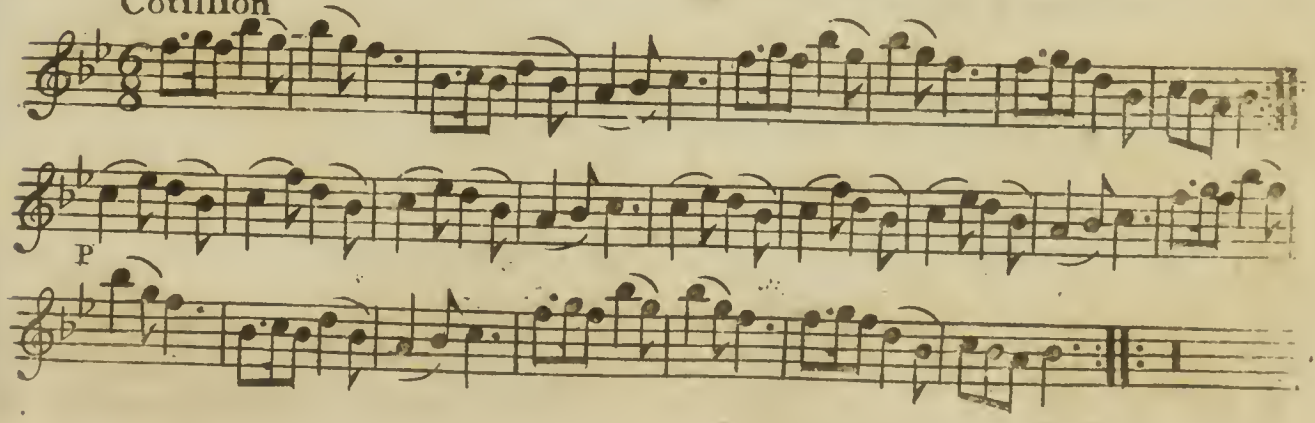


When rolling Seaſons ceaſe to change,
Inconſtancy forgets to range;
When laviſh May no more ſhall bloom,
Nor gardens yield a rich perfume,

2

Nor ſwelling buds proclaim the ſpring,
Nor parching heats the dog-ſtar bring,
Nor laughing Lillies paint the grove,
Then blue-ey'd Ann I ceaſe to love.

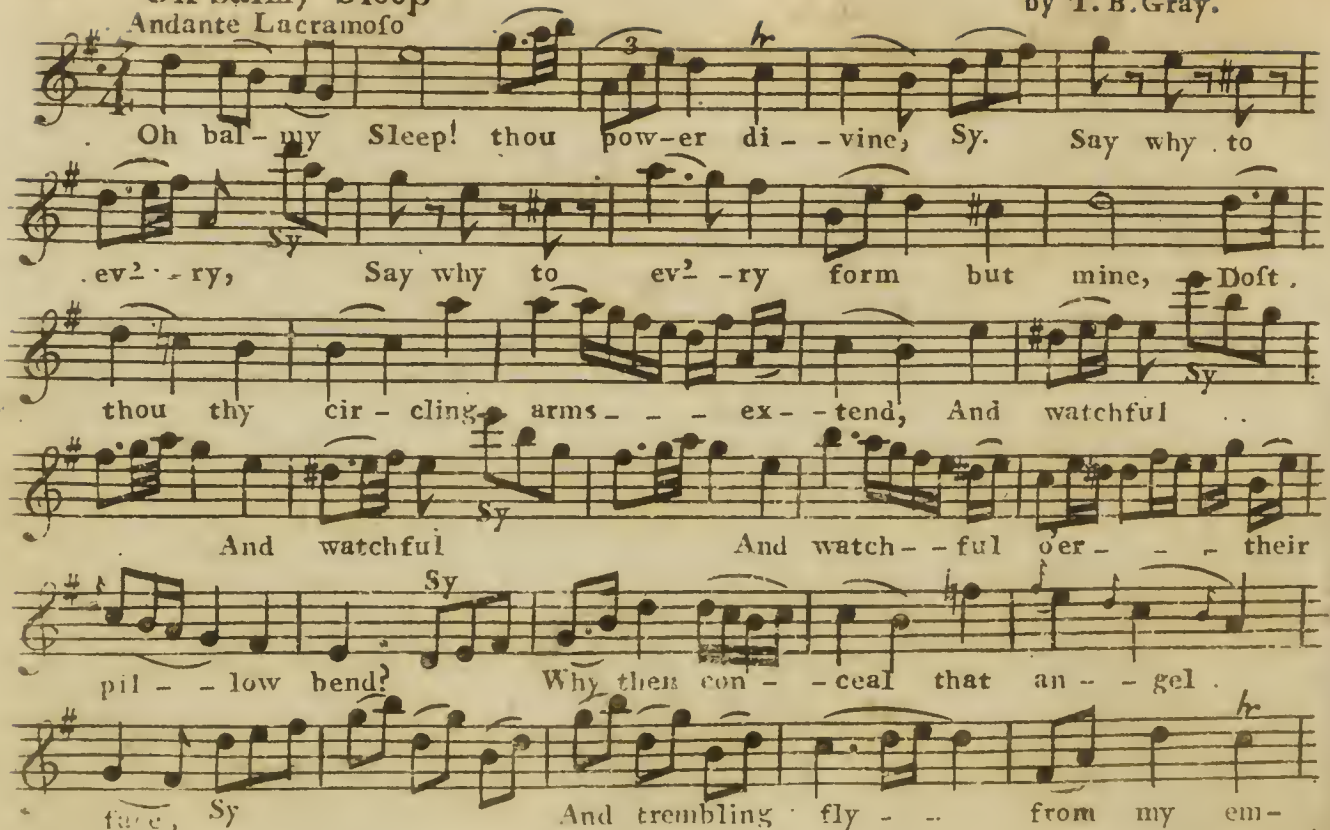
Cotillion

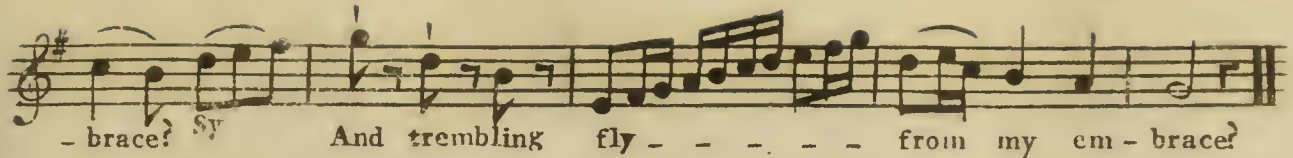


Oh balmy Sleep

Andante Lacramoso

by T. B. Gray.

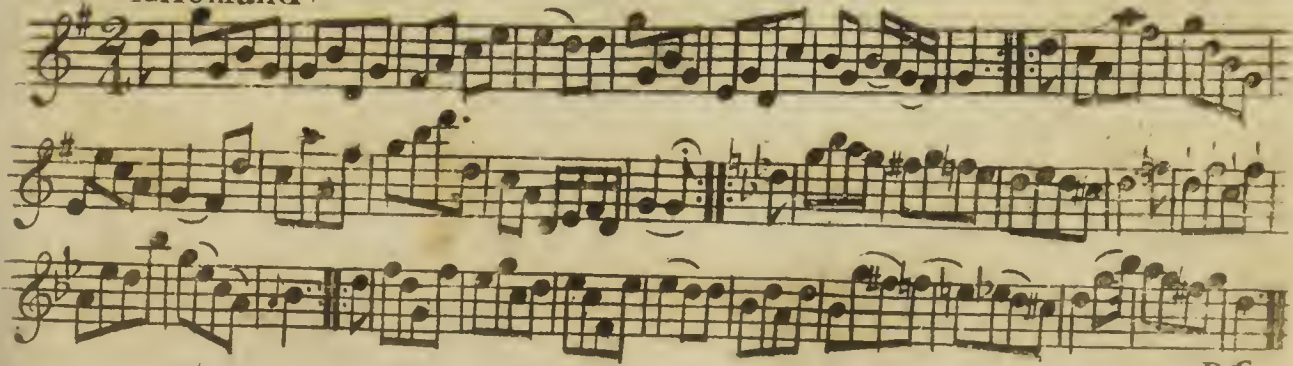

Oh bal - my Sleep! thou pow-er di - - vine, Sy. Say why to
ev - ry, Say why to ev - ry form but mine, Doft
thou thy cir - cling arms - - - ex - - tend, And watchful
And watchful And watch - - ful o'er - - - their
pil - - low bend? Why then con - - ceal that an - - gel
face, Sy And trembling fly - - from my em-



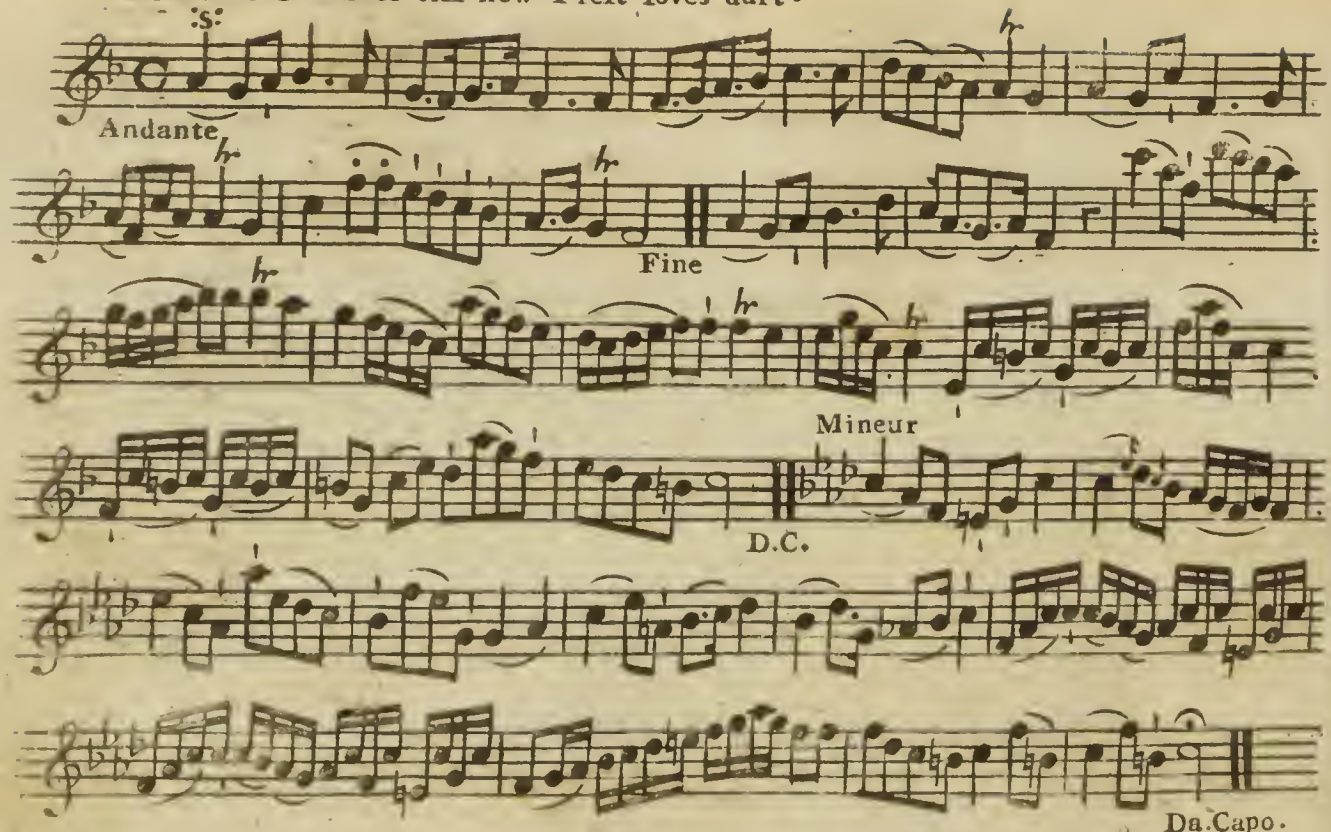
2

Ah yet sleep on, my dearest Swain,
And sooth the anguish of my pain;
For thou canst make our sorrow cease,
Give ease to pain, to trouble peace;
I meet those eyes of scorn disarm'd,
Soft as they first this bosom Charm'd.

Allemand.

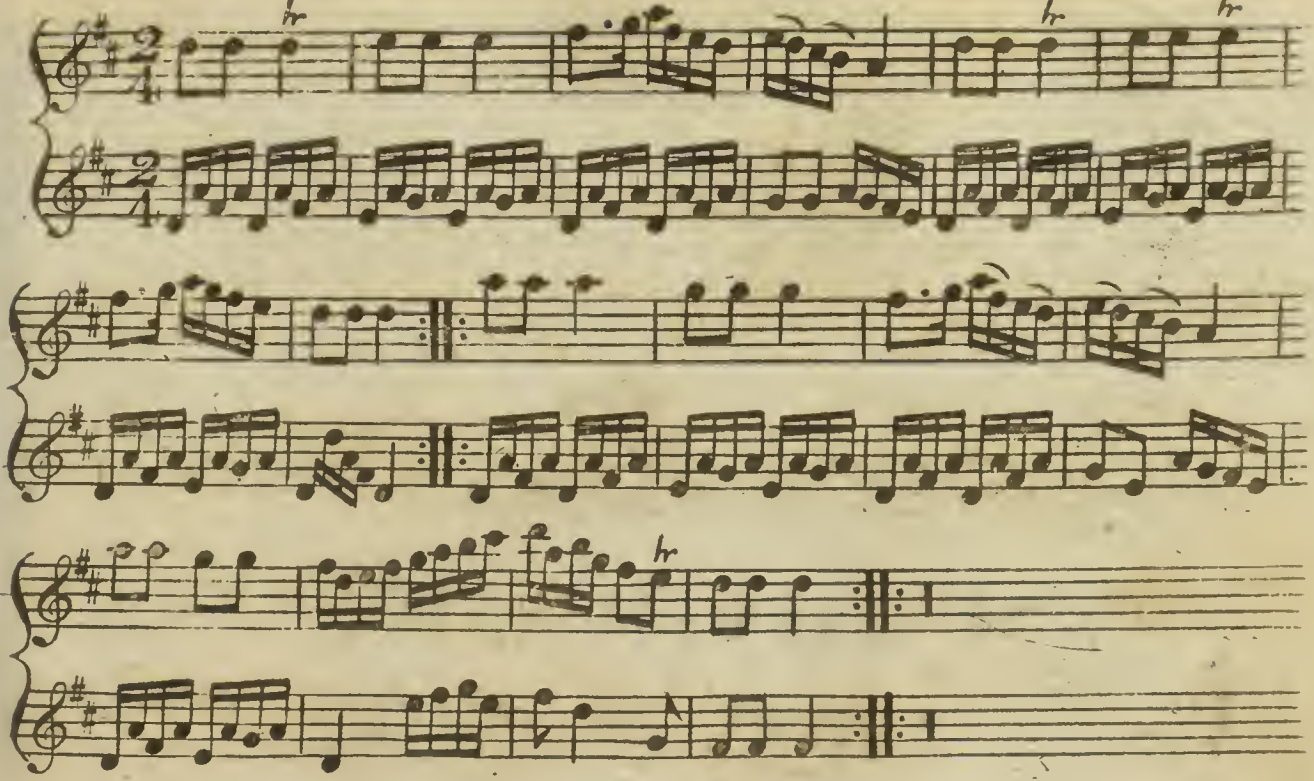


RONDEAU. Never till now I felt love's dart.



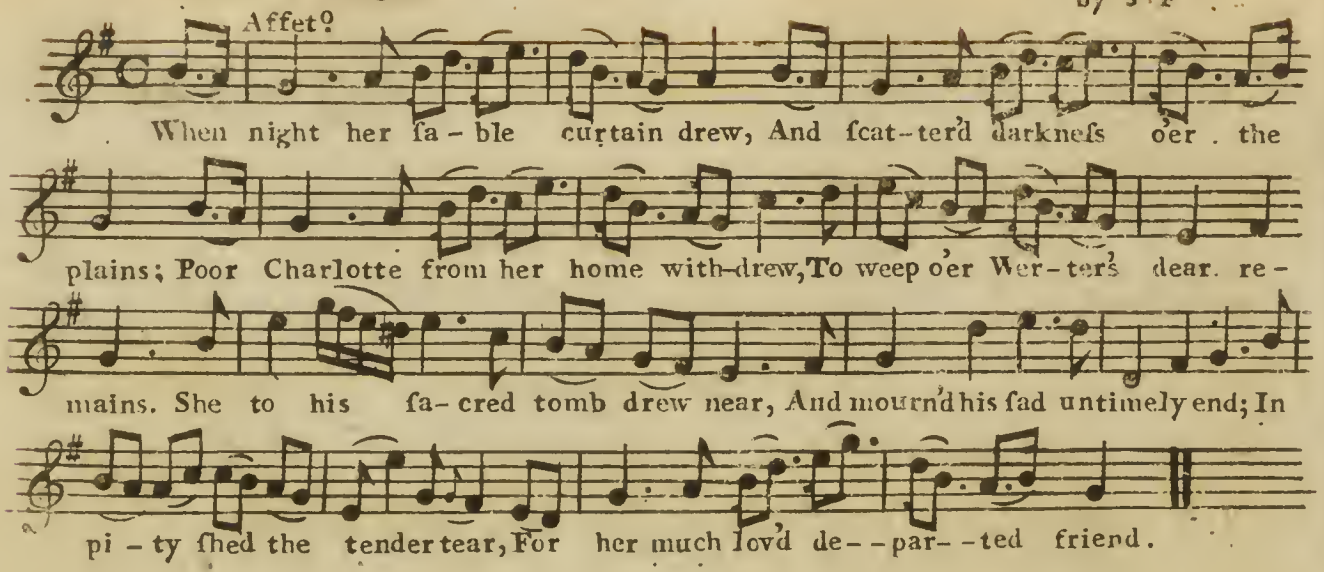
Lefson for two Flutes

by T. B. Gray.



Werter's Ghoſt.

by J. F


Affet?
When night her ſa-ble curtain drew, And ſcat-ter'd darkneſs o'er the
plains; Poor Charlotte from her home with-drew, To weep o'er Wer-ter's dear re-
mains. She to his ſa-cred tomb drew near, And mourn'd his ſad untimely end; In
pi-ty ſhed the tender tear, For her much lov'd de--par--ted friend.

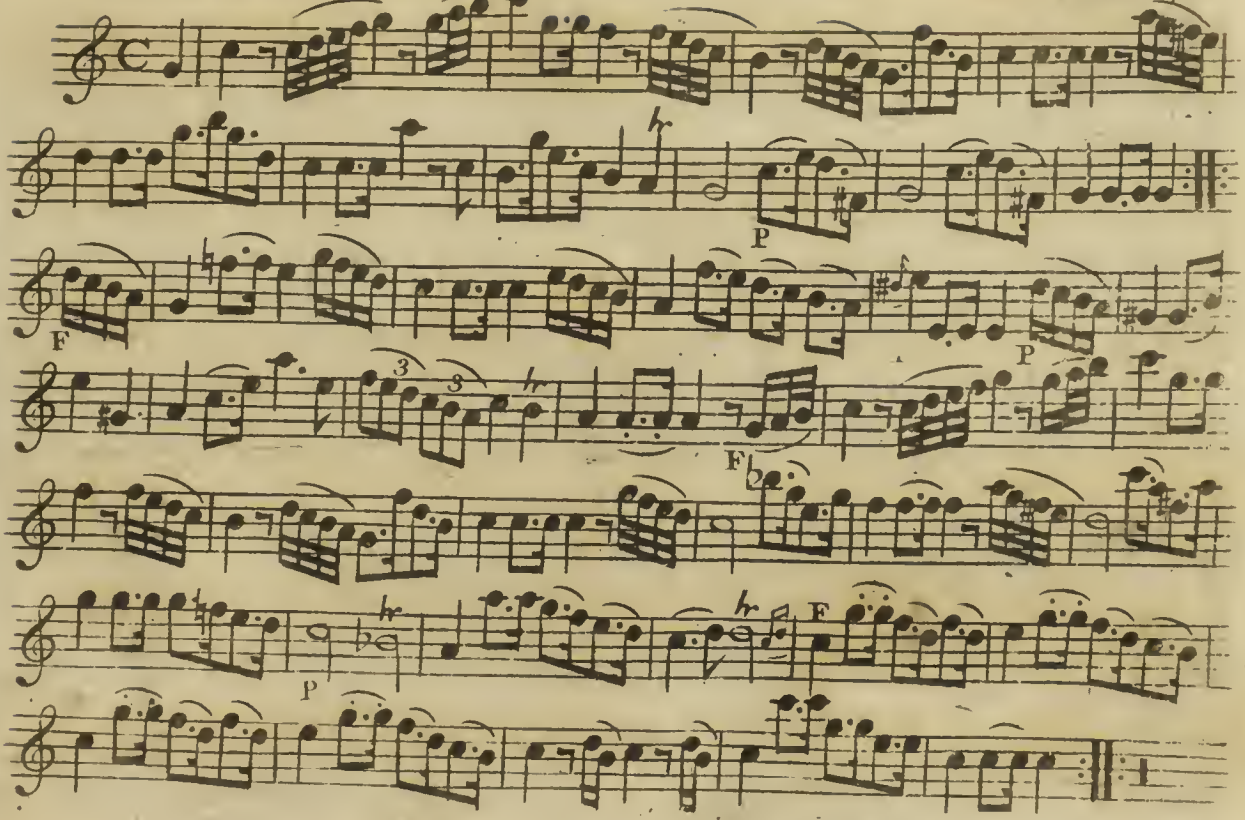
2

Oh! Werter! Werter! Charlotte cry'd,
Had we each other ſooner ſeen,
Thou wouldſt not in deſpair have died,
For thine alone I ſhould have been.

But heaven otherwiſe ordain'd,
And thou alas! art now no more;
Whilſt I on earth am yet detain'd
And ſhall, till death, thy fate deplore.

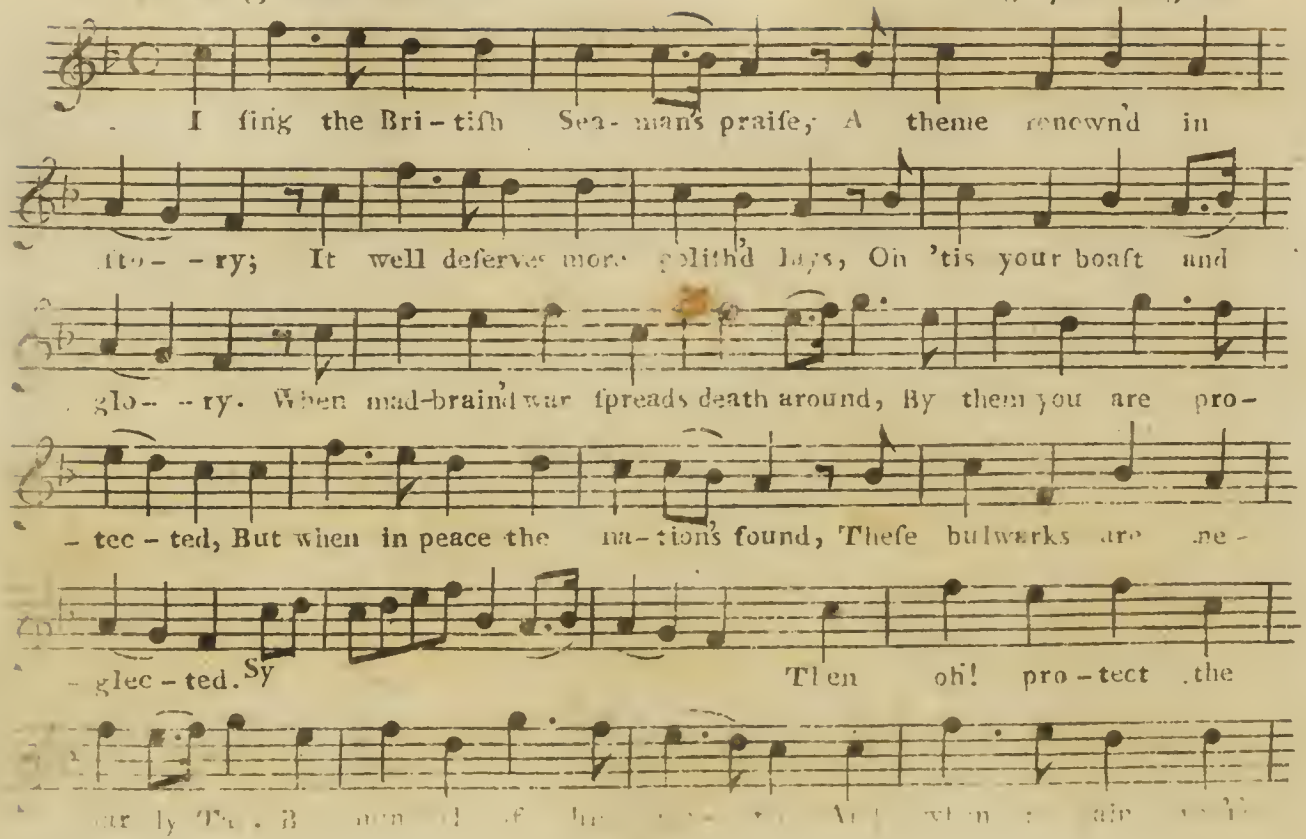
General York's March

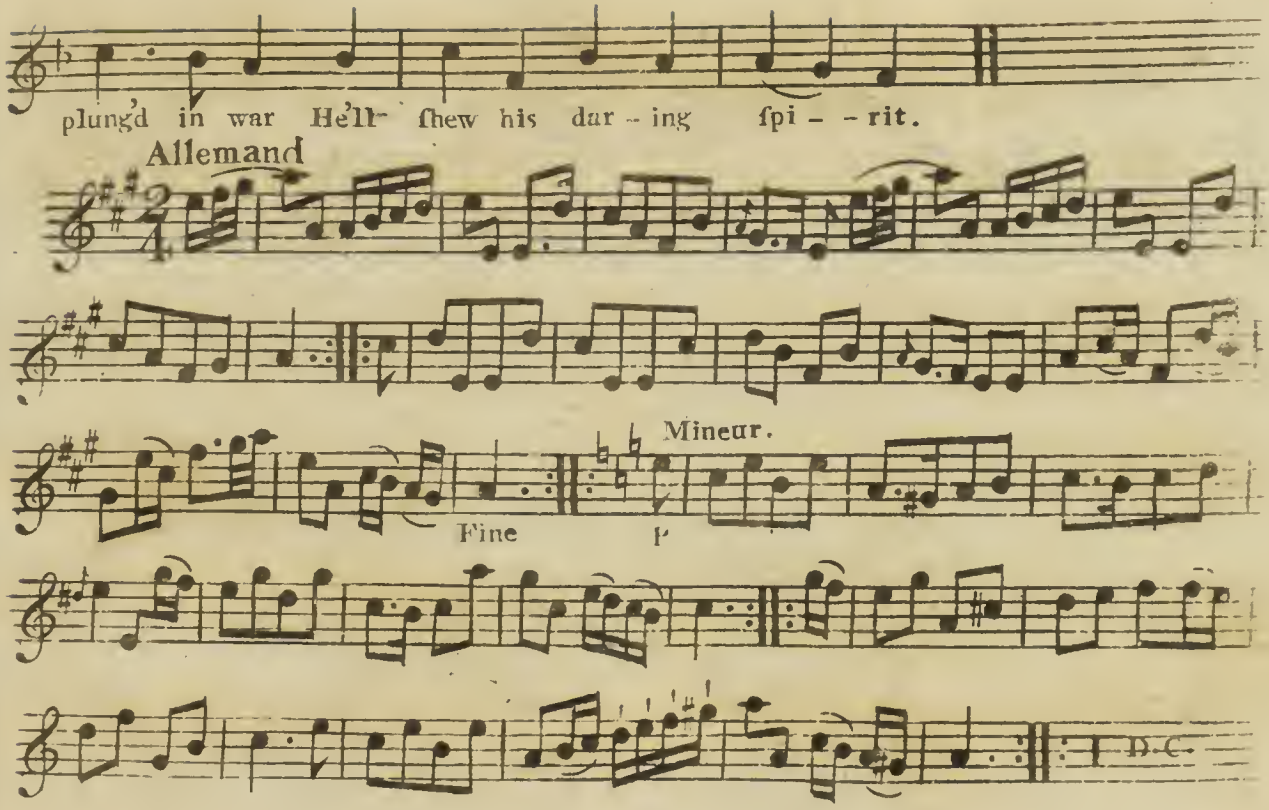
T. B. Gray.



The neglected Tar

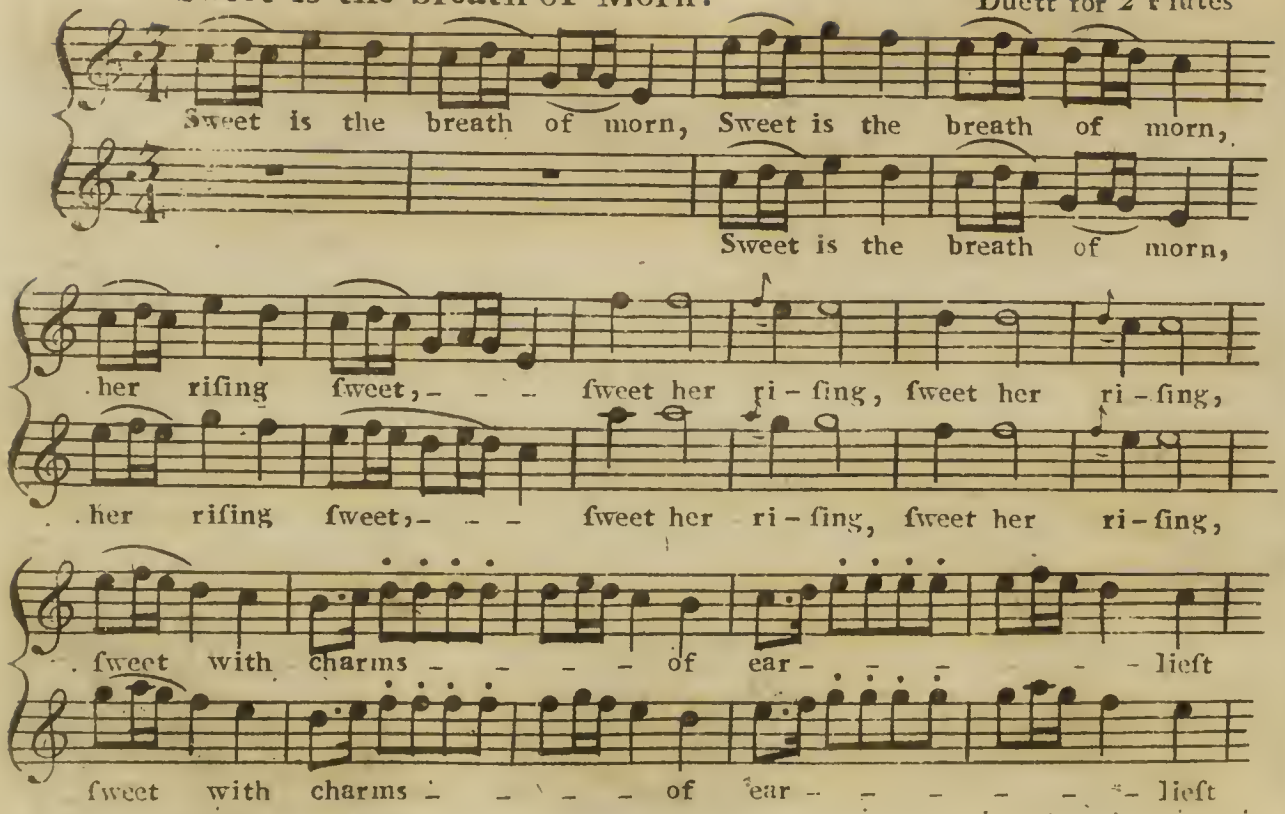
Sung by Mr Dignum

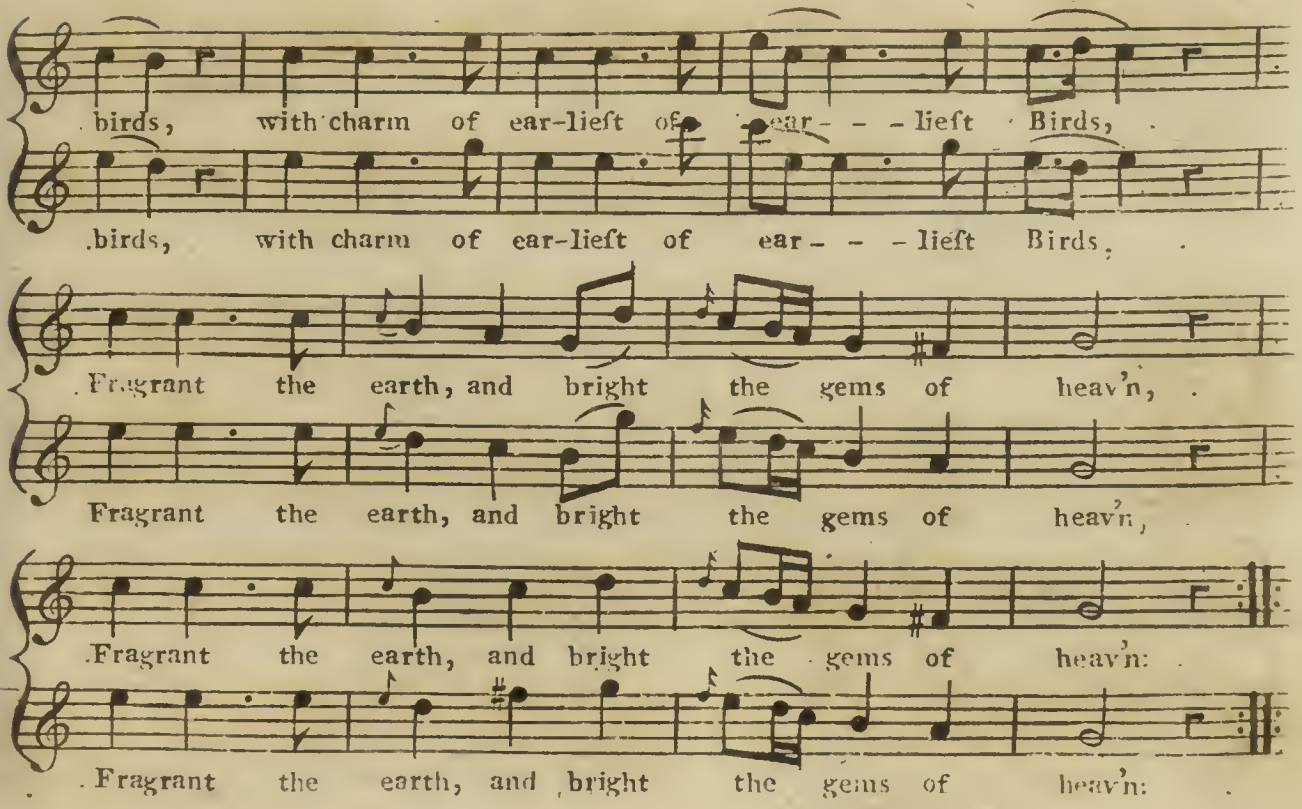

I ſing the Bri-tiſh Sea-man's praiſe, A theme renown'd in
-ry; It well deſerves more polith'd lays, On 'tis your boaſt and
glo- -ry. When mad-brain'd war ſpreads death around, By them you are pro-
-tec-ted, But when in peace the na-tion's found, Theſe bulwarks are ne-
-glec-ted. Then oh! pro-tect the

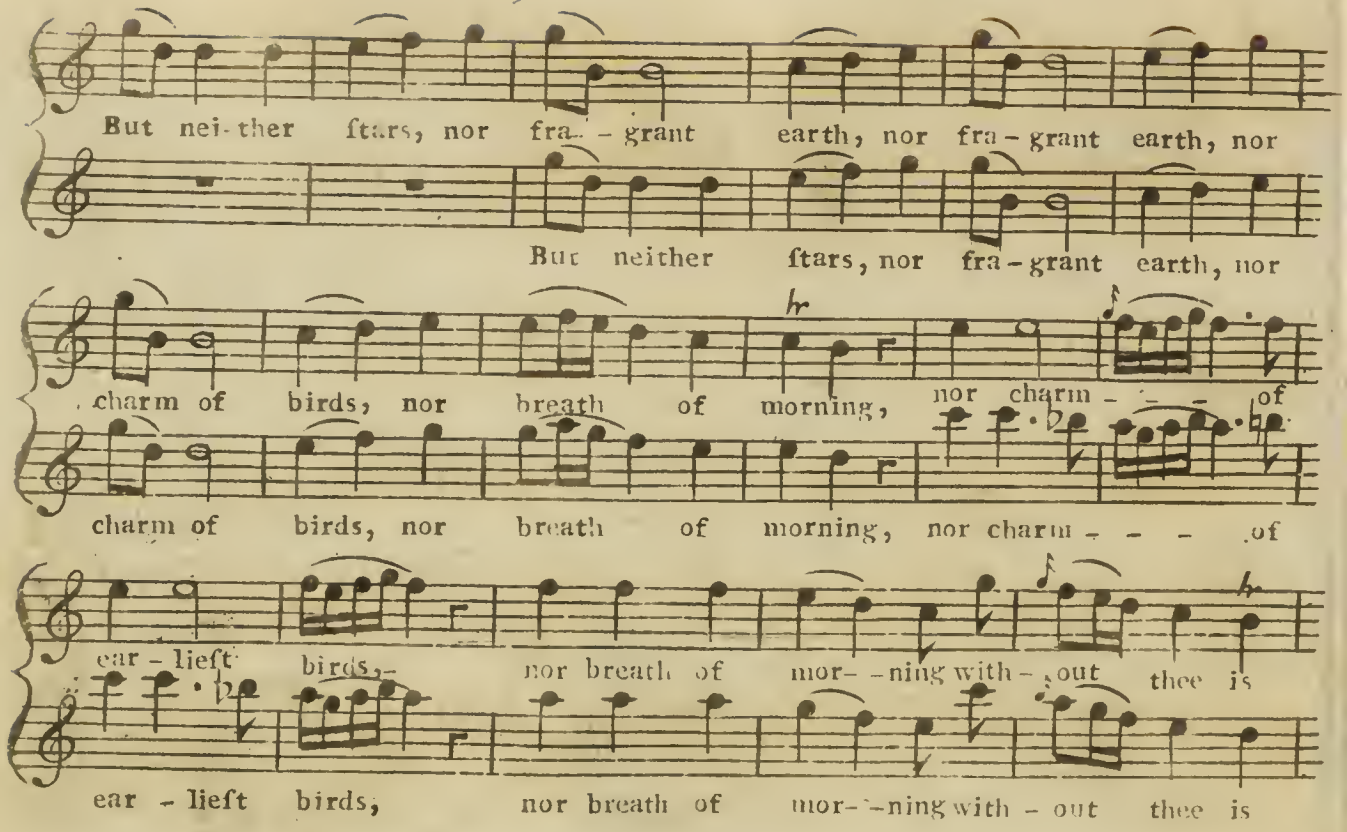

plungd in war He'll ſhew his dar - ing ſpi - - rit.
Allemand
Mineur.
Fine
P
D.C.

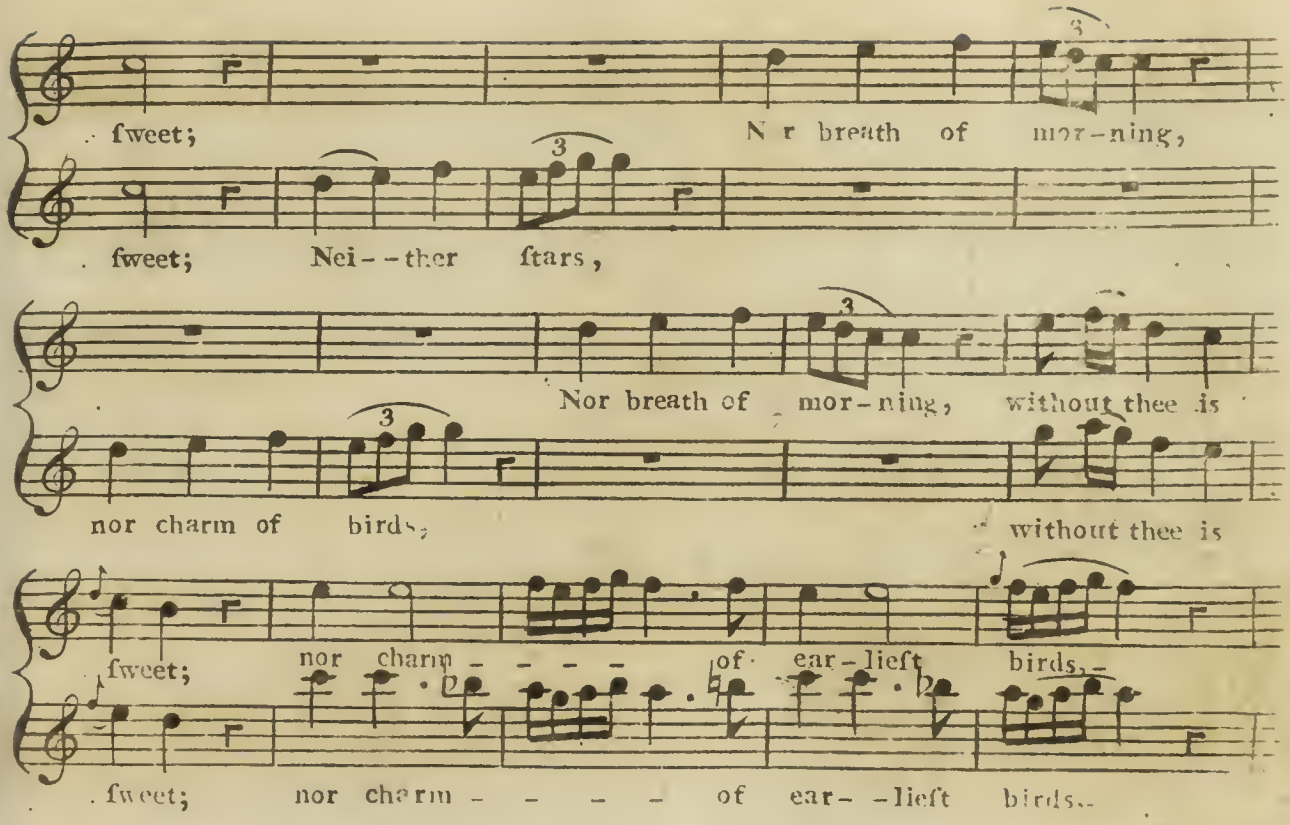
Sweet is the breath of Morn.

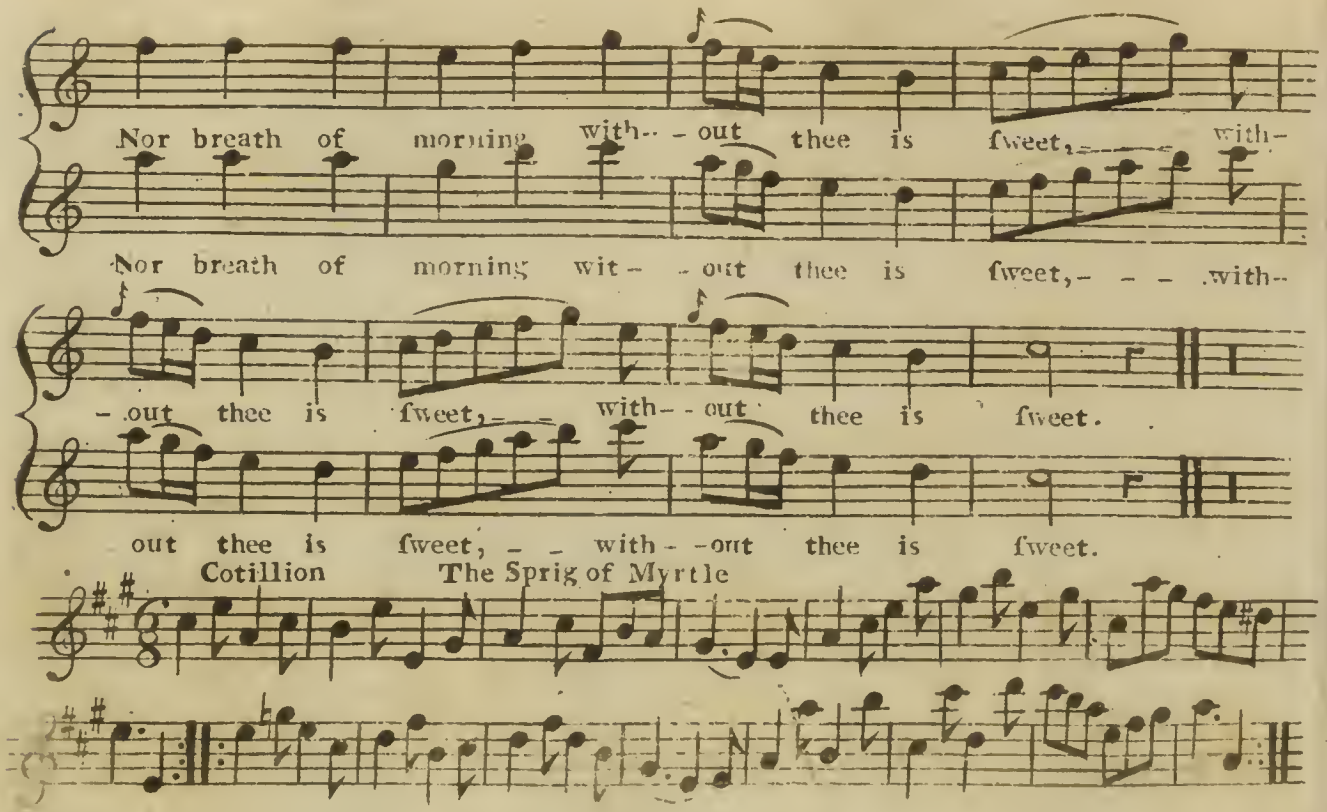
Duett for 2 Flutes


Sweet is the breath of morn, Sweet is the breath of morn,
Sweet is the breath of morn,
her riſing ſweet, – – – ſweet her ri – ſing, ſweet her ri – ſing,
her riſing ſweet, – – – ſweet her ri – ſing, ſweet her ri – ſing,
ſweet with charms – – – – of ear – – – – – lieft
ſweet with charms – – – – of ear – – – – – lieft

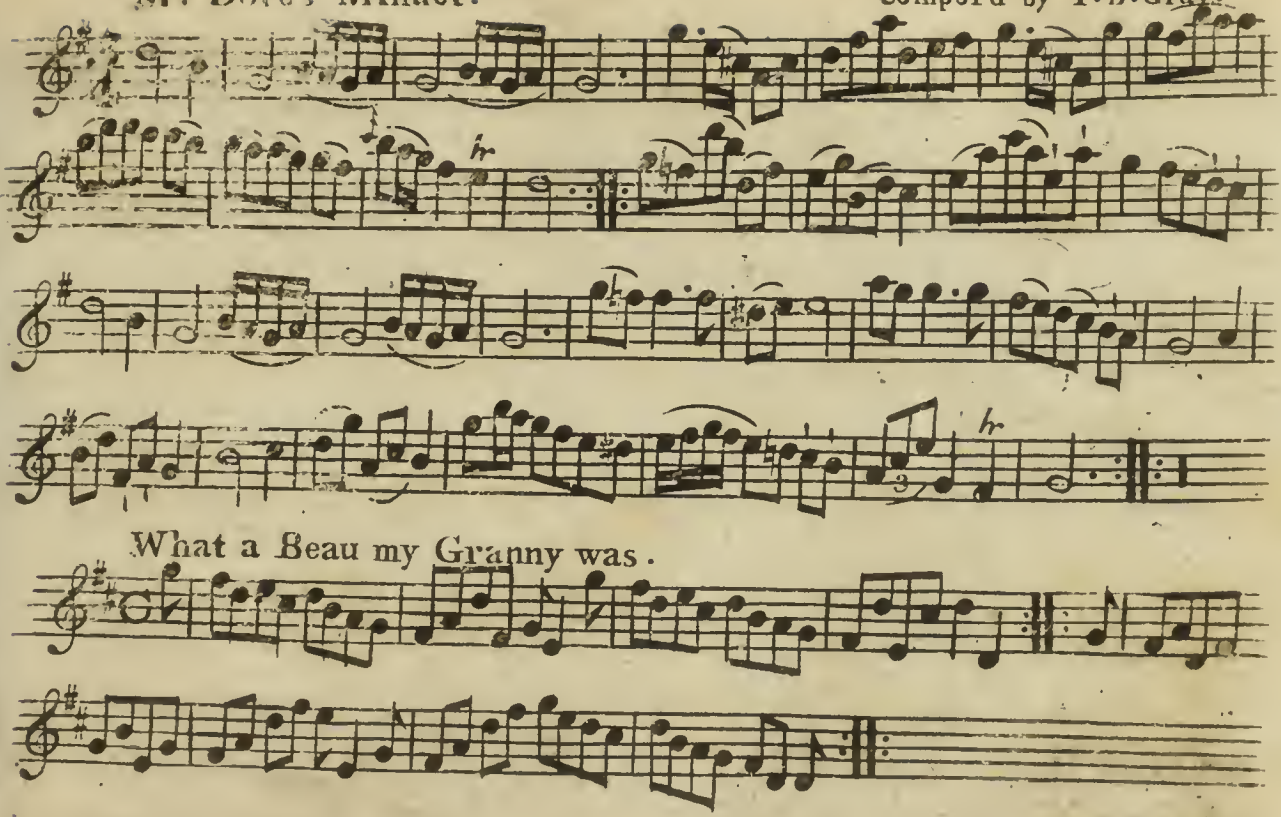

birds, with charm of ear-lieſt of ear- - -lieſt Birds,
birds, with charm of ear-lieſt of ear- - -lieſt Birds,
Fragrant the earth, and bright the gems of heav'n,
Fragrant the earth, and bright the gems of heav'n,
Fragrant the earth, and bright the gems of heav'n:
Fragrant the earth, and bright the gems of heav'n:

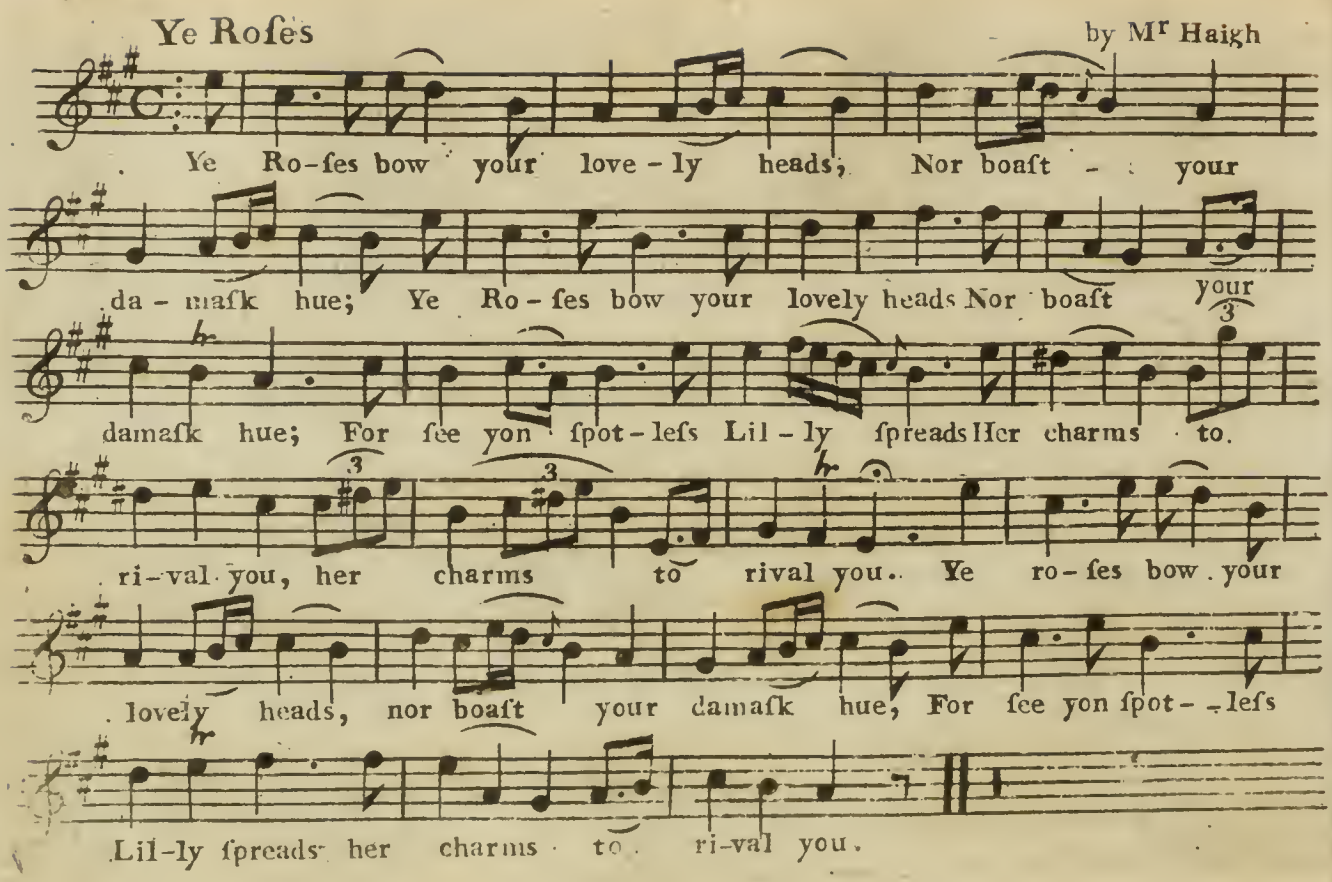

But nei-ther ſtars, nor fra- - grant earth, nor fra-grant earth, nor
But neither ſtars, nor fra-grant earth, nor
charm of birds, nor breath of morning, nor charm - - - of
charm of birds, nor breath of morning, nor charm - - - of
ear-lieſt birds, nor breath of mor- -ning with-out thee is
ear-lieſt birds, nor breath of mor- -ning with-out thee is


ſweet;
Nor breath of mor-ning,
ſweet;
Nei--ther ſtars,
Nor breath of mor-ning, without thee is
nor charm of birds;
without thee is
ſweet;
nor charm - - - - of ear-lieſt birds,-
ſweet;
nor charm - - - - of ear- -lieſt birds.


Nor breath of morning with- - out thee is fweet, with-
Nor breath of morning wit- - out thee is fweet, - - - with-
- out thee is fweet, - - with- - out thee is fweet.
out thee is fweet, - - with- - out thee is fweet.
Cotillion
The Sprig of Myrtle

Mr Dove's Minuet. Compos'd by T. B. Gray.



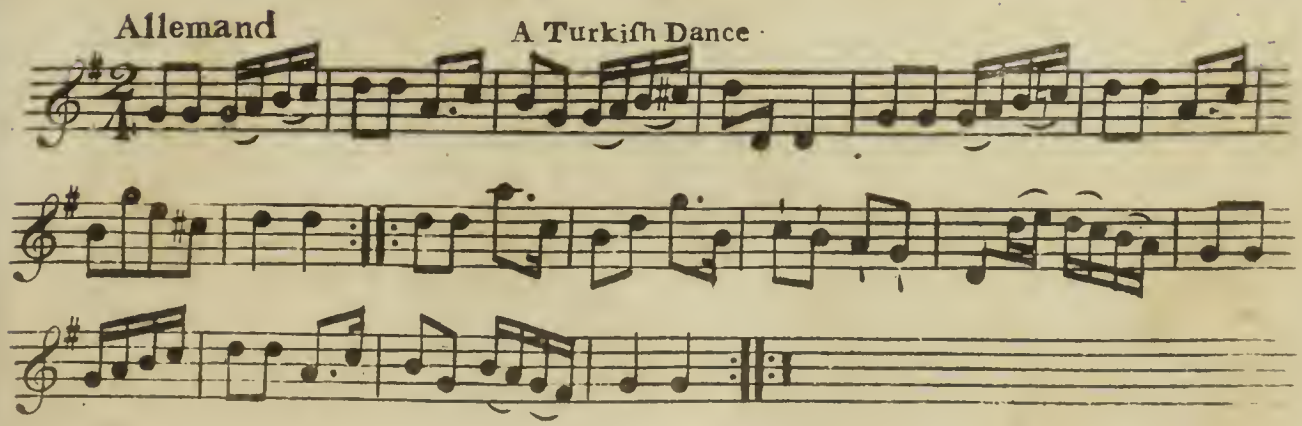

Ye Roſes
by Mr Haigh
Ye Ro-ſes bow your love-ly heads, Nor boaſt - your
da-maſk hue; Ye Ro-ſes bow your lovely heads Nor boaſt your
damaſk hue; For ſee yon ſpot-leſs Lil-ly ſpreads Her charms to
ri-val you, her charms to rival you. Ye ro-ſes bow your
lovely heads, nor boaſt your damaſk hue, For ſee yon ſpot-leſs
Lil-ly ſpreads her charms to ri-val you.

2

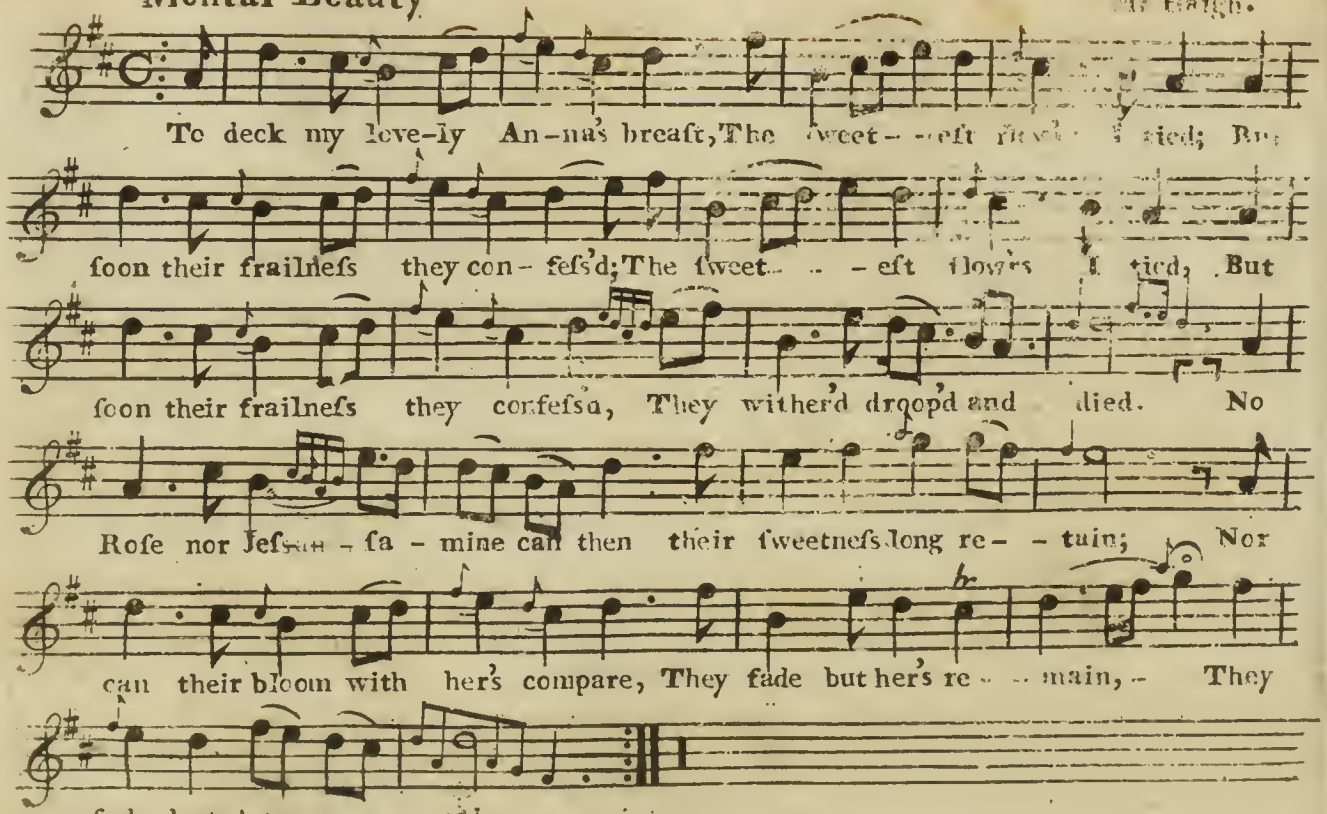
So in each beauteous female breaſt
Does Envy's paſsion dwell
Each lovely Nymph of charms poſseſs'd
Endeavours to excell.

3

Ah fooliſh Maids behold your doom
In yonder faded flower
For what is Beauty's ſofteſt bloom
The Triumph of an Hour.



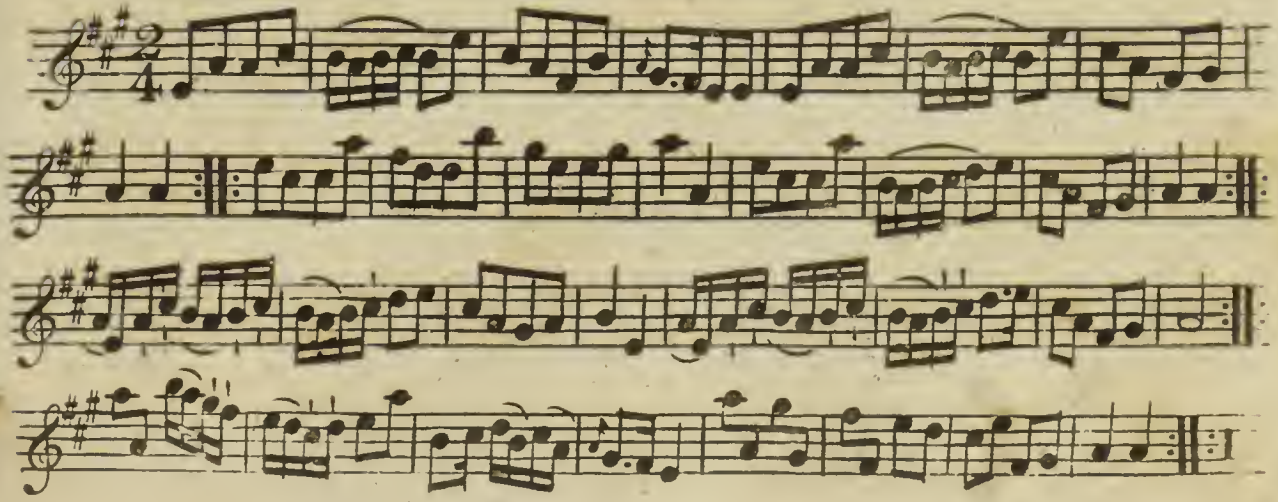
Mental Beauty


To deck my love-ly An-na's breaſt, The ſweet- -eſt
foon their frailneſs they con- feſs'd; The ſweet- - -eſt
foon their frailneſs they confeſs'd, They wither'd droop'd and died. No
Roſe nor Jeſſa- ſa - mine can then their ſweetneſs long re- - tain; Nor
can their bloom with her's compare, They fade but her's re- - main, - They
fade but her's re- - main.

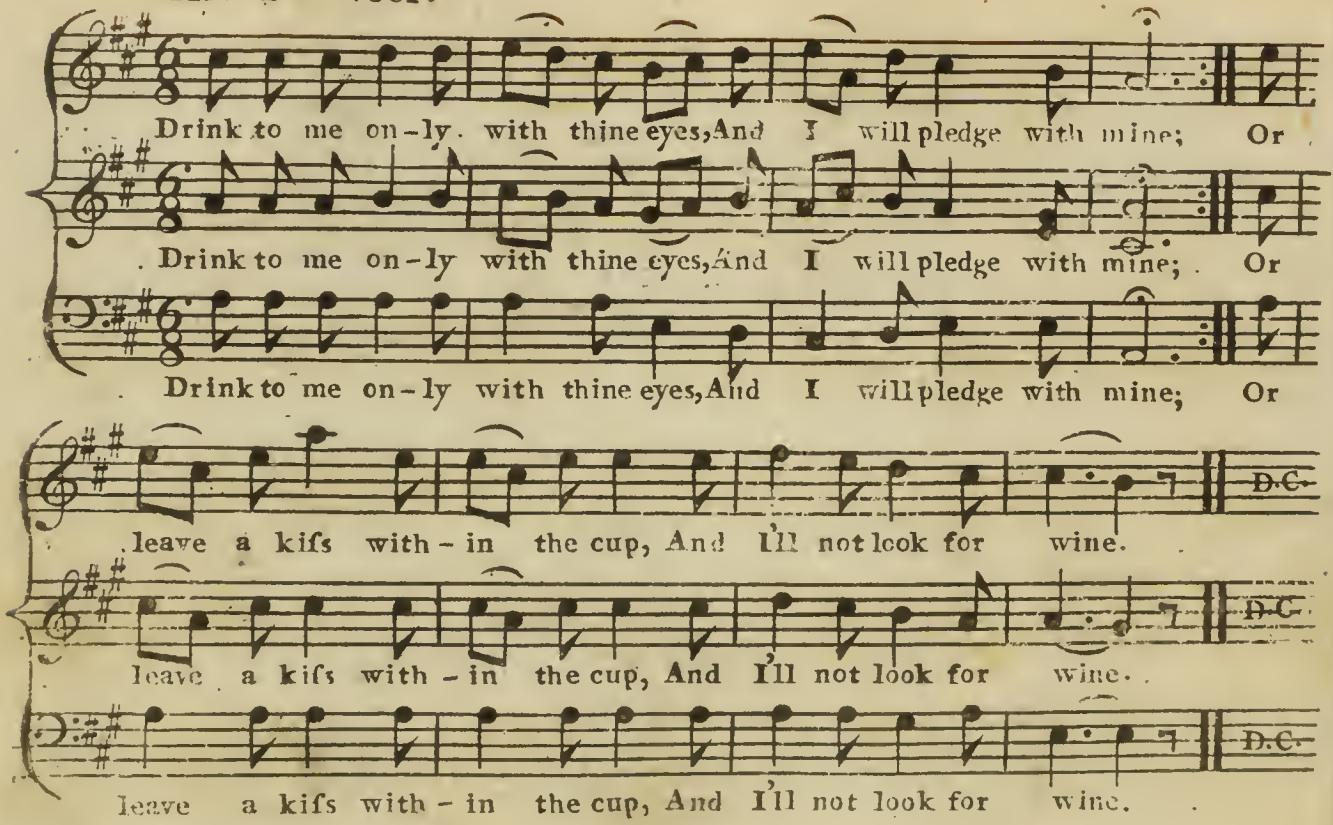
2

Yet blame not Jeſsamine nor Roſe,
That quickly they decay;
Torn from the Roots their Sweets diſcloſe,
They ſoon muſt die away:
But Annas Mind her face ſupplies
With ev'ry lovely charm;
And from her beſt of Hearts ariſe
Affections pure and Warm.

Allemand

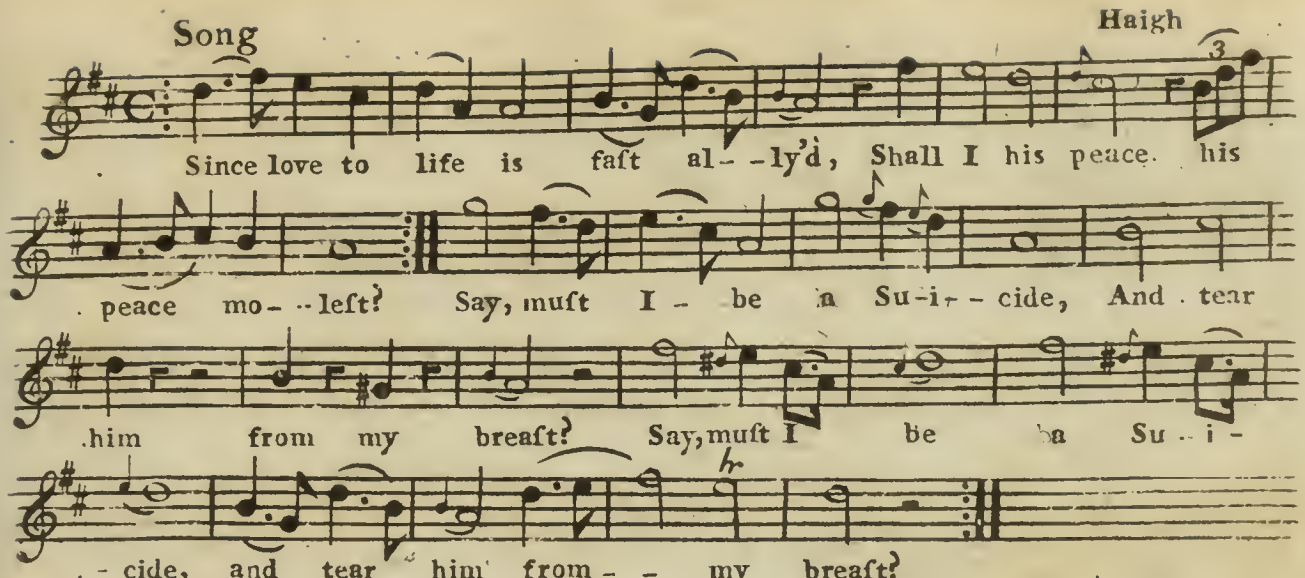


Glee a 3 Voci.


Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or
Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or
Drink to me on-ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with mine; Or
leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not look for wine.
D.C.
leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not look for wine.
D.C.
leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not look for wine.
D.C.

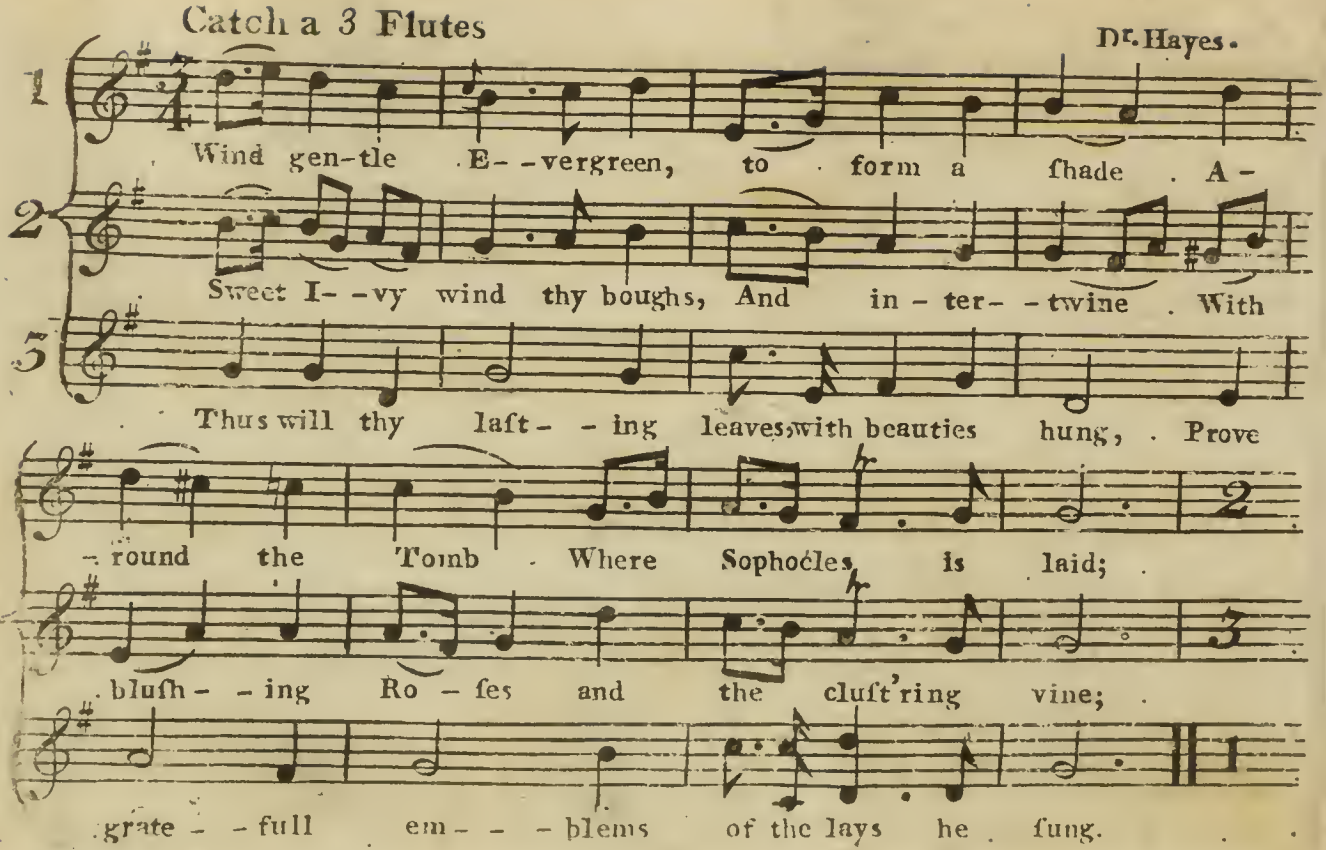
Song

Haigh


Since love to life is faſt al--ly'd, Shall I his peace his
peace mo--left? Say, muſt I be a Su-i--cide, And tear
him from my breaſt? Say, muſt I be a Su--i-
-cide, and tear him from -- my breaſt?

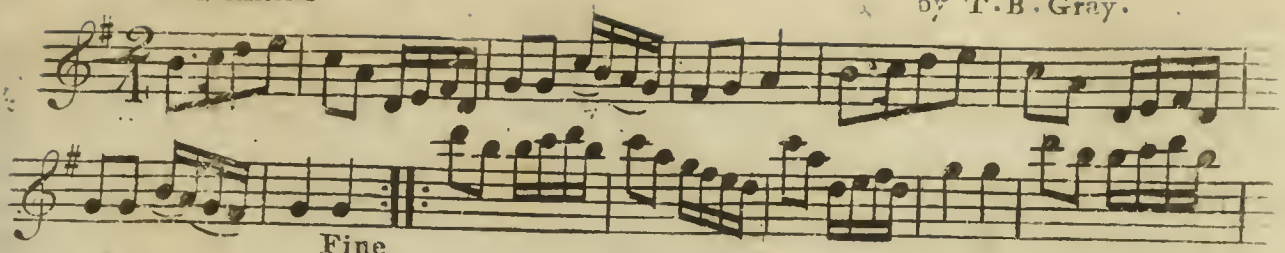
2

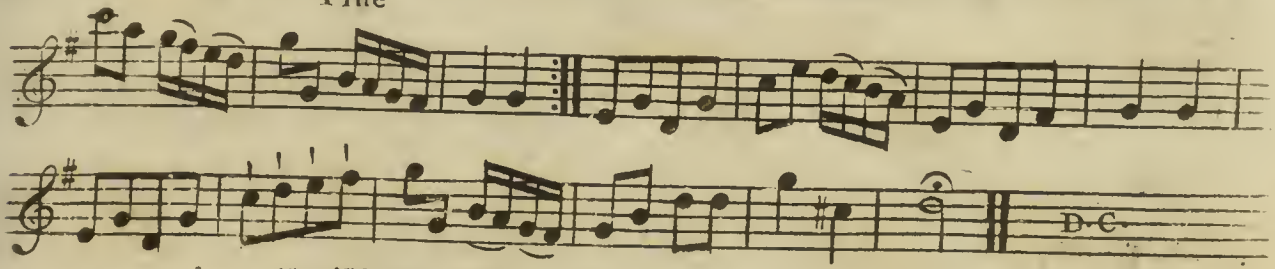
Ah no! with me he ſhall remain,
Whom I can ne'er ſurvive;
For tho' I ſtrive to break his Chain,
Yet ſtill in vain I ſtrive.


Catch a 3 Flutes
Dr. Hayes.
1
Wind gen-tle E--vergreen, to form a ſhade A-
2
Sweet I--vy wind thy boughs, And in-ter--twine With
3
Thus will thy laſt--ing leaves, with beauties hung, Prove
round the Tomb Where Sophocles is laid;
bluſh--ing Ro-ſes and the cluſt'ring vine;
grate--full em---blems of the lays he ſung.

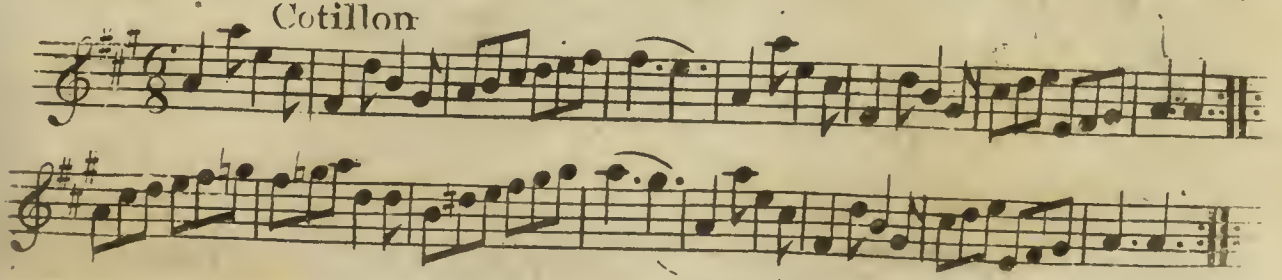
Allemand

by T. B. Gray.



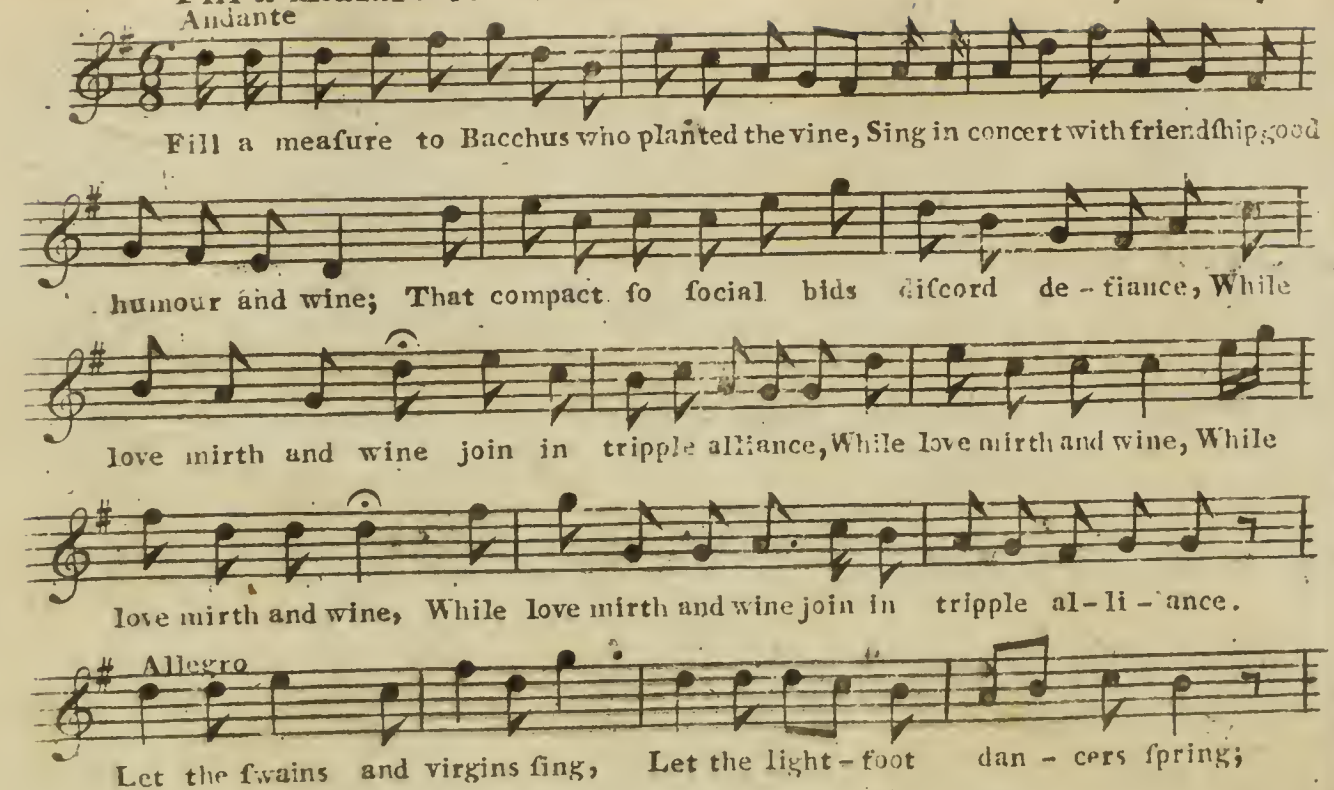


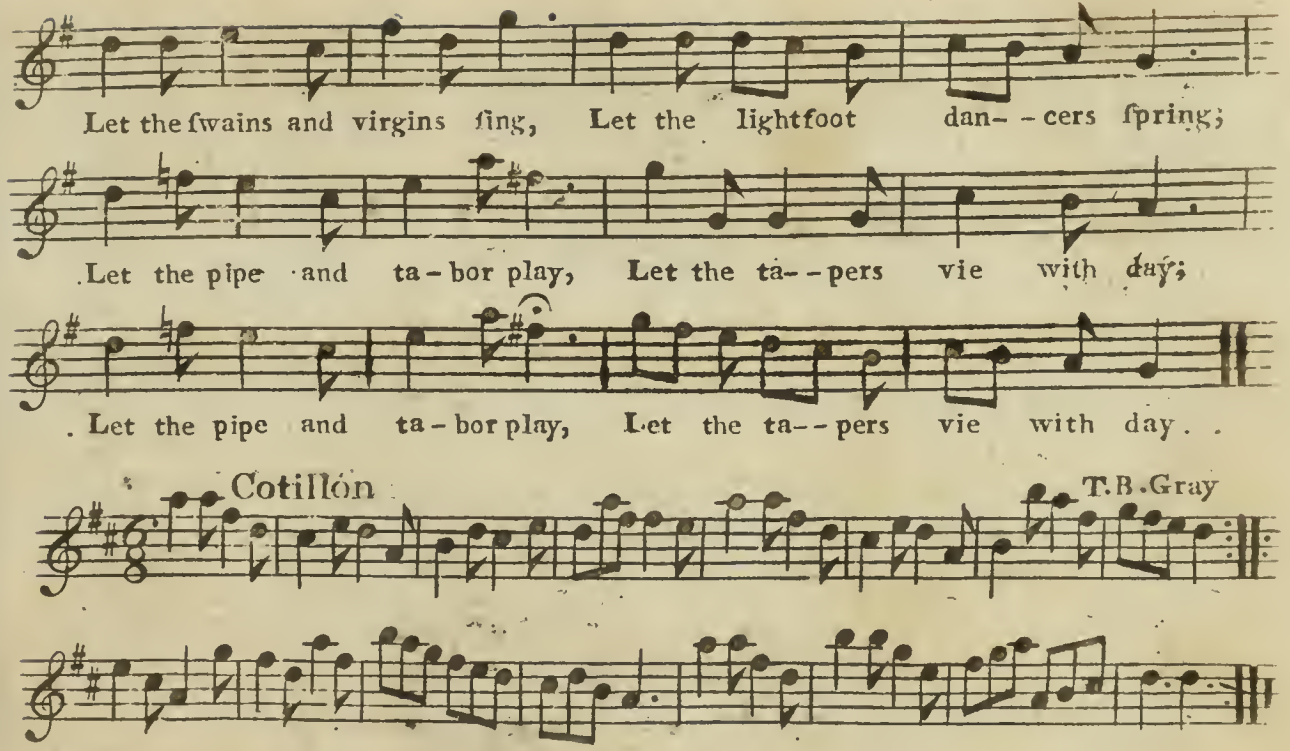
Cotillon



Fill a meaſure to Bacchus.

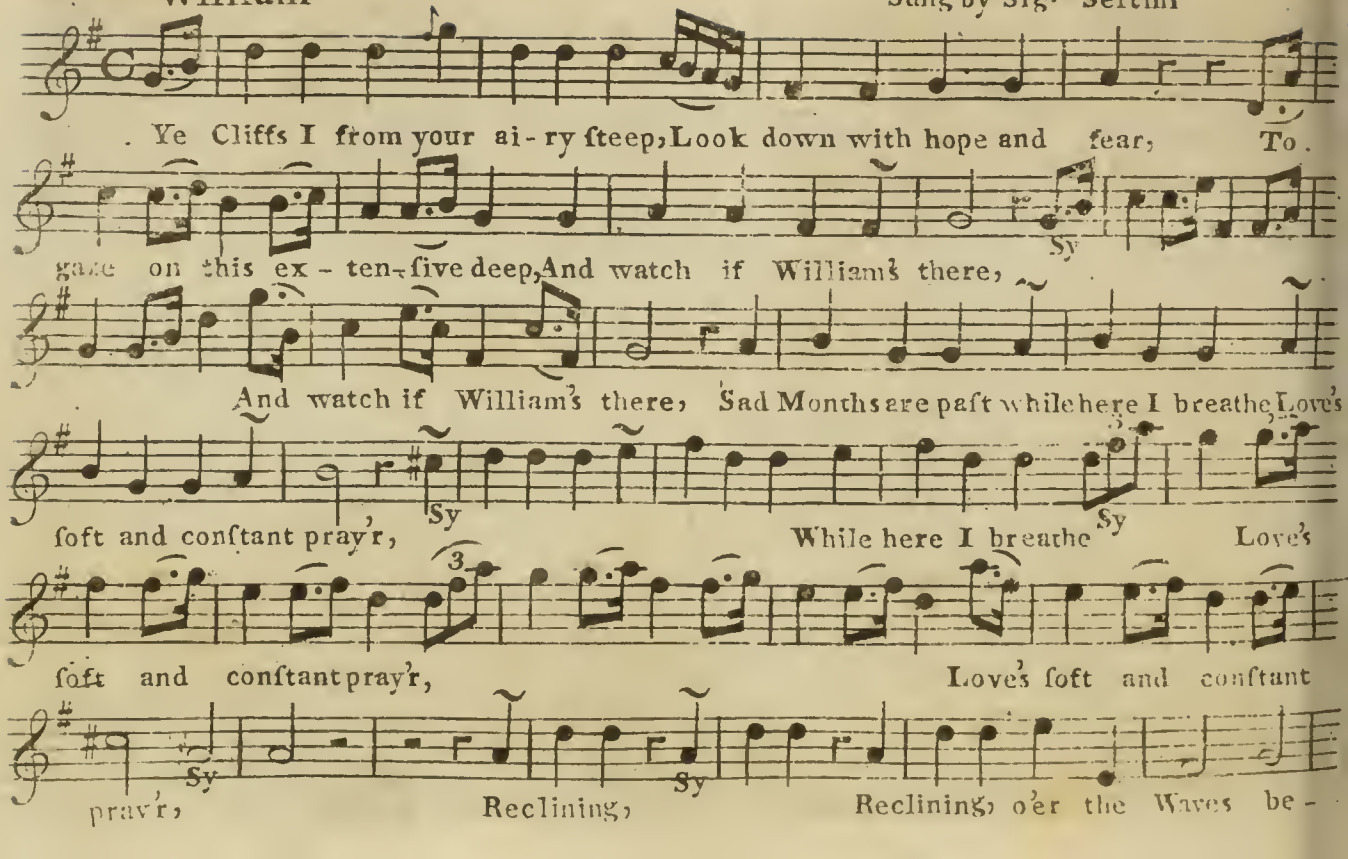
by T. B. Gray.

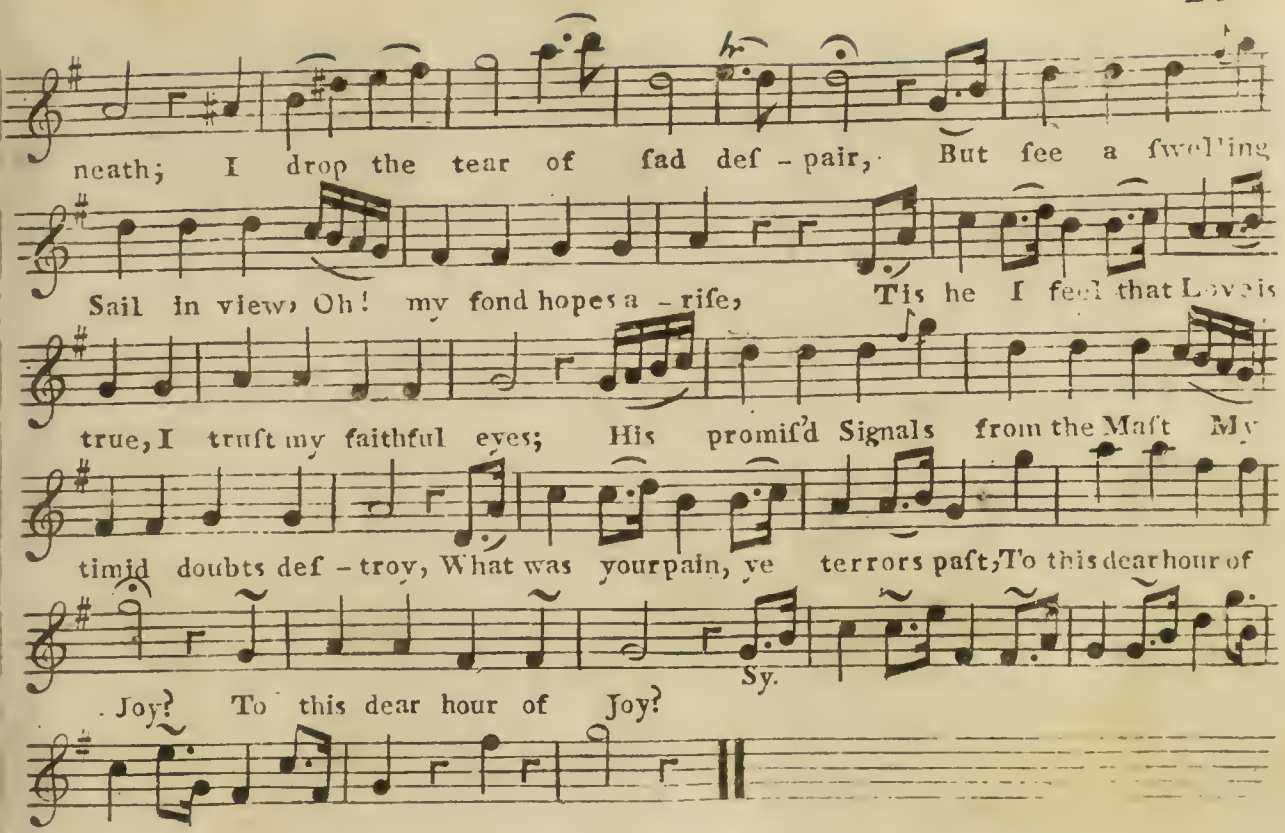

Andante
Fill a meaſure to Bacchus who planted the vine, Sing in concert with friendſhip good
humour and wine; That compact ſo ſocial bids diſcord de - fiance, While
love mirth and wine join in tripple alliance, While love mirth and wine, While
love mirth and wine, While love mirth and wine join in tripple al - li - ance.
Allegro
Let the ſwains and virgins ſing, Let the light - foot dan - cers ſpring;

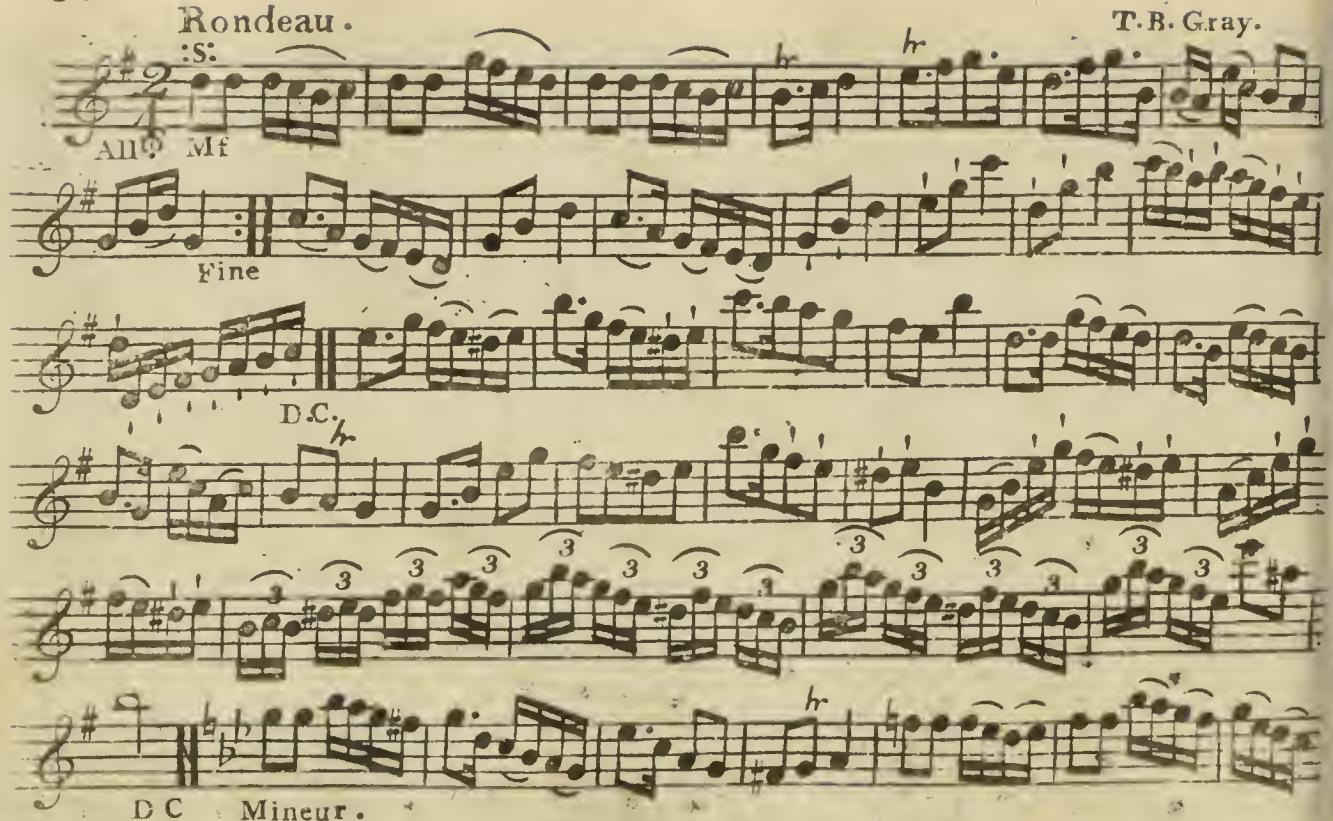

Let the ſwains and virgins ſing, Let the lightfoot dan--cers ſpring;
Let the pipe and ta-bor play, Let the ta--pers vie with day;
Let the pipe and ta-bor play, Let the ta--pers vie with day.
Cotillón
T.B.Gray

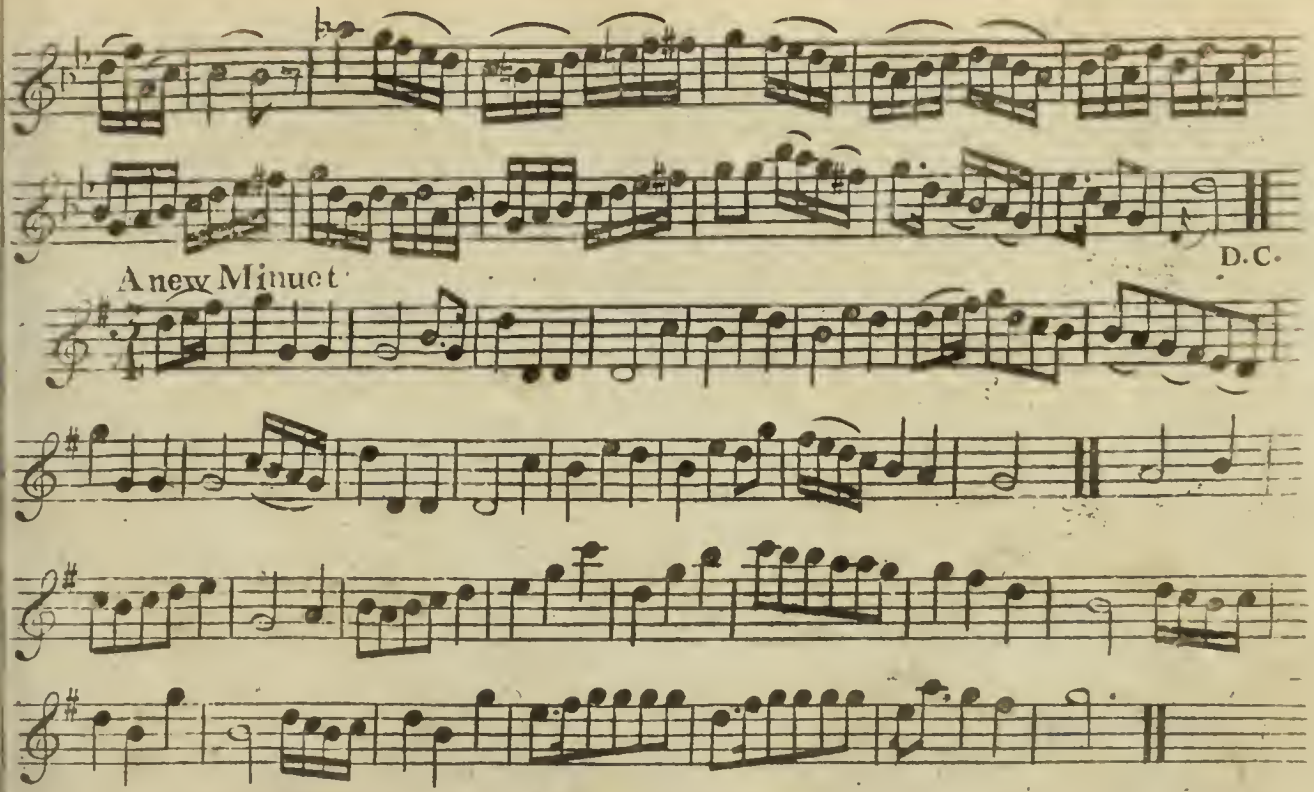
William

Sung by Sig[a] Seftini


Ye Cliffs I from your ai-ry ſteep, Look down with hope and fear, To
Sy
gaze on this ex-ten-ſive deep, And watch if William's there,
And watch if William's there, Sad Months are paſt while here I breathe Love's
Sy
ſoft and conſtant pray'r,
Sy
While here I breathe Love's
3
ſoft and conſtant pray'r, Love's ſoft and conſtant
Sy
pray'r, Reclining,
Sy
Reclining, o'er the Waves be-

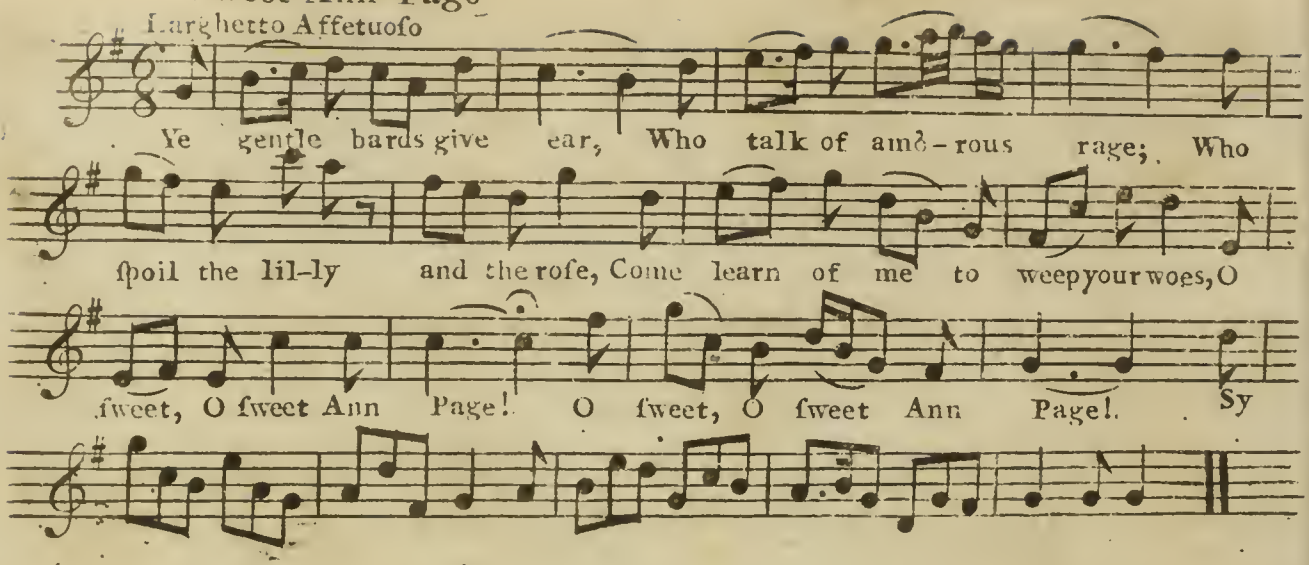

neath; I drop the tear of ſad deſ - pair, But ſee a ſwel'ling
Sail in view, Oh! my fond hopes a - riſe, Tis he I feel that Love is
true, I truſt my faithful eyes; His promiſ'd Signals from the Maſt My
timid doubts deſ - troy, What was your pain, ye terrors paſt, To this dear hour of
Joy? To this dear hour of Joy?


Rondeau.
T.B. Gray.
:S:
All.o Mf
Fine
D.C.
D C
Mineur.


D.C.
A new Minuet

Sweet Ann Page

Larghetto Affetuoſo

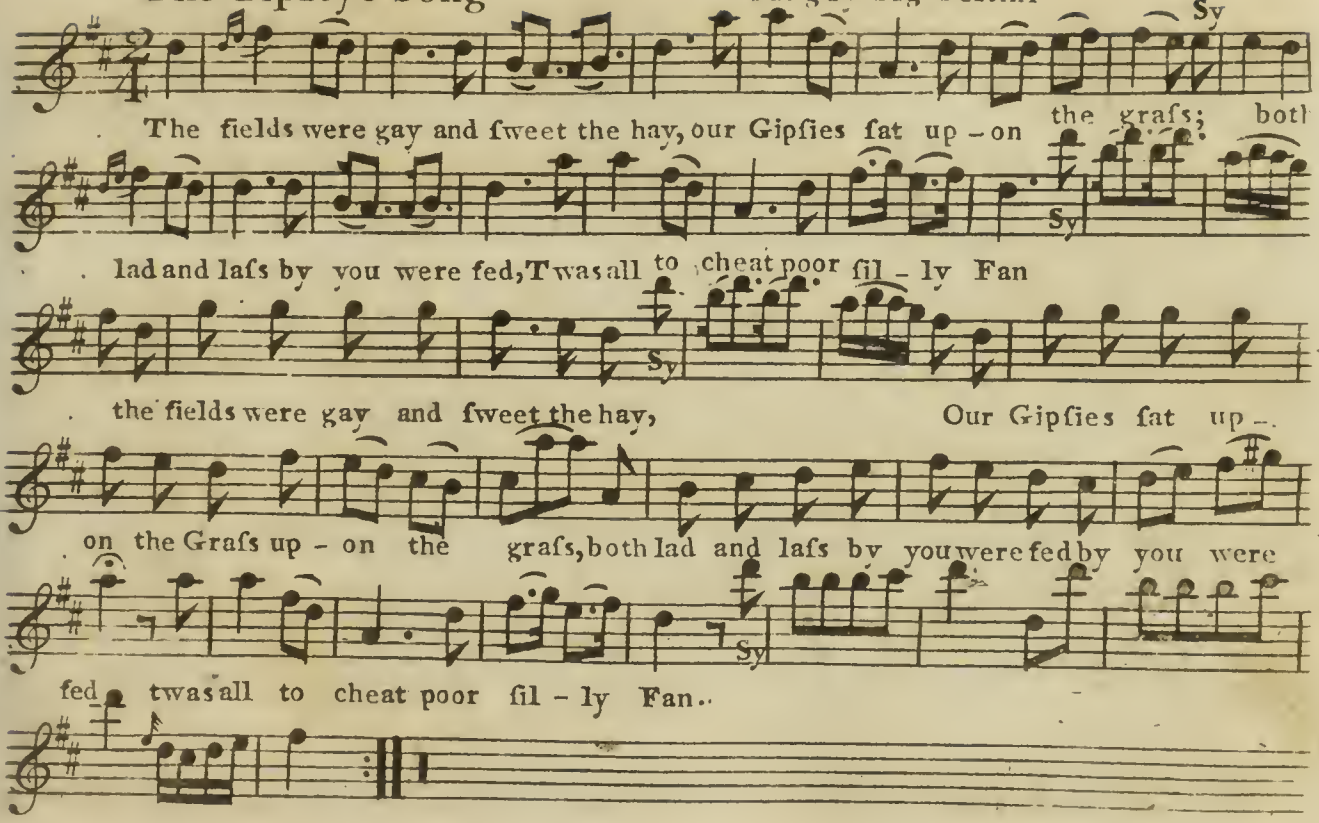

Ye gentle bards give ear, Who talk of amō-rous rage; Who
ſpoil the lil-ly and the roſe, Come learn of me to weep your woes, O
ſweet, O ſweet Ann Page! O ſweet, O ſweet Ann Page! Sy

2

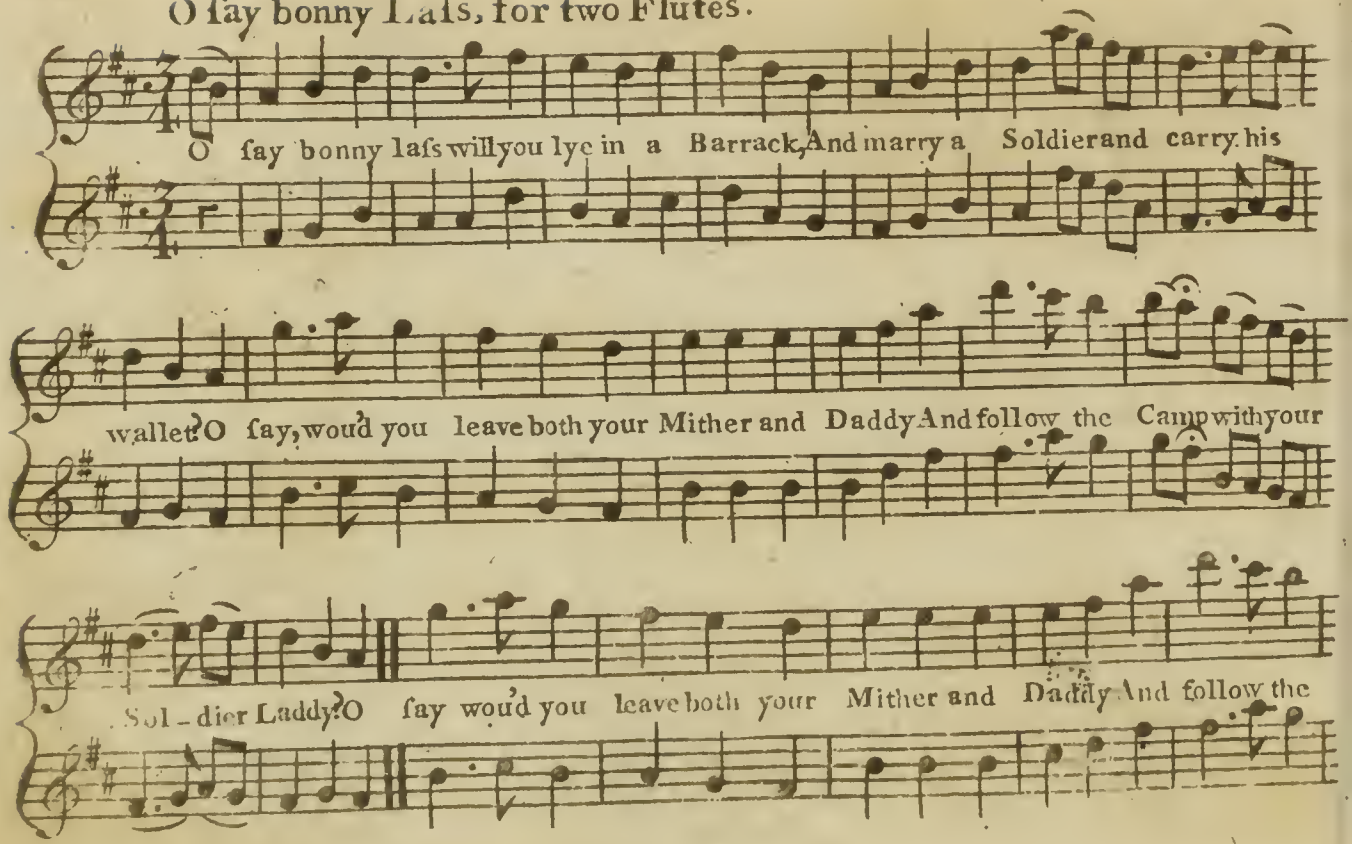
Why ſhould ſuch labour'd Strains
Your formal Muſe engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breaſt, or pierc'd my heart,
But ſigh'd, O ſweet Ann Page.

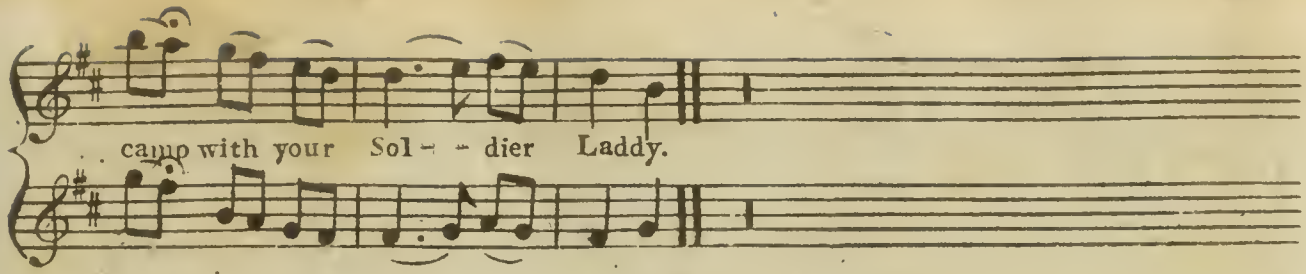
The Gipſey's Song

Sung by Sig.ª Seſtini


Sy
The fields were gay and ſweet the hay, our Gipſies ſat up – on the graſs; both
Sy
lad and laſs by you were fed, Twas all to cheat poor ſil – ly Fan
Sy
the fields were gay and ſweet the hay, Our Gipſies ſat up –
on the Graſs up – on the graſs, both lad and laſs by you were fed by you were
Sy
fed twas all to cheat poor ſil – ly Fan.

O say bonny Lass, for two Flutes.


O say bonny lass will you lye in a Barrack, And marry a Soldier and carry his
wallet? O say, would you leave both your Mither and Daddy And follow the Camp with your
Sol-dier Laddy? O say would you leave both your Mither and Daddy And follow the



2

O yes, bonny Lad, I could lye in a barrack,
And marry a Soldier and carry his wallet;
I'd neither aſk leave of my Mither or Daddy,
But follow my deareſt, my Soldier Laddy.

3

O ſay bonny Laſs, would you go a campaining,
And bear all the hardſhips of Battle & Famine?
When wounded & bleeding, then wouldſt thou draw near me,
And kindly ſupport me and tenderly chear me?

4

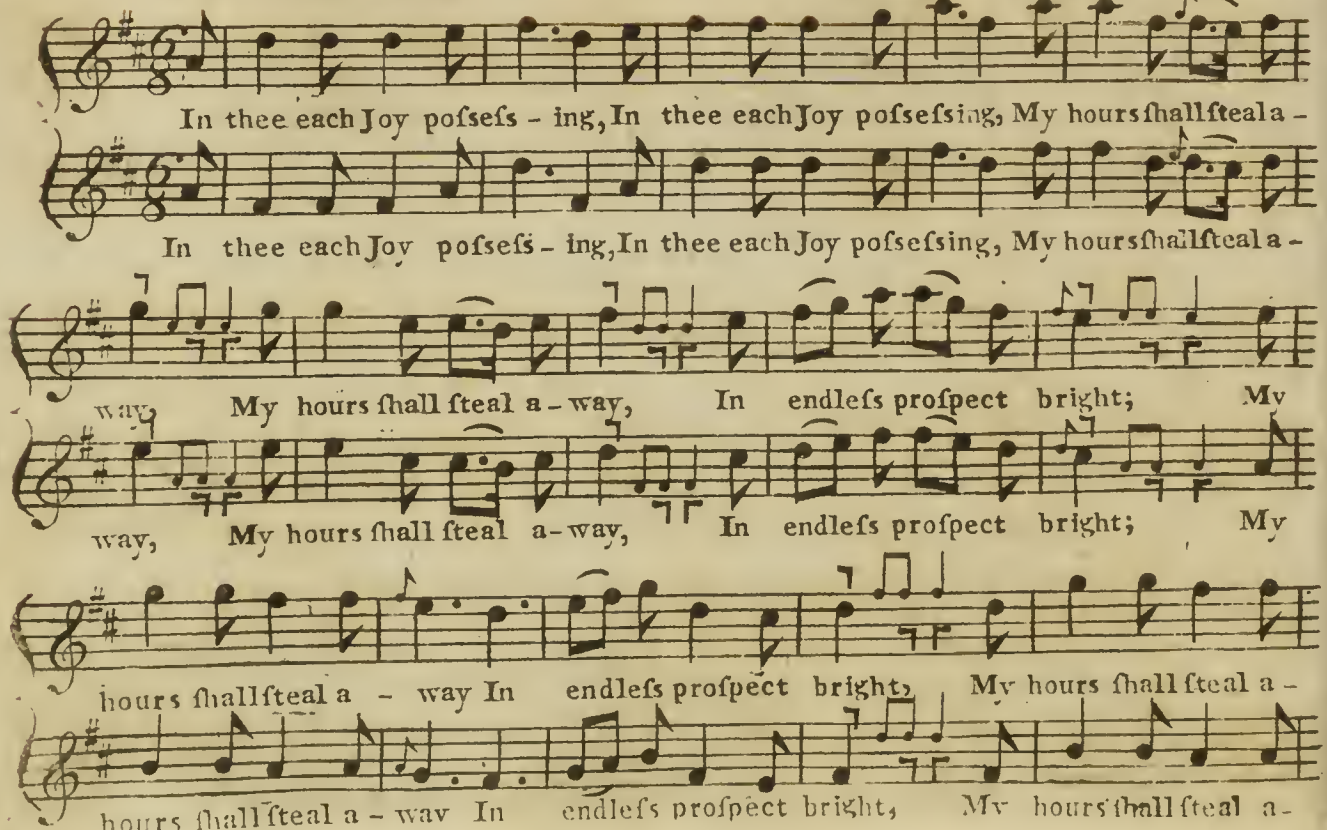
O yes, bonny Lad, I'll think naithing of it,
But follow my Harry, and carry his wallet;
Nor Danger, nor Famine, nor Wars can alarm me
My Soldier is near me, and nothing can harm me.

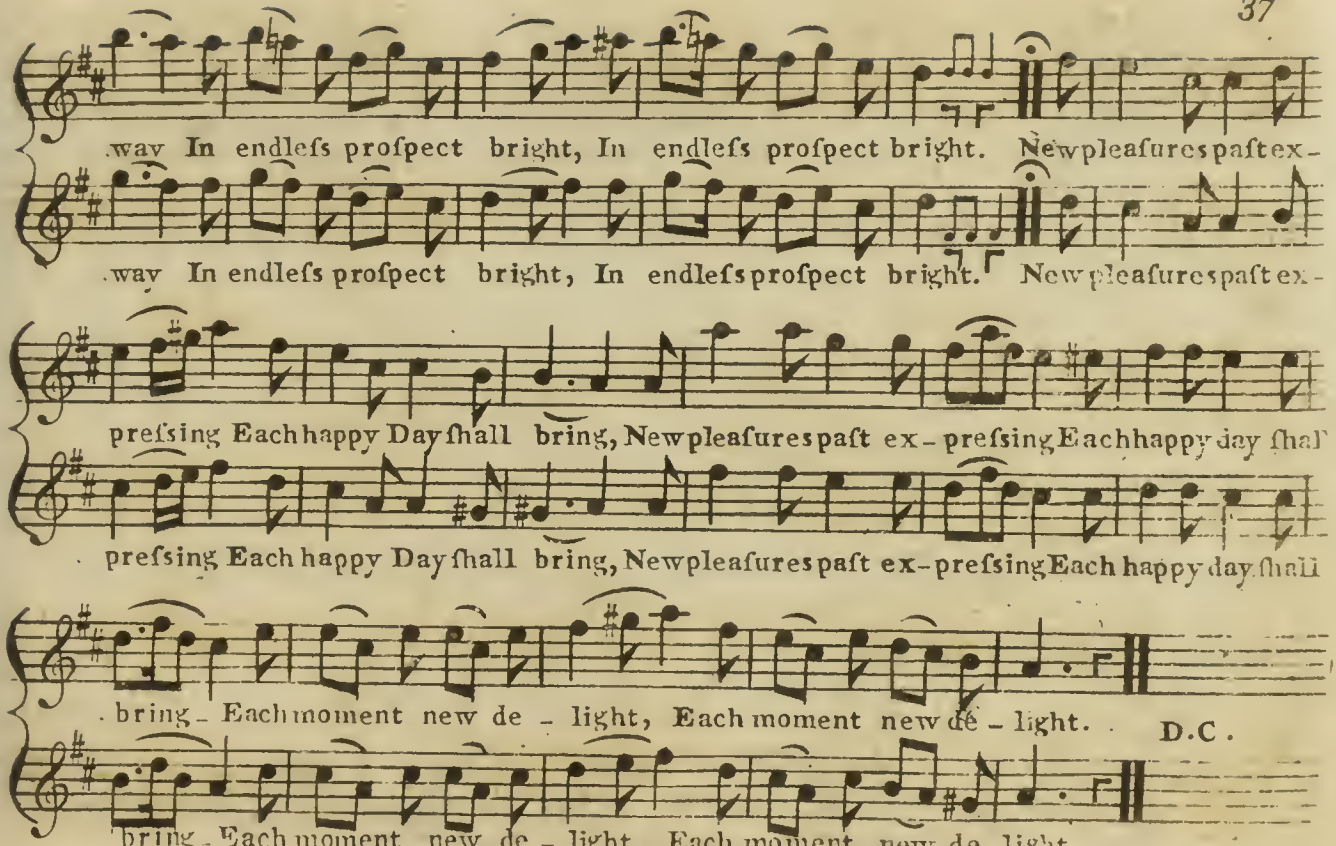
5

But ſay, bonny Laſs when I go into battle,
Where dying men Groan, and the loud Cannons rattle?
O then, bonny Lad, I will ſhare all thy harms,
And ſhouldſt thou be kill'd I will die in thy Arms.

A favorite Duet

Sung by Mr Kelly and Mrs Crouch

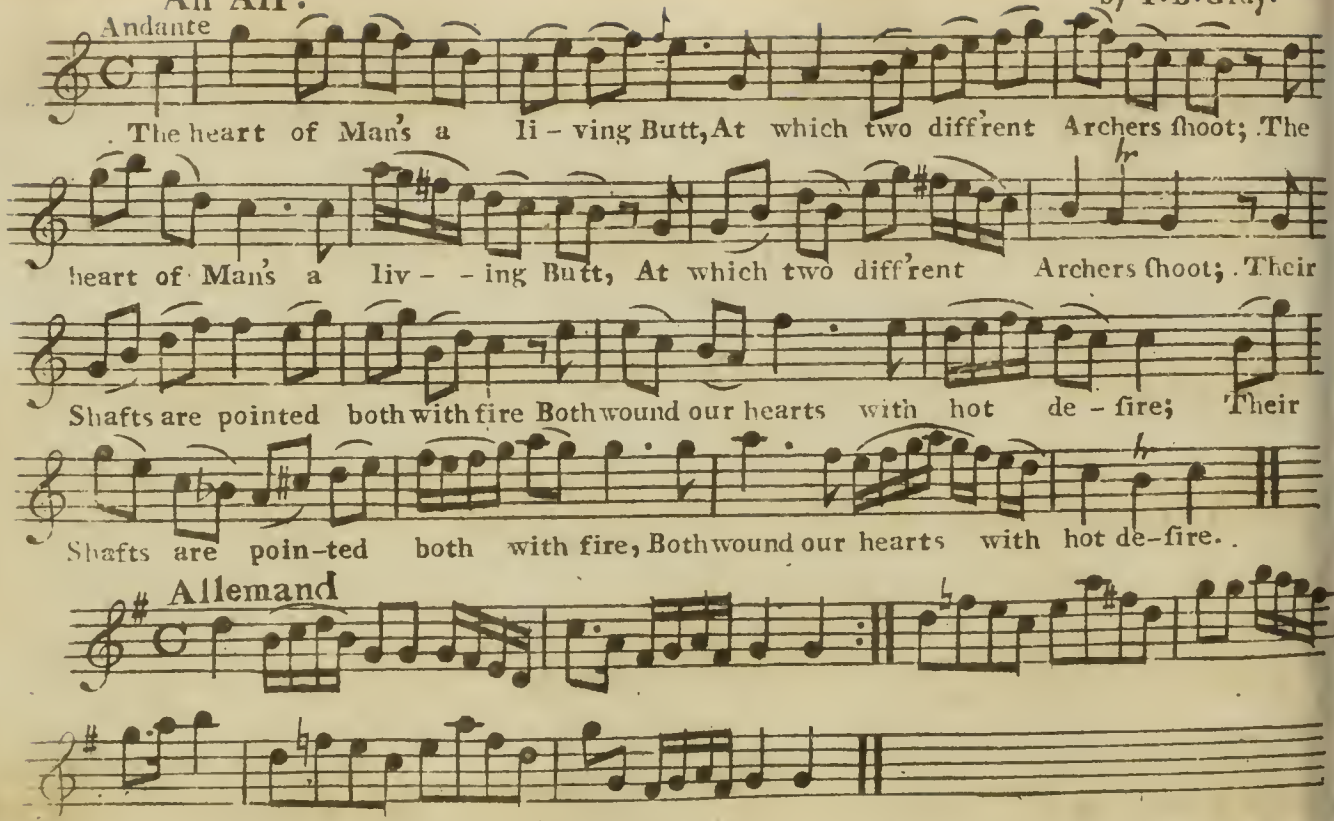

In thee each Joy poſſeſs - ing, In thee each Joy poſſeſsing, My hours ſhall ſteal a -
In thee each Joy poſſeſs - ing, In thee each Joy poſſeſsing, My hours ſhall ſteal a -
way, My hours ſhall ſteal a - way, In endleſs proſpect bright; My
way, My hours ſhall ſteal a - way, In endleſs proſpect bright; My
hours ſhall ſteal a - way In endleſs proſpect bright, My hours ſhall ſteal a -
hours ſhall ſteal a - way In endleſs proſpect bright, My hours ſhall ſteal a -


way In endleſs proſpect bright, In endleſs proſpect bright. New pleaſures paſt ex-
way In endleſs proſpect bright, In endleſs proſpect bright. New pleaſures paſt ex-
preſsing Each happy Day ſhall bring, New pleaſures paſt ex-preſsing Each happy day ſhall
preſsing Each happy Day ſhall bring, New pleaſures paſt ex-preſsing Each happy day ſhall
bring- Each moment new de - light, Each moment new de - light. D.C.
bring- Each moment new de - light, Each moment new de-light.

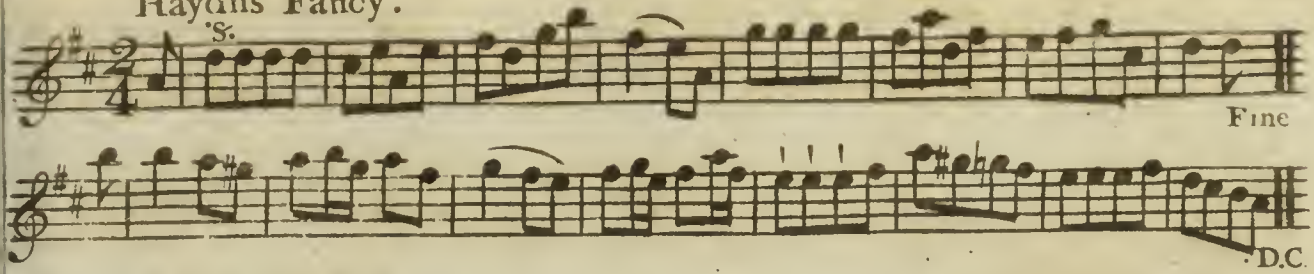
An Air.

by T. B. Gray.

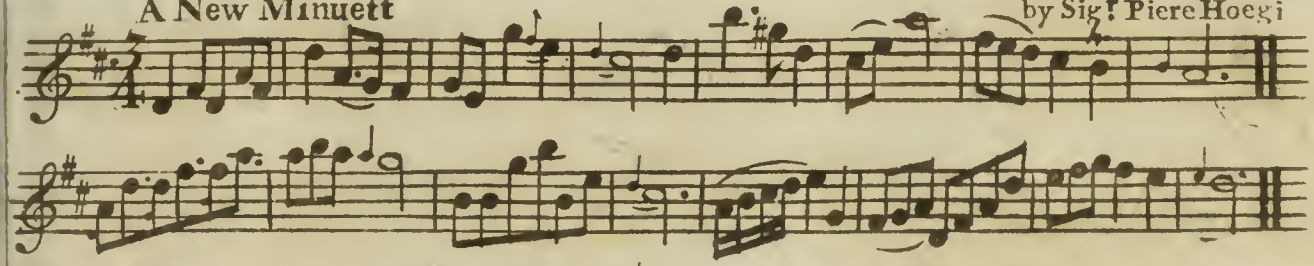
Andante


The heart of Man's a li – ving Butt, At which two diff'rent Archers ſhoot; The
heart of Man's a liv – – ing Butt, At which two diff'rent Archers ſhoot; Their
Shafts are pointed both with fire Both wound our hearts with hot de – ſire; Their
Shafts are poin-ted both with fire, Both wound our hearts with hot de-fire.
Allemand

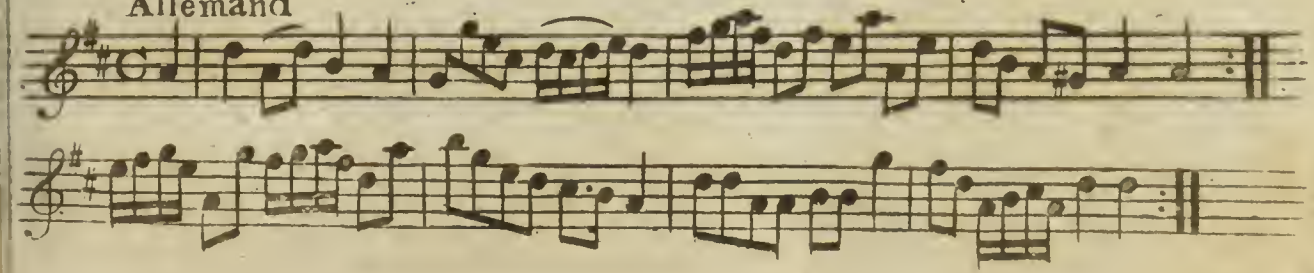
Haydn's Fancy.



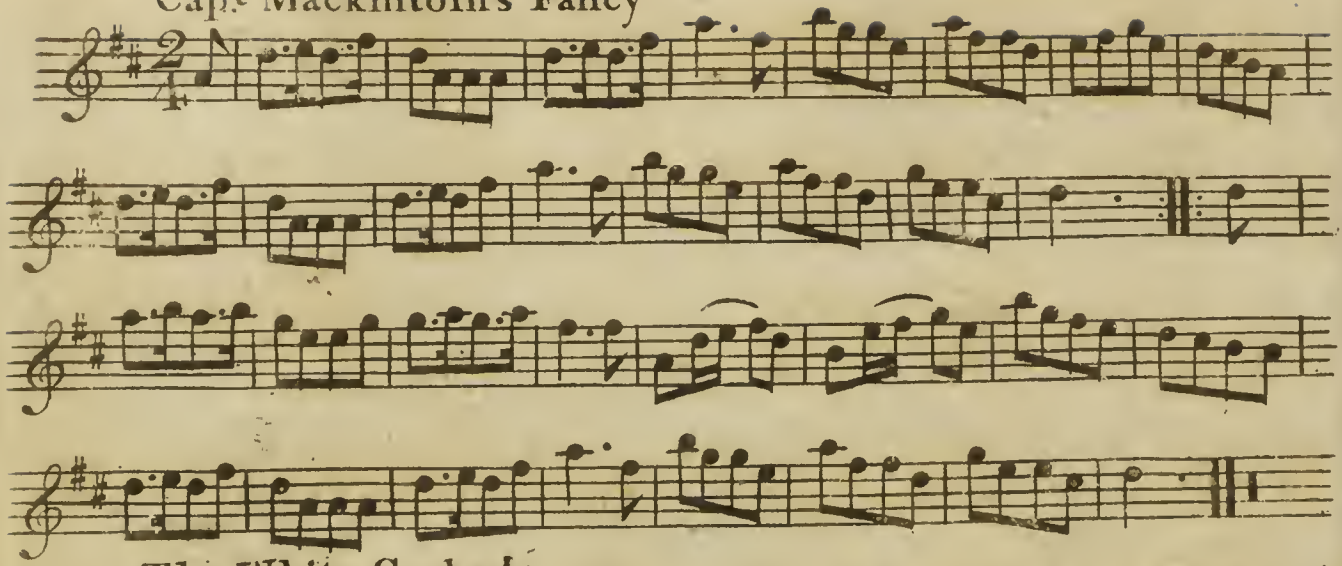
A New Minuett by Sig.r Piere Hoegi



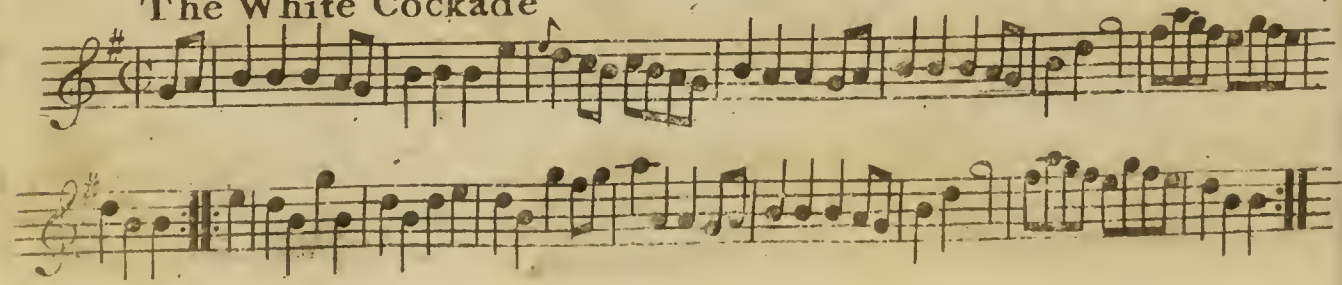
Allemand



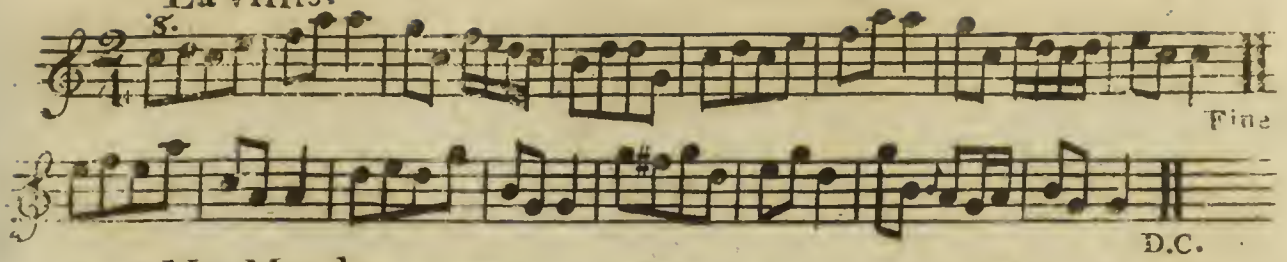
Capt Mackintosh's Fancy



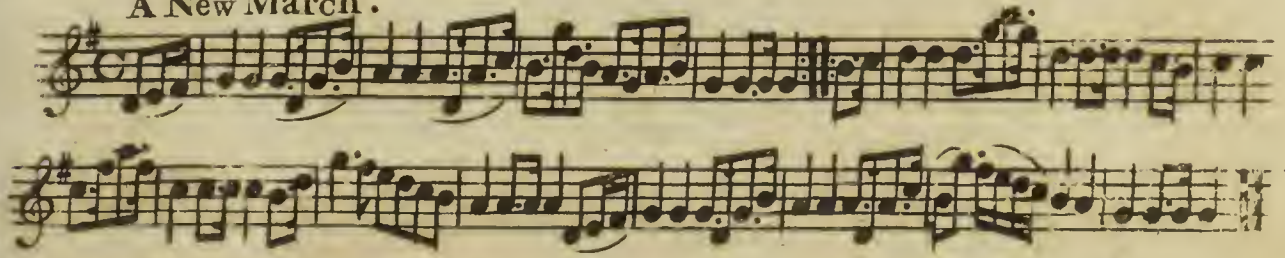
The White Cockade



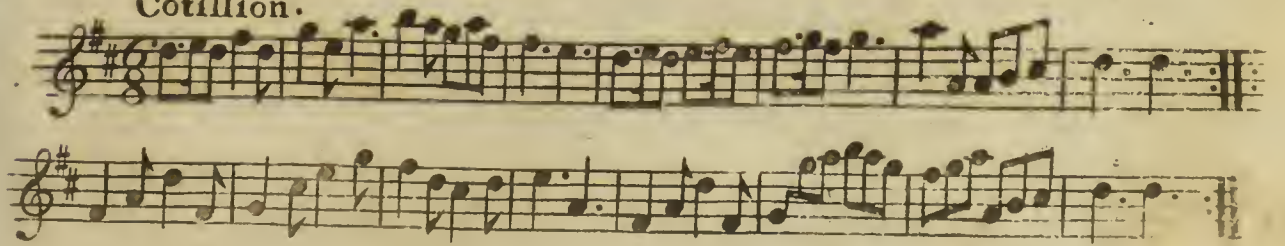
La Viſite.



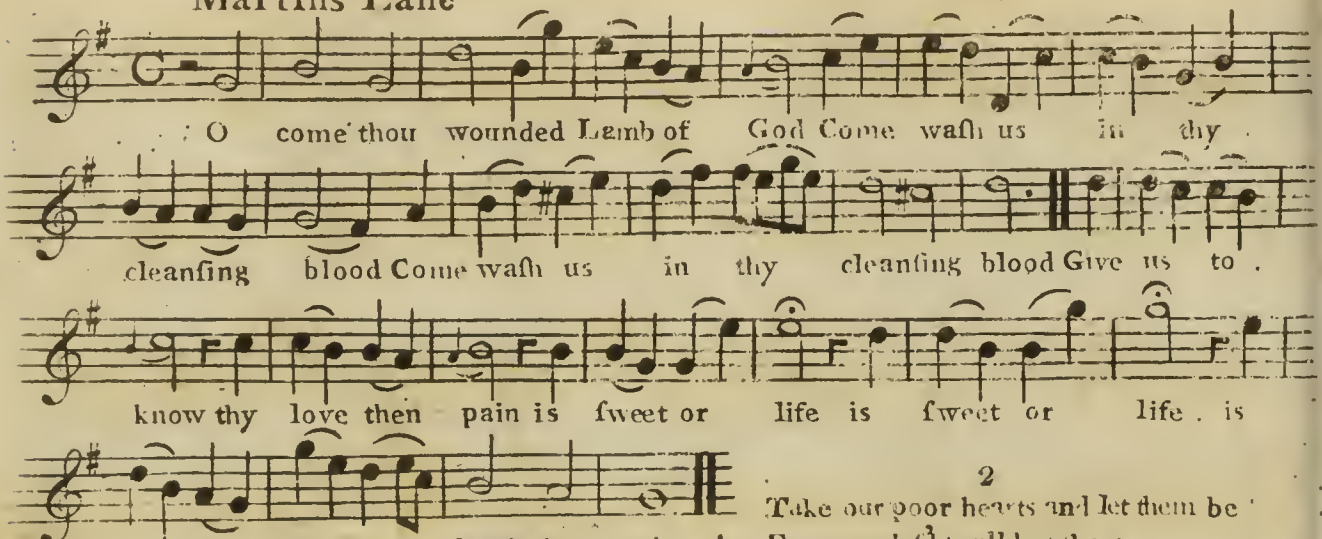
A New March.



Cotillion.



Martins Lane


O come thou wounded Lamb of God Come wash us in thy
cleansing blood Come wash us in thy cleansing blood Give us to
know thy love then pain is sweet or life is sweet or life is
sweet or life or death is gain

2

Take our poor hearts and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breast, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

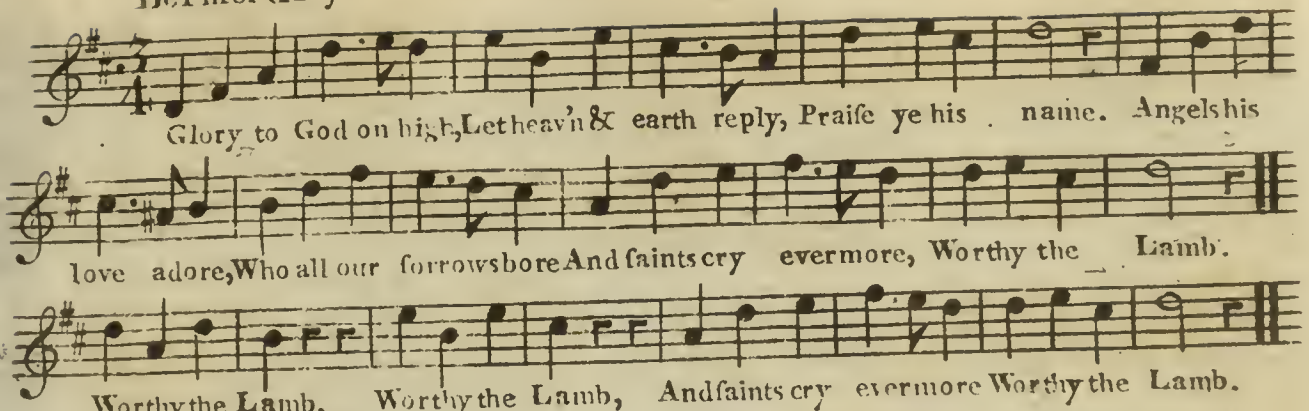
3

How can it be, thou heavnly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Deck'd with a never fading Crown?

4

Ah Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

Bermondsey.


Glory to God on high, Let heav'n & earth reply, Praise ye his name. Angels his
love adore, Who all our sorrows bore And saints cry evermore, Worthy the Lamb.
Worthy the Lamb, Worthy the Lamb, And saints cry evermore Worthy the Lamb.

2

All they around the throne
Chearfully join in one,
Praising his name;
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound his dear fame abroad,
Worthy the Lamb!

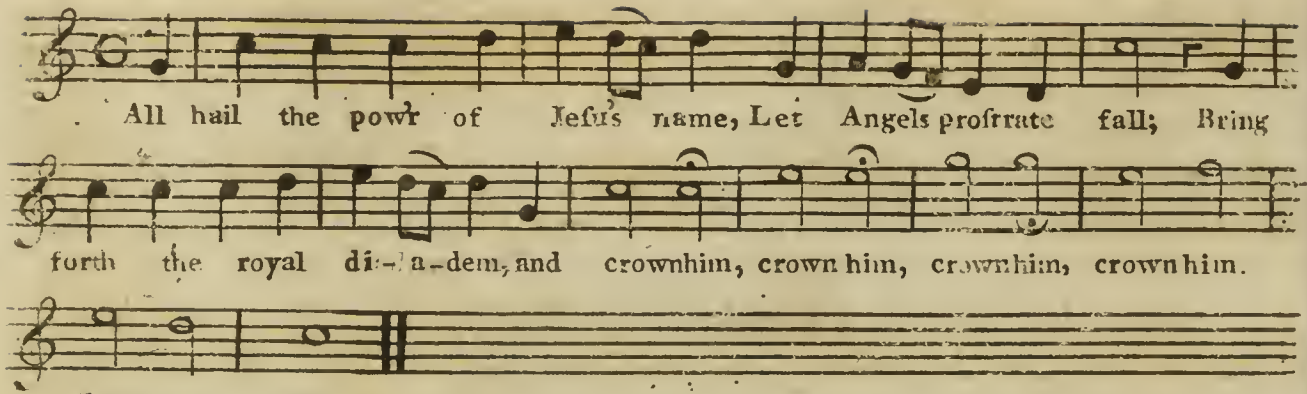
3

Join all the ransom'd race
Our Lord and God to bless,
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a chearful noise,
And shout with heart and voice
Worthy the Lamb!

4

Tho' we must change our place
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name;
To him will tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

Miles Lane.


All hail the powr of Jesus name, Let Angels prostrate fall; Bring
forth the royal di-a-dem, and crownhim, crown him, crownhim, crown him.
Lord of all.

2

Crown him ye Martyrs of our God,
Who from his Altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

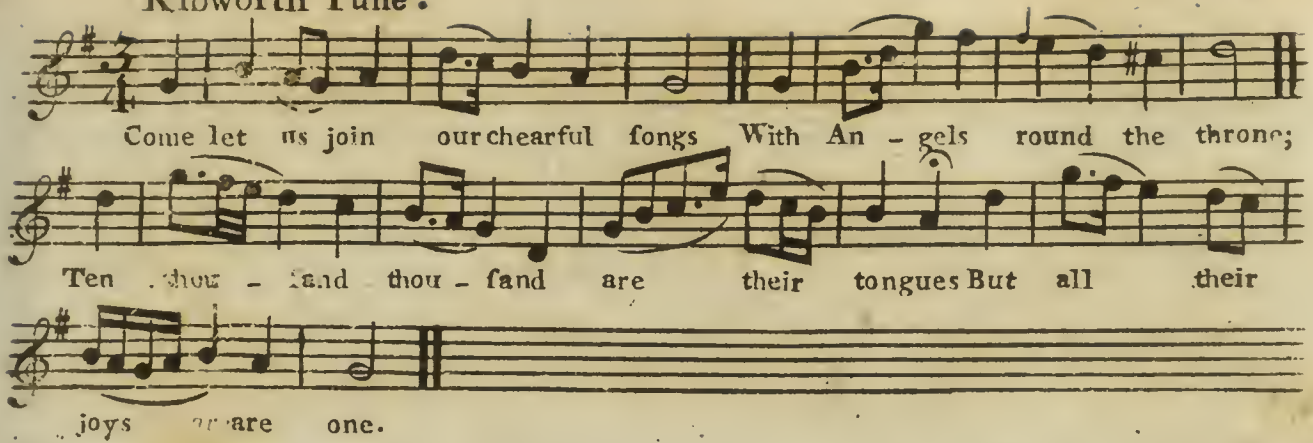
4

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terestial ball,
To him all Majesty ascribe;
And crown him Lord of all.

5

O that with wonder, sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Kibworth Tune.


Come let us join our chearful songs With An - gels round the throne;
Ten thou - sand thou - sand are their tongues But all their
joys are are one.

2

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.

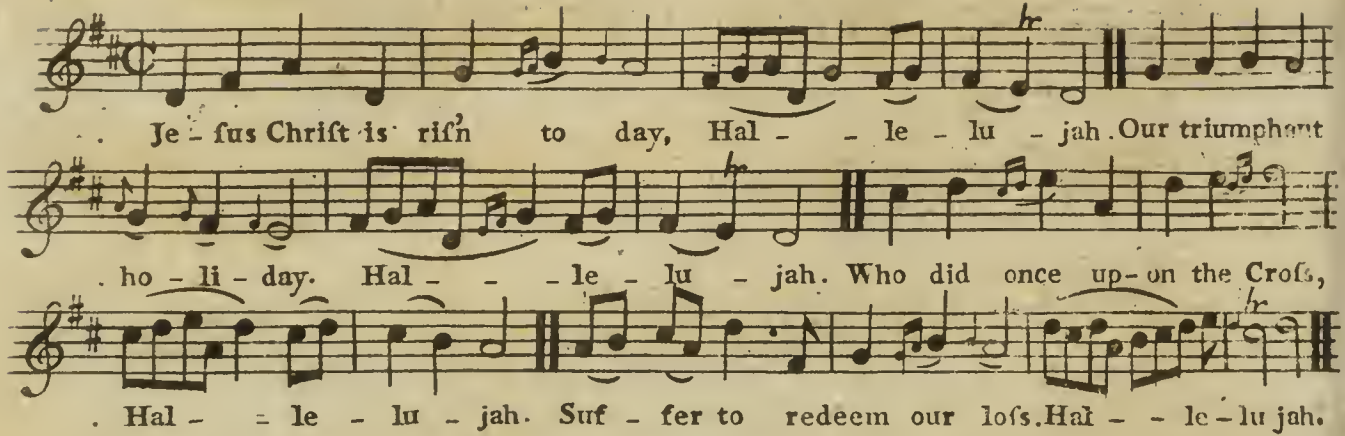
3

Jesus is worthy to Receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessing, more than we can give,
Be Lord for ever thine.

4

The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

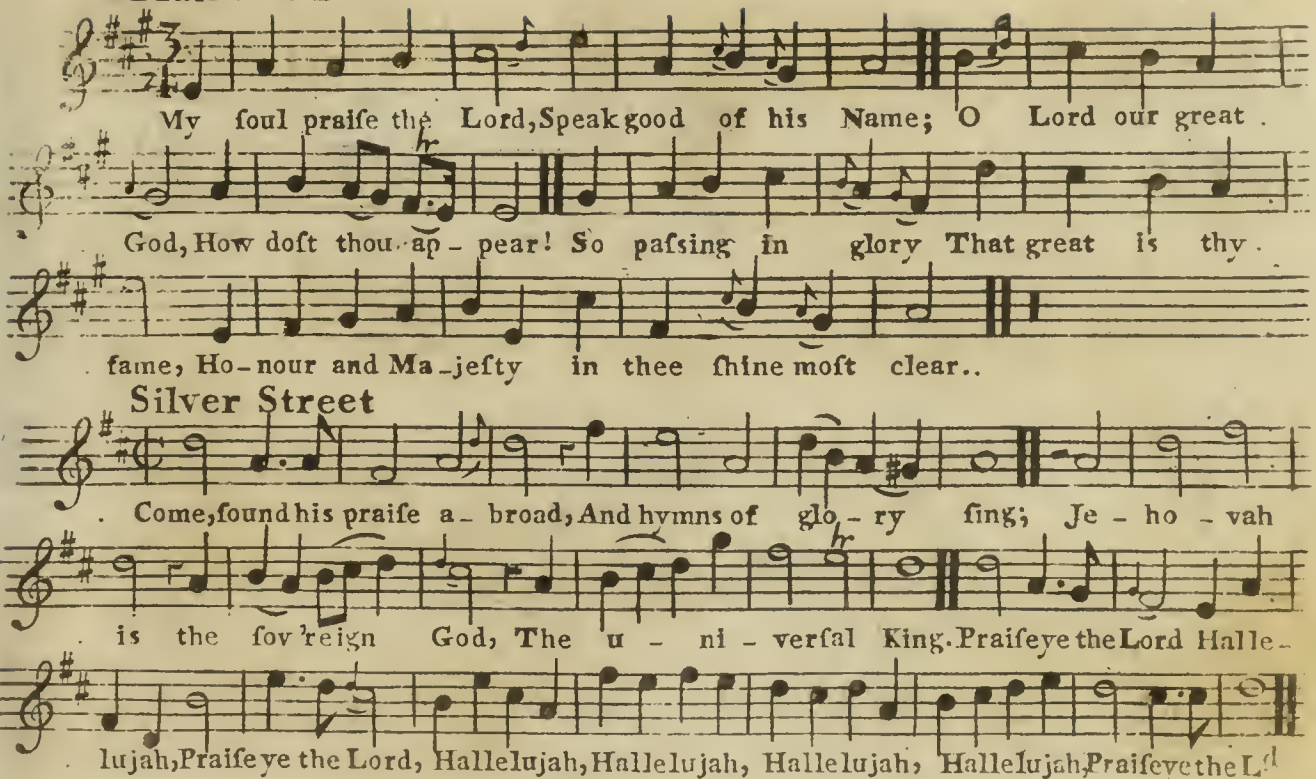
Priors


Je - ſus Chriſt is riſ'n to day, Hal - - le - lu - jah. Our triumphant
. ho - li - day. Hal - - - le - lu - jah. Who did once up-on the Croſs,
. Hal - - le - lu - jah. Suf - fer to redeem our loſs. Hal - - le - lu jah.

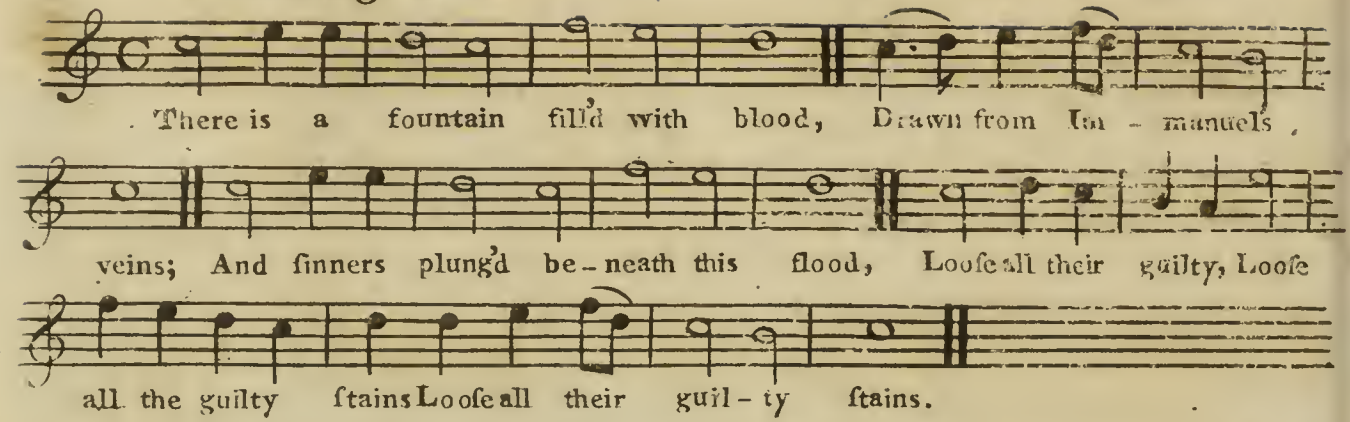
Hymns of praiſe then let us ſing, Hallelujah.
Unto Chriſt, our heavn'ly King, Hallelujah.
Who endur'd the croſs and grave, Hallelujah.
Sinners to redeem and ſave Hallelujah.

But the pains which he endur'd Hallelujah.
Our ſalvation have procur'd; Hallelujah.
Now he reigns triumphant King, Hallelujah.
Where the angels ever ſing, Hallelujah.

Pſalm CIV


My ſoul praiſe the Lord, Speak good of his Name; O Lord our great
God, How doſt thou ap - pear! So paſsing in glory That great is thy
fame, Ho - nour and Ma - jeſty in thee ſhine moſt clear..
Silver Street
Come, found his praiſe a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry ſing; Je - ho - vah
is the ſov'reign God, The u - ni - verſal King. Praiſe ye the Lord Halle -
lujah, Praiſe ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praiſe ye the L

Cambridge New.


There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - manuels
veins; And ſinners plung'd be - neath this flood, Looſe all their guilty, Looſe
all the guilty ſtains Looſe all their guil - ty ſtains.

2

The dying Thief rejoic'd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
& There may I, as vile as he,
Waſh all my ſins away.

3

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never looſe its pow'r;
Till all the ranſom'd Church of God
Are ſav'd, to ſin no more.

4

E'er ſince by faith I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be, till I die.

5

Then in a nobler ſweeter Song
I'll ſing thy power to ſave;
When this poor liſping ſtammering tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

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VOL. II.

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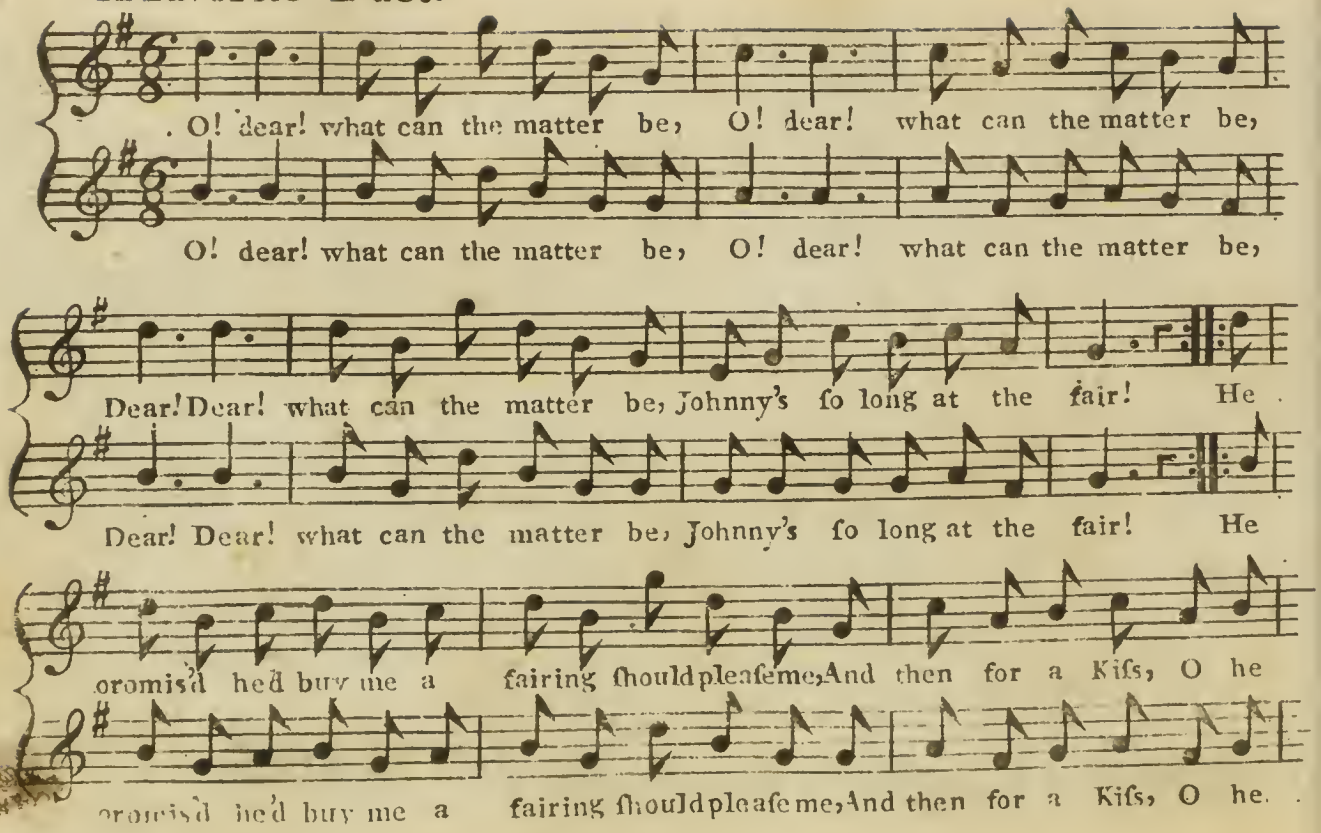
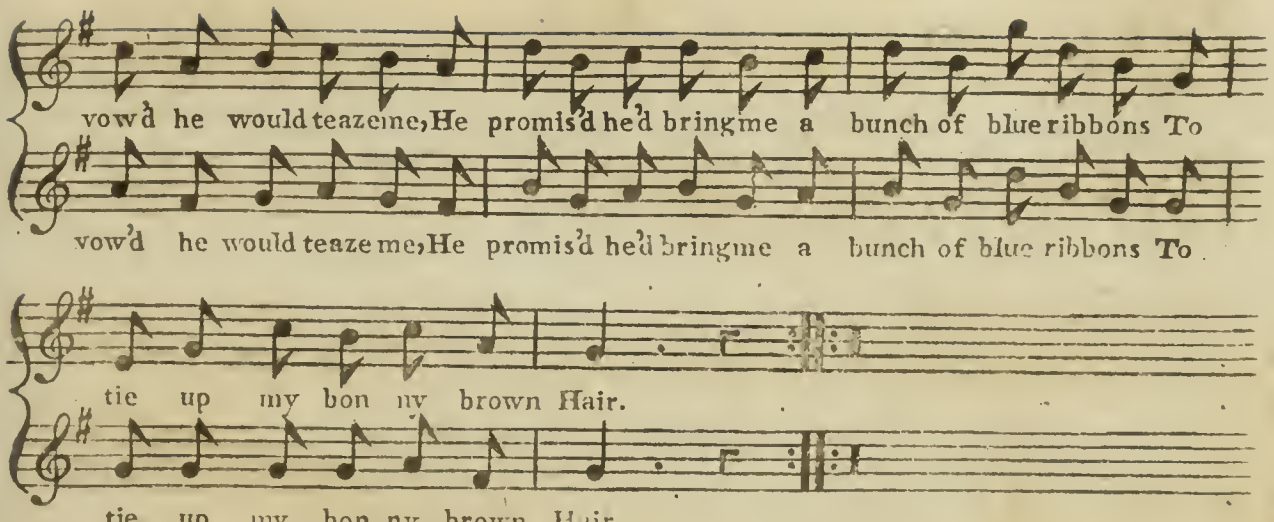
A favorite Duet.

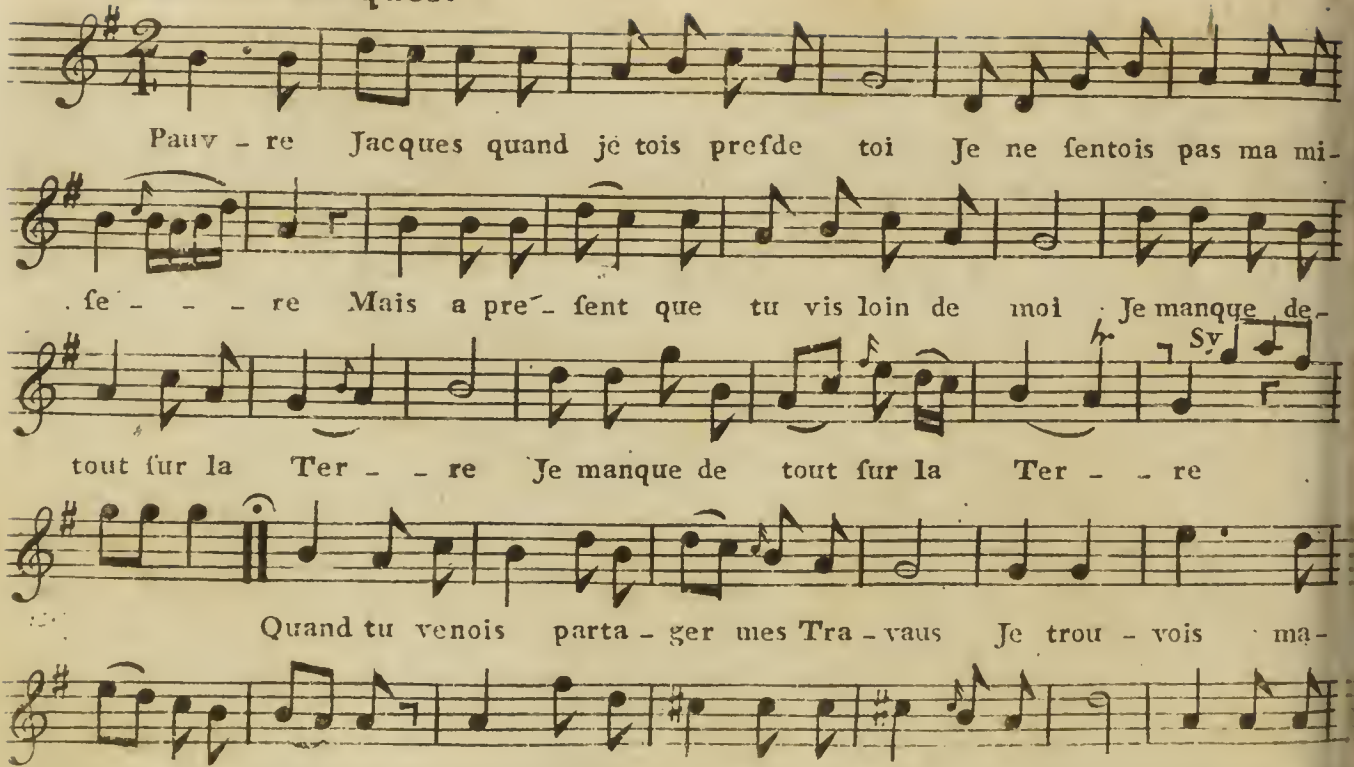

O! dear! what can the matter be, O! dear! what can the matter be,
O! dear! what can the matter be, O! dear! what can the matter be,
Dear! Dear! what can the matter be, Johnny's ſo long at the fair! He
Dear! Dear! what can the matter be, Johnny's ſo long at the fair! He
oromis'd he'd buy me a fairing ſhould pleaſe me, And then for a Kiſs, O he
oromis'd he'd buy me a fairing ſhould pleaſe me, And then for a Kiſs, O he.

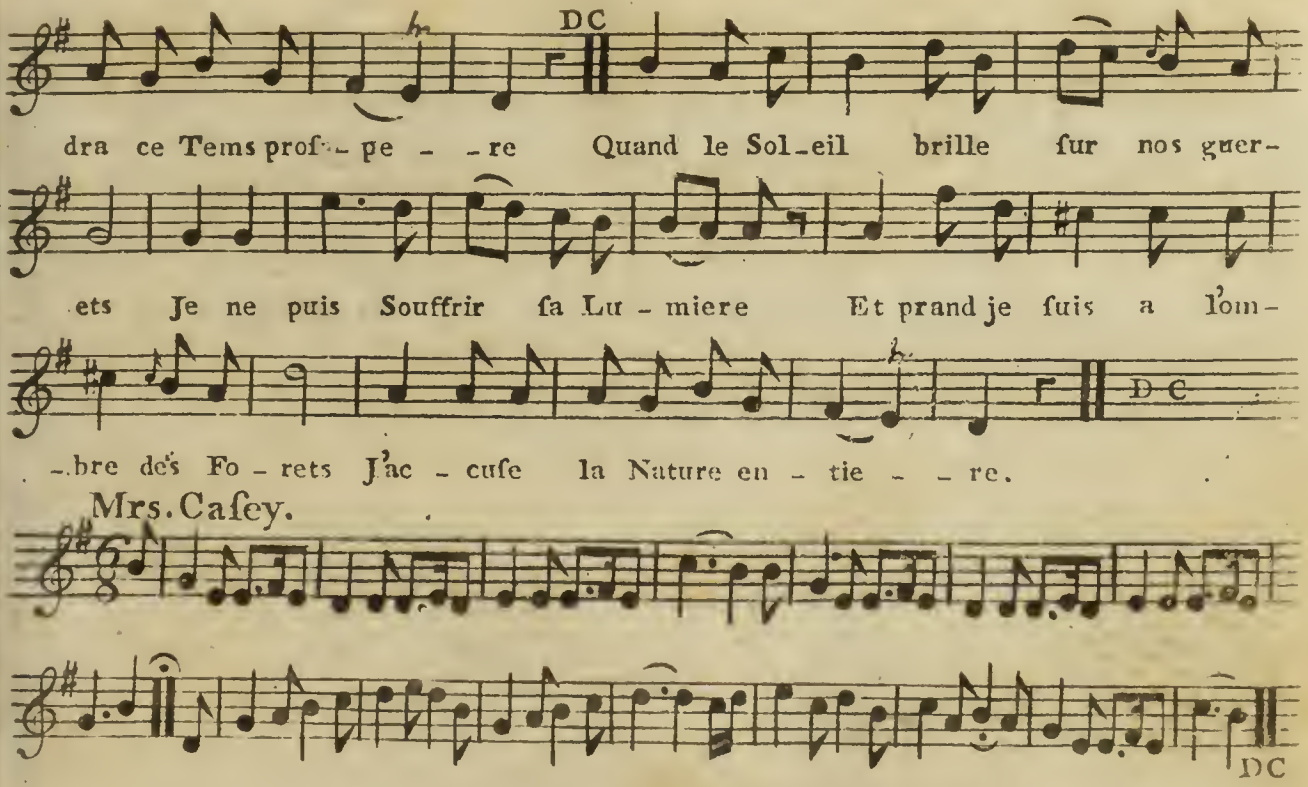

vow'd he would teaze me, He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To
vow'd he would teaze me, He promis'd he'd bring me a bunch of blue ribbons To
tie up my bon ny brown Hair.
tie up my bon-ny brown Hair.

2

O! dear! what can the matter be! O! dear! what can the matter be!
Dear! Dear! what can the matter be, Johnny's ſo long at the Fair!
He promiſ'd he'd bring me a Baſket of Poſies,
A Garland of Lillies, a Garland of Roſes,
A little ſtraw Hat to ſet off the blue Ribbons
That tie up my bonny brown Hair.

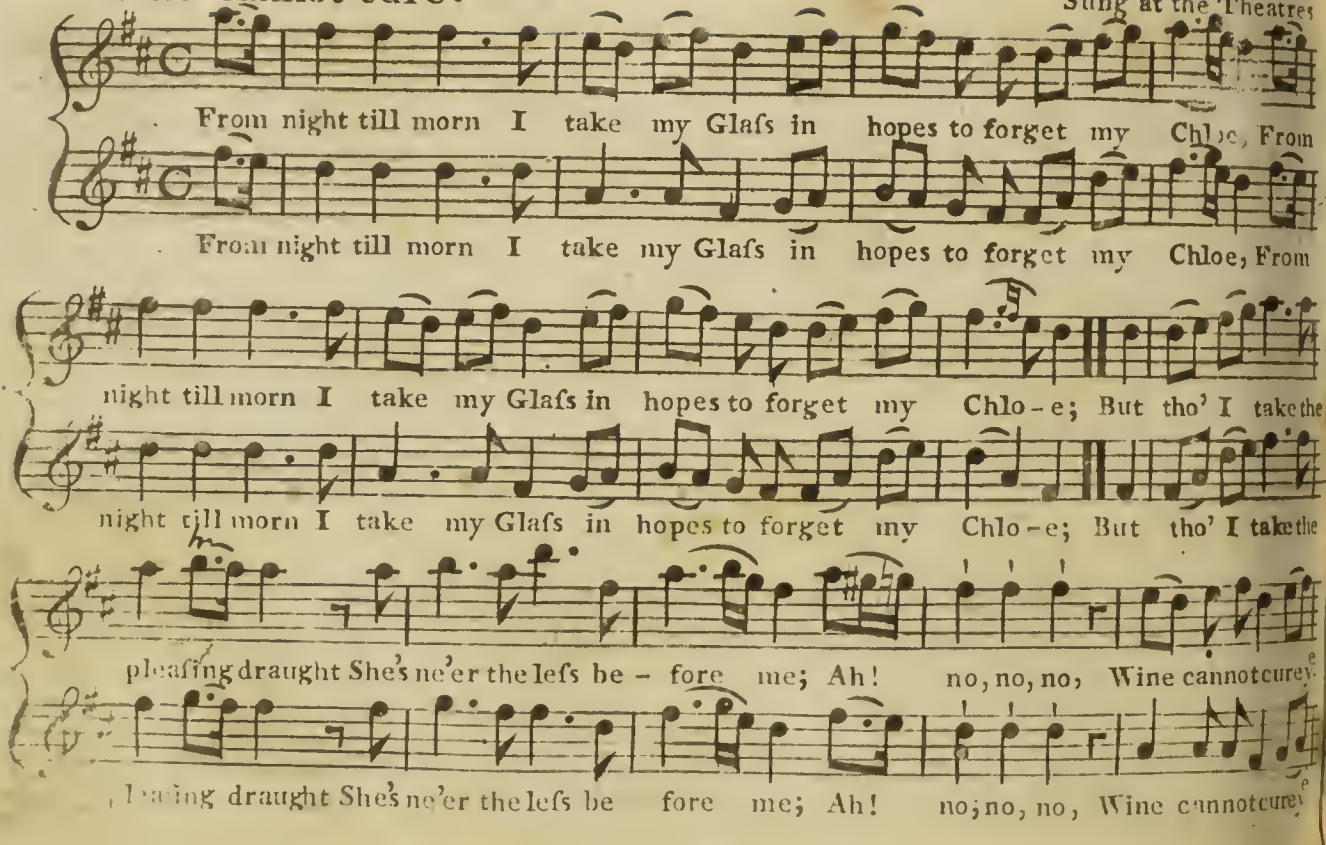
Pauvre Jacques.

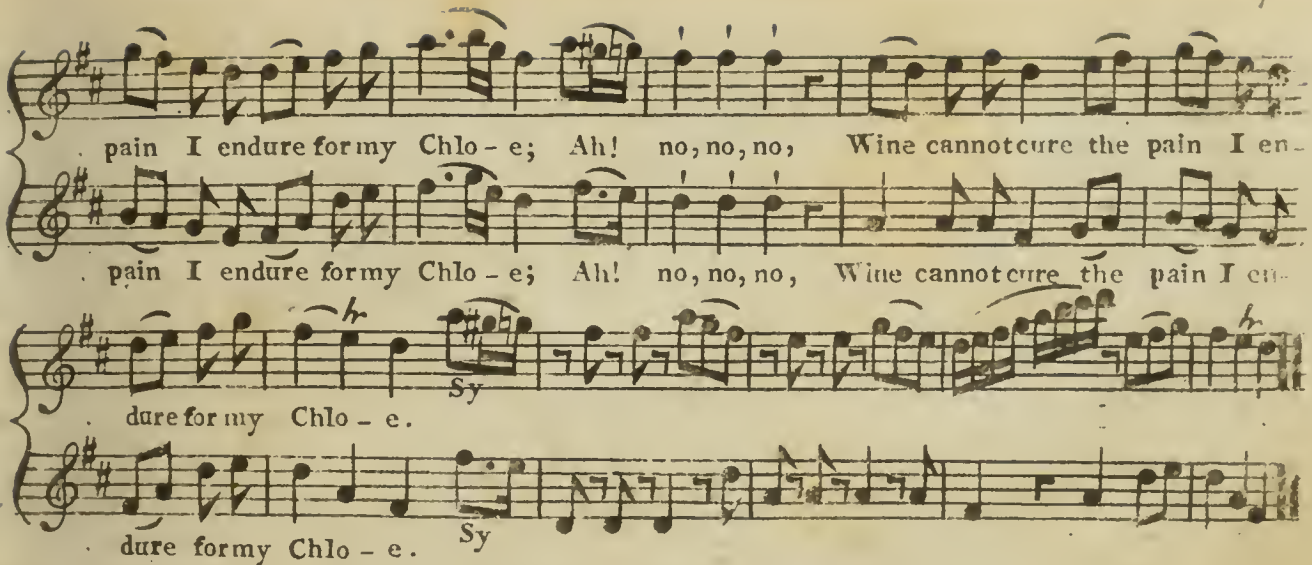

Pauv - re Jacques quand je tois prefde toi Je ne fentois pas ma mi-
. fe - - - re Mais a pre´- fent que tu vis loin de moi Je manque de-
Sv
tout fur la Ter - - re Je manque de tout fur la Ter - - re
Quand tu venois parta - ger mes Tra - vaus Je trou - vois ma-
ta - che le ge - re T'en Souviens tu tous les Jours etoient beaux Qui me ren-


DC
dra ce Tems prof- pe - re Quand le Sol-eil brille ſur nos guer-
ets Je ne puis Souffrir ſa Lu - miere Et prand je ſuis a l'om-
-bre des Fo - rets J'ac - cuſe la Nature en - tie - re.
D C
Mrs. Caſey.
D C

Wine cannot cure.

Sung at the Theatres

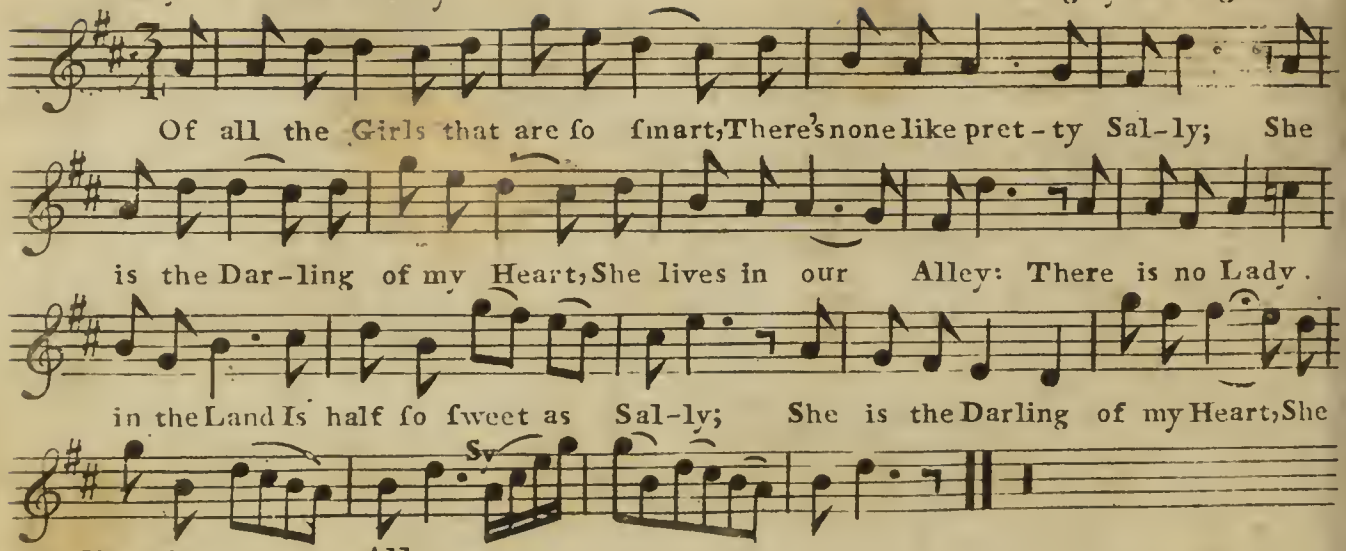

From night till morn I take my Glaſs in hopes to forget my Chloe, From
From night till morn I take my Glaſs in hopes to forget my Chloe, From
night till morn I take my Glaſs in hopes to forget my Chlo-e; But tho' I take the
night till morn I take my Glaſs in hopes to forget my Chlo-e; But tho' I take the
pleaſing draught She's ne'er the leſs be-fore me; Ah! no, no, no, Wine cannot cure
pleaſing draught She's ne'er the leſs be fore me; Ah! no, no, no, Wine cannot cure


pain I endure for my Chlo - e; Ah! no, no, no, Wine cannot cure the pain I en-
pain I endure for my Chlo - e; Ah! no, no, no, Wine cannot cure the pain I en-
dure for my Chlo - e.
Sy
dure for my Chlo - e.
Sy

To Wine I flew to eaſe the pain
Her beauteous Charms created;
But Wine more firmly bound the Chain,
And Love would not be cheated.
Ah! no, no, no, &c.

Sally in our Alley.

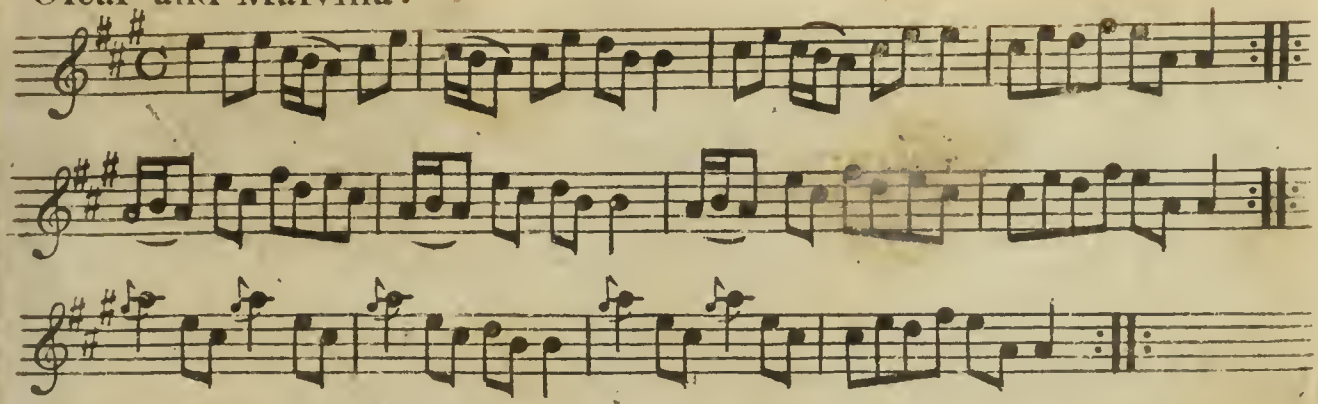
Sung by Mr Dignum.


Of all the Girls that are ſo ſmart, There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She
is the Dar-ling of my Heart, She lives in our Alley: There is no Lady
in the Land Is half ſo ſweet as Sal-ly; She is the Darling of my Heart, She
Sv
lives in our Alley.

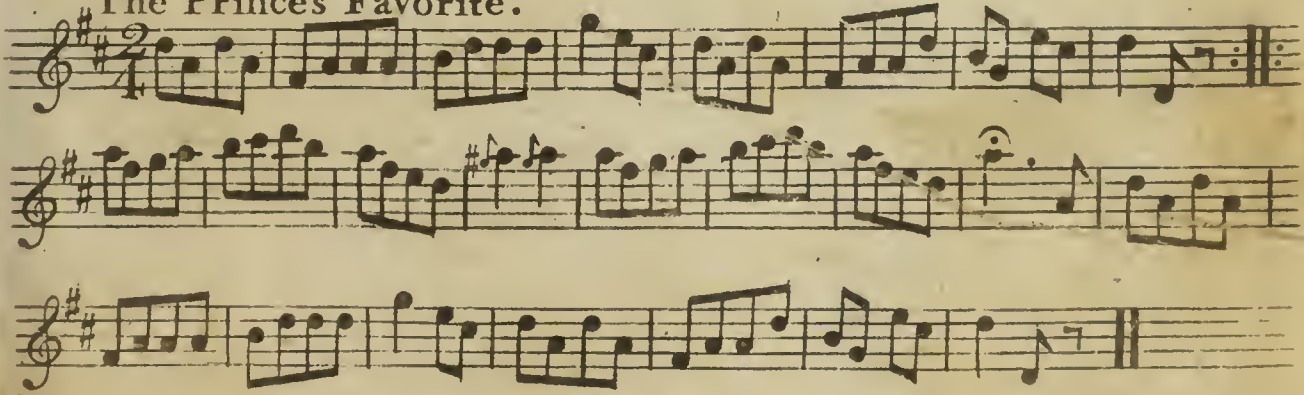
My Maſter and the Neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally;
And, but for her, I'd better be
A Slave, and row a Galley:

But when my Seven long Years are out
I then will Marry Sally;
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed!
But not in our Alley.

Oscar and Malvina.

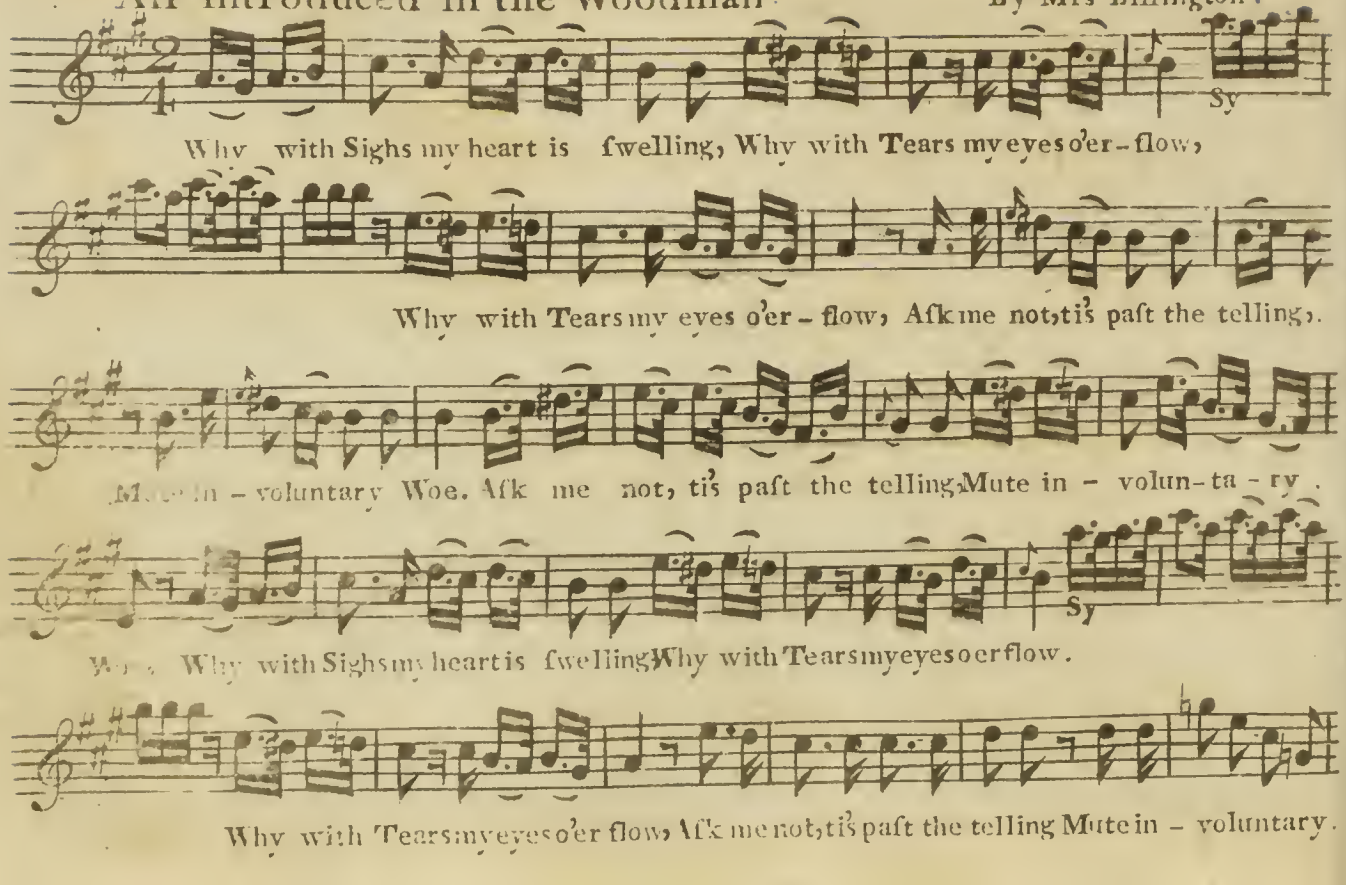


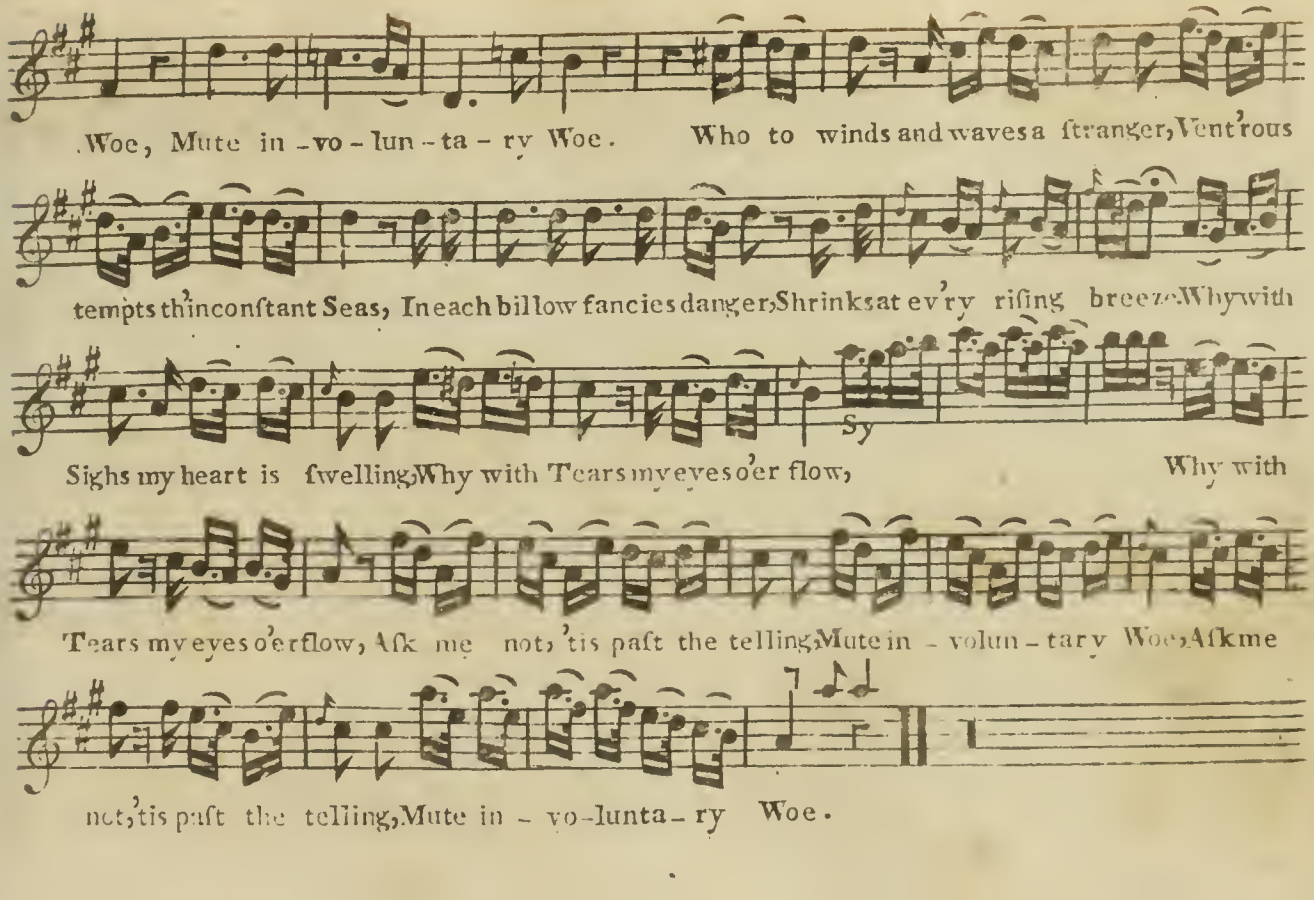
The Prince's Favorite.



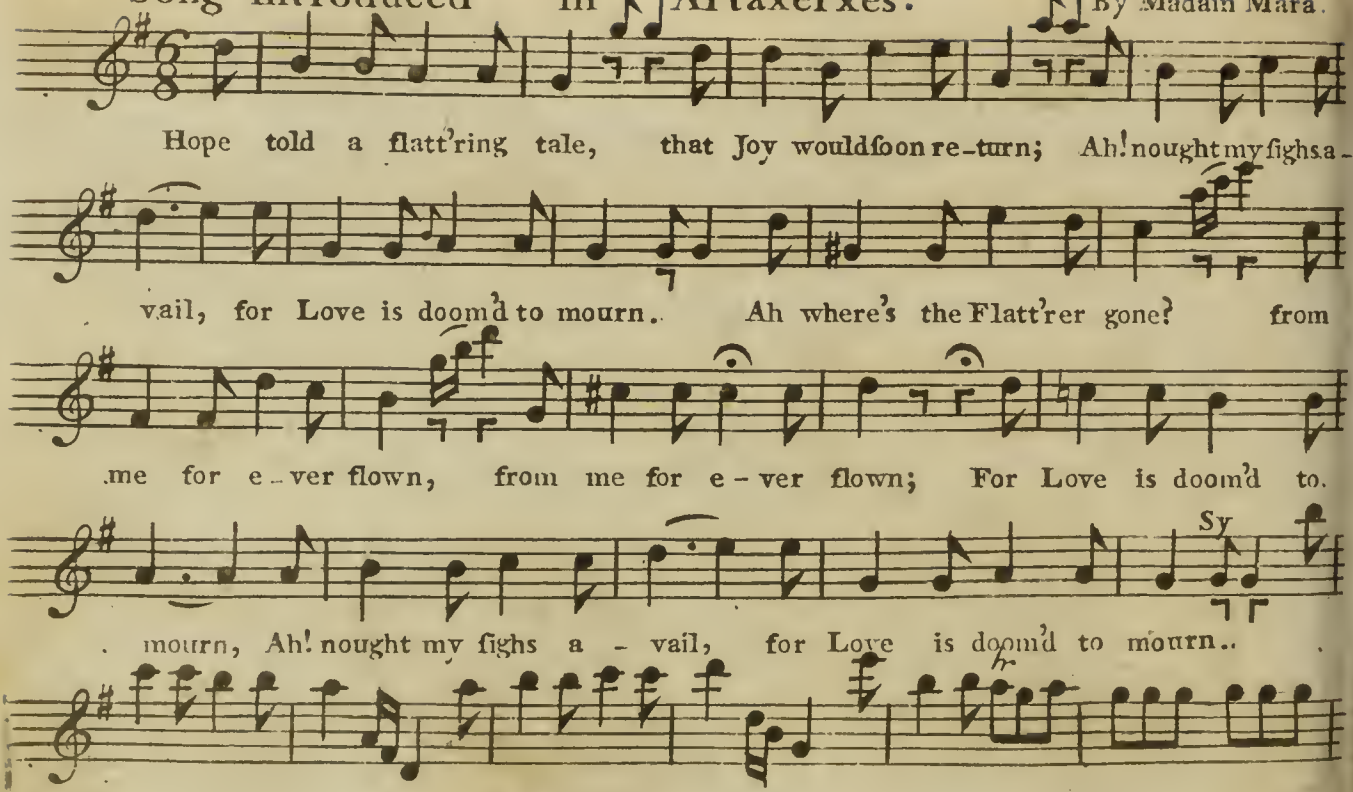
Air introduced in the Woodman.

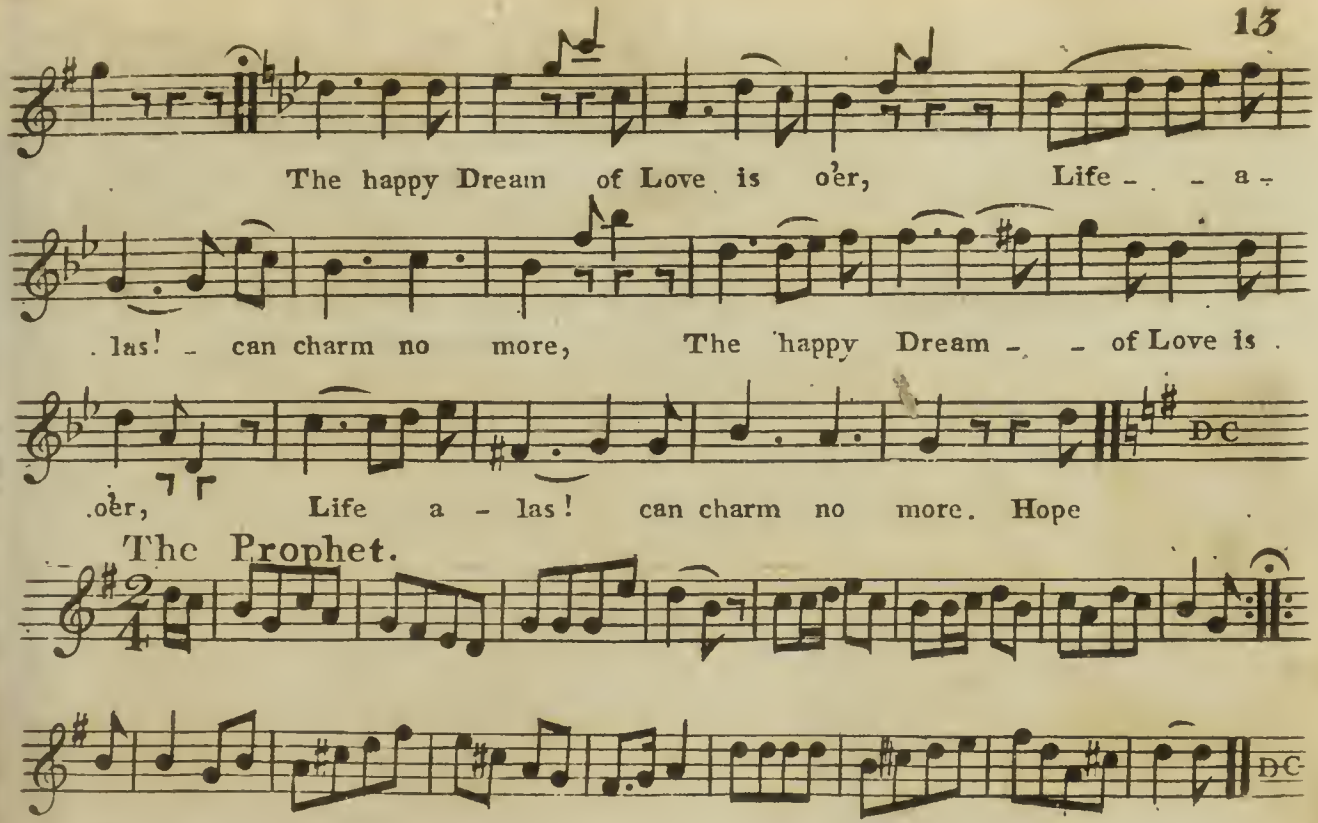
By Mrs Billington.


Sy
Why with Sighs my heart is swelling, Why with Tears my eyes o'er-flow,
Why with Tears my eyes o'er-flow, Ask me not, tis past the telling,
Mute in - voluntary Woe. Ask me not, tis past the telling, Mute in - volun-ta-ry.
Sy
Why with Sighs my heart is swelling, Why with Tears my eyes o'er flow.
Why with Tears my eyes o'er flow, Ask me not, tis past the telling Mute in - voluntary.

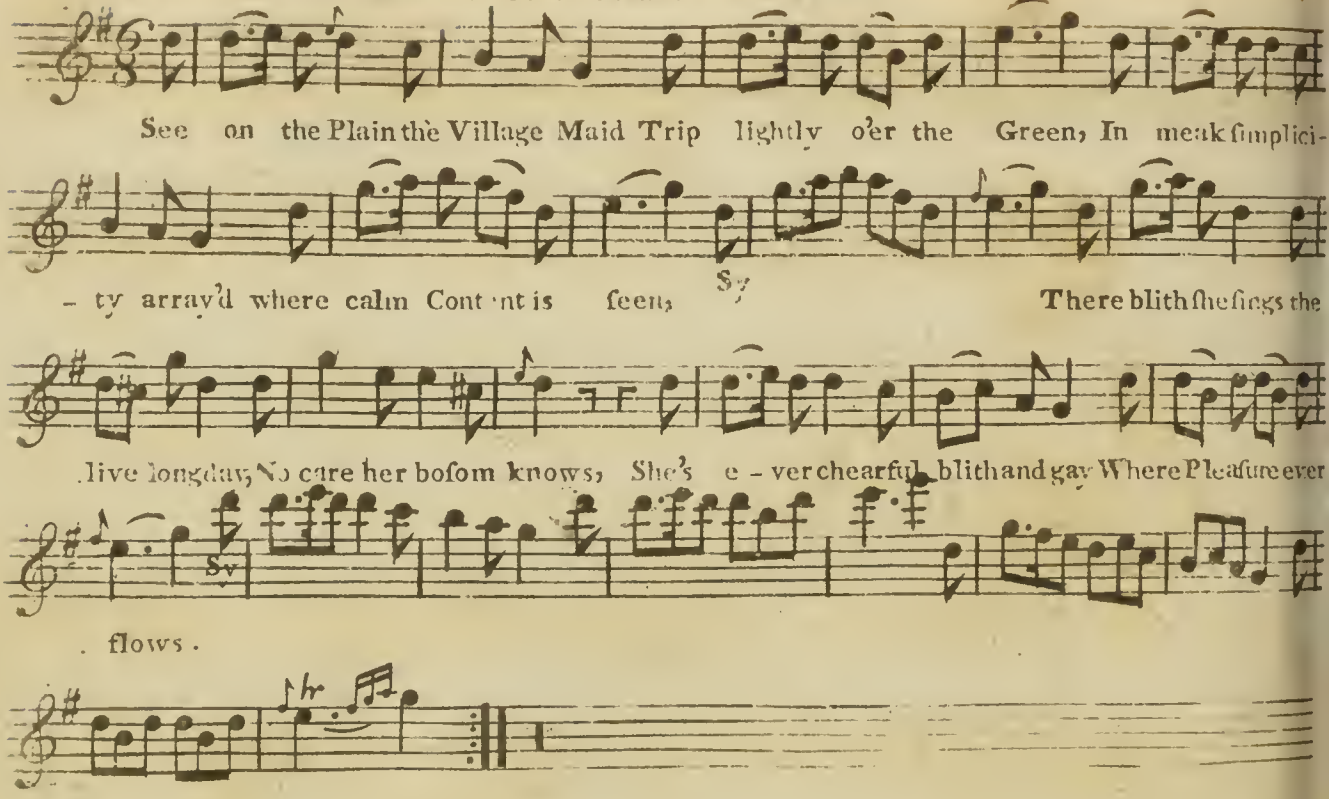

Woe, Mute in - vo - lun - ta - ry Woe. Who to winds and waves a ſtranger, Vent'rous
tempts th'inconſtant Seas, In each billow fancies danger, Shrinks at ev'ry riſing breeze. Why with
Sy
Sighs my heart is ſwelling, Why with Tears my eyes o'er flow, Why with
Tears my eyes o'erflow, Aſk me not, 'tis paſt the telling, Mute in - volun - tary Woe, Aſk me
not, 'tis paſt the telling, Mute in - vo - lunta - ry Woe.

Song introduced in Artaxerxes. By Madam Mara.

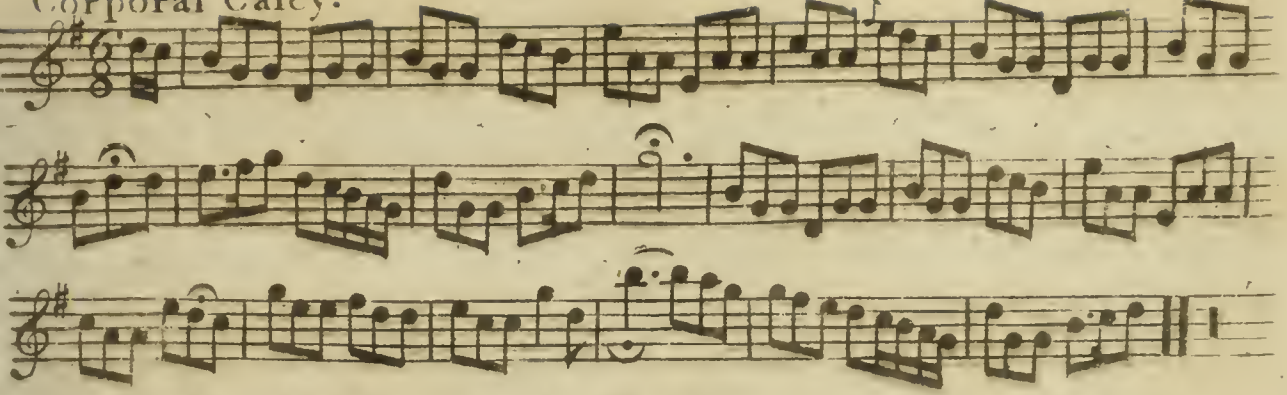

Hope told a flatt'ring tale, that Joy would soon re-turn; Ah! nought my sighs a-
vail, for Love is doom'd to mourn. Ah where's the Flatt'rer gone? from
me for e-ver flown, from me for e-ver flown; For Love is doom'd to
mourn, Ah! nought my sighs a-vail, for Love is doom'd to mourn.


The happy Dream of Love is o'er, Life - - a -
. las! - can charm no more, The happy Dream - - of Love is .
.oer, Life a - las! can charm no more. Hope
D.C.
The Prophet.
D.C.

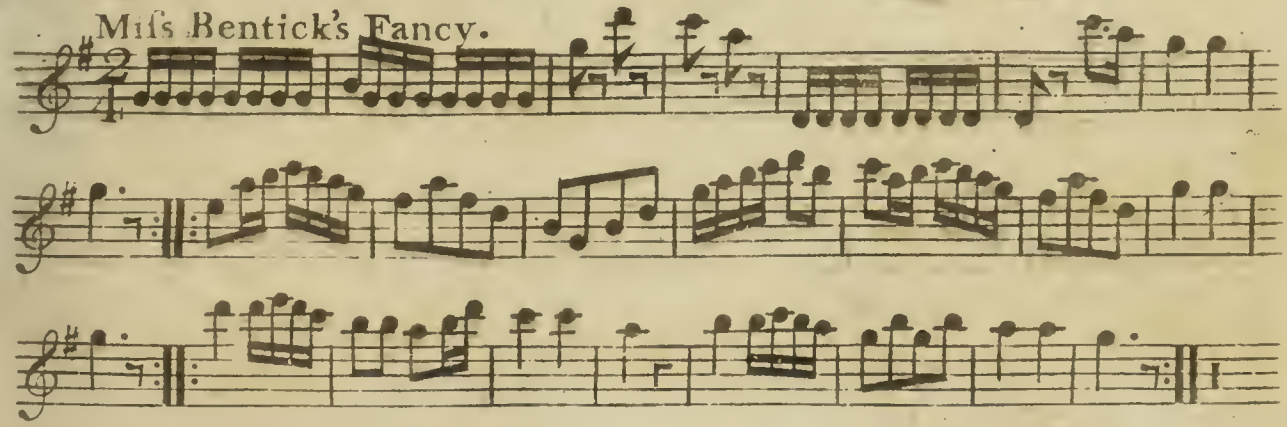
Air introduced in the Haunted Tower.


See on the Plain the Village Maid Trip lightly o'er the Green, In meak simplici-
- ty array'd where calm Cont nt is seen, There blith she sings the
live long day, No care her bosom knows, She's e - ver chearful, blith and gay Where Pleasure ever
flows.

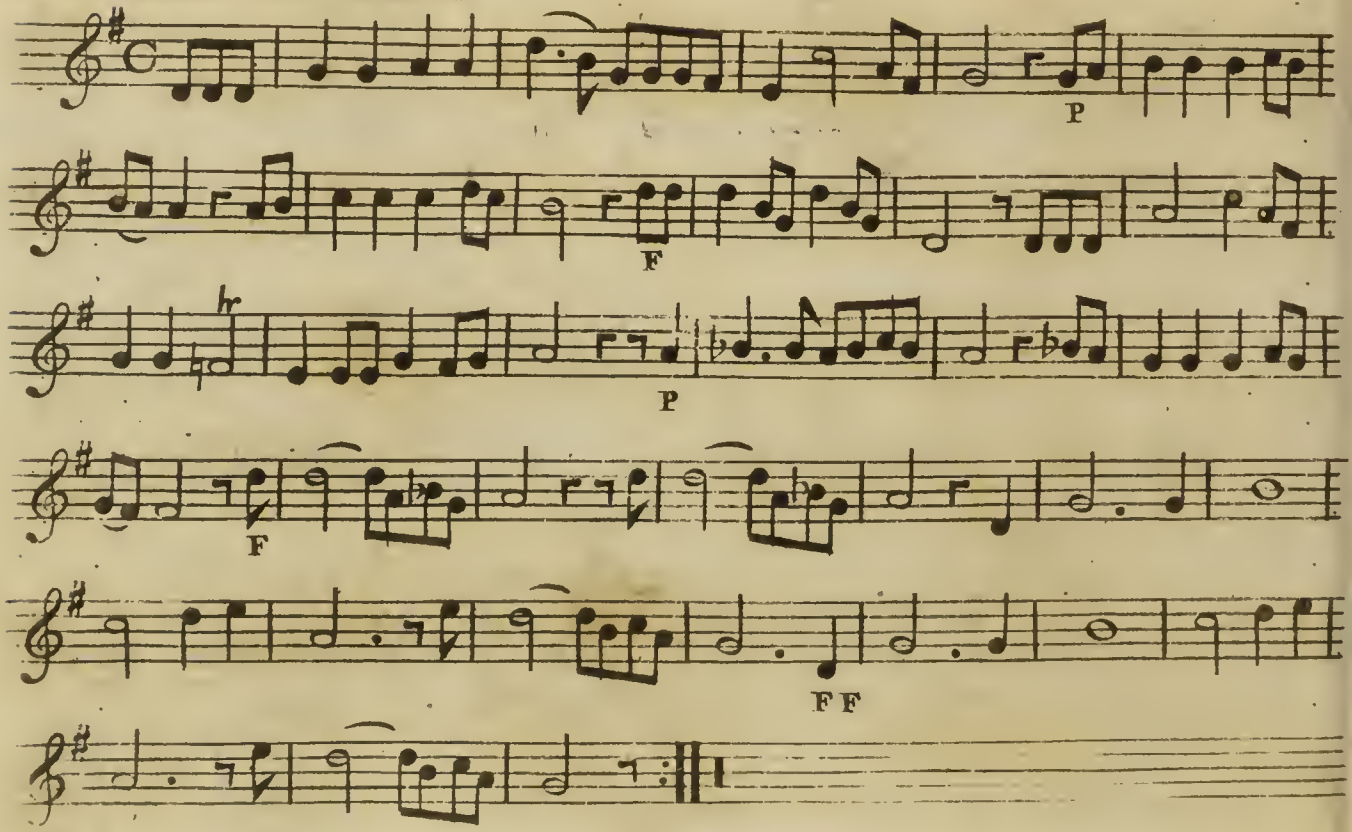
Corporal Cafey.



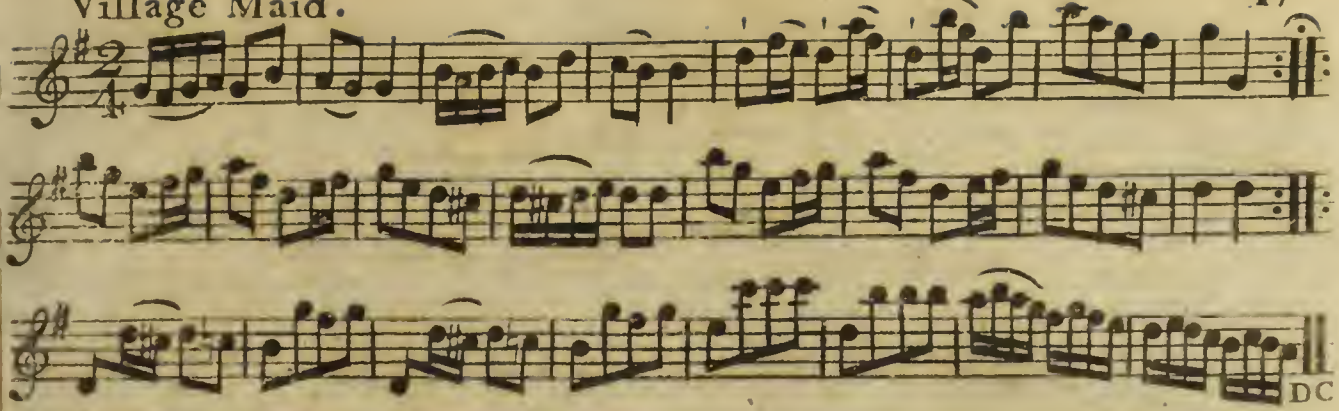
Miſs Bentick's Fancy.



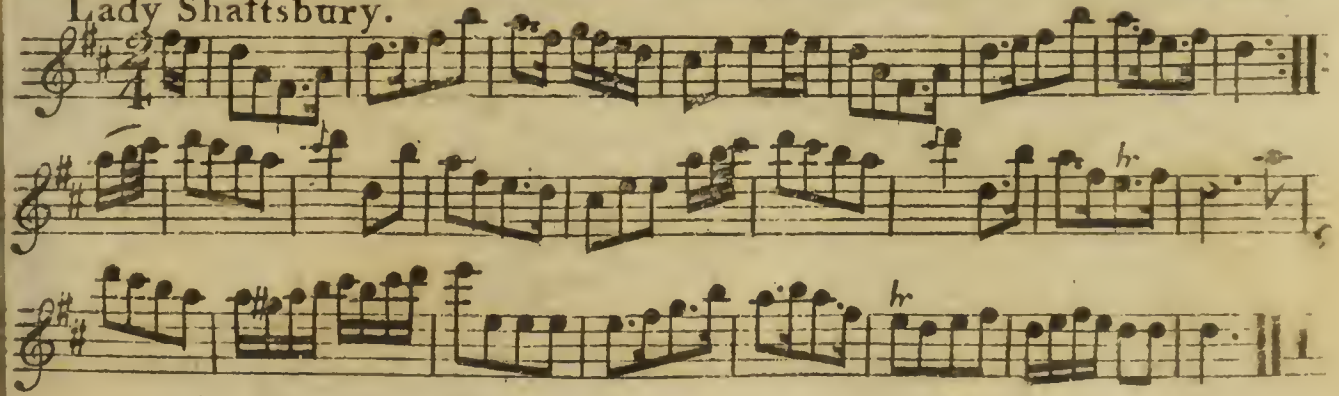
Marſeilles March.



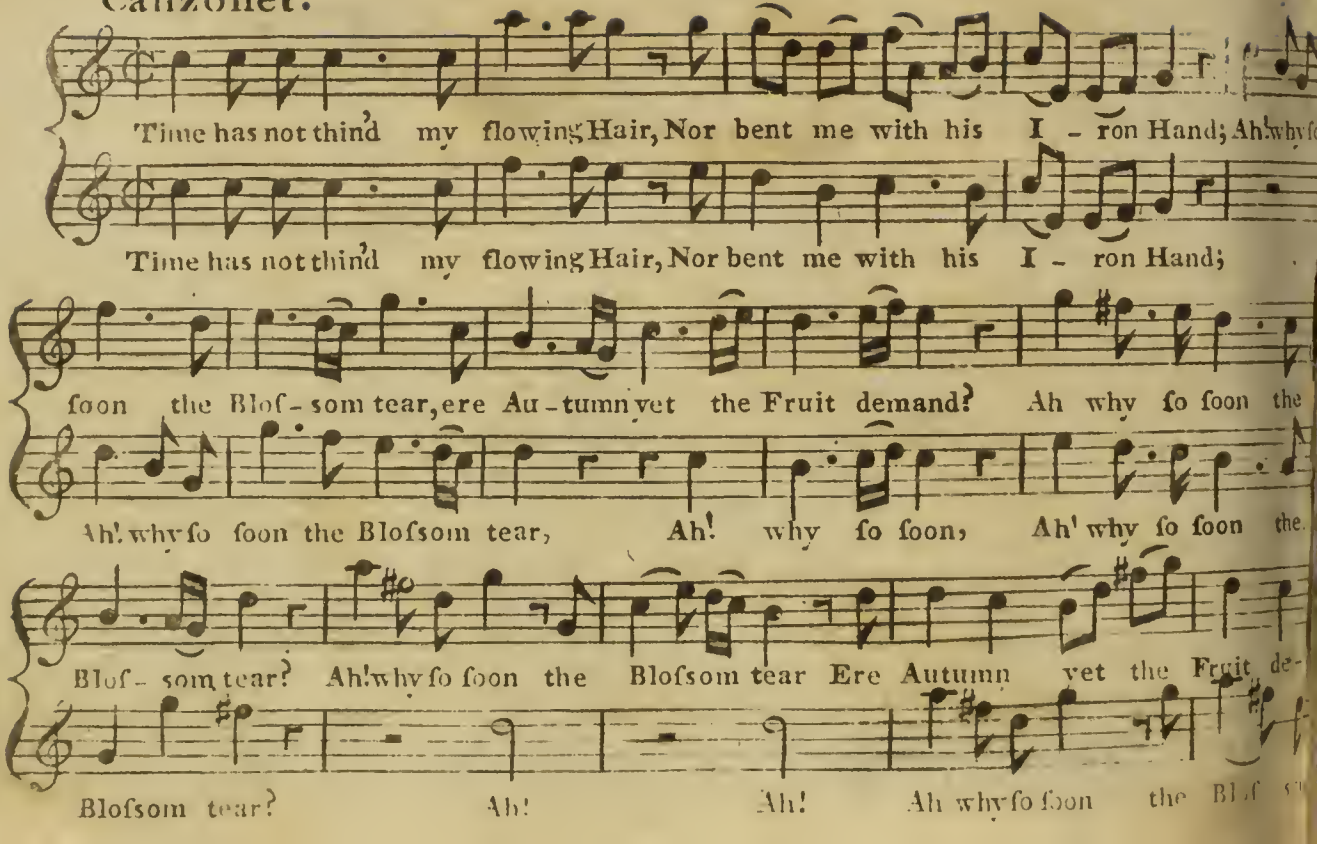
Village Maid.

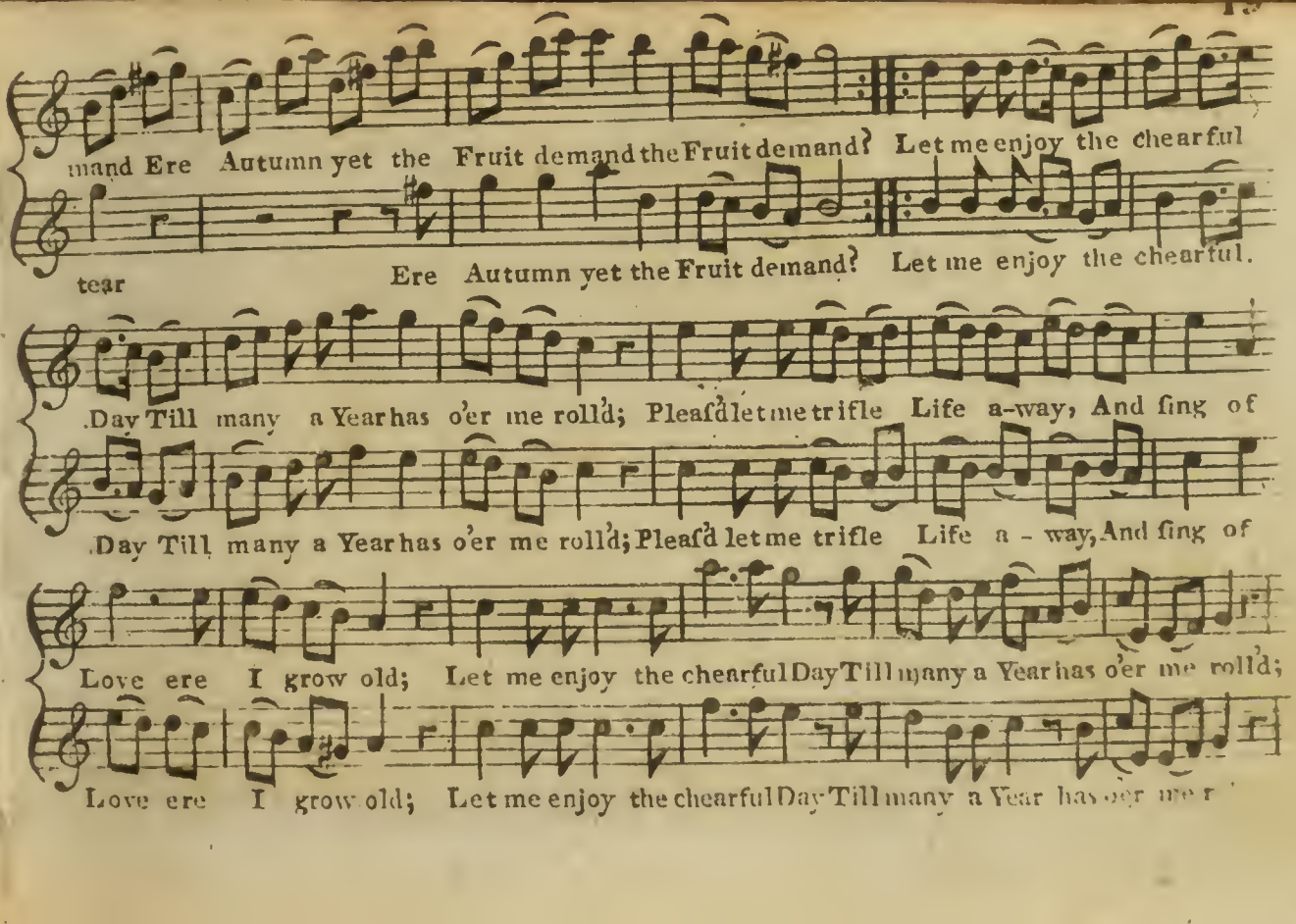


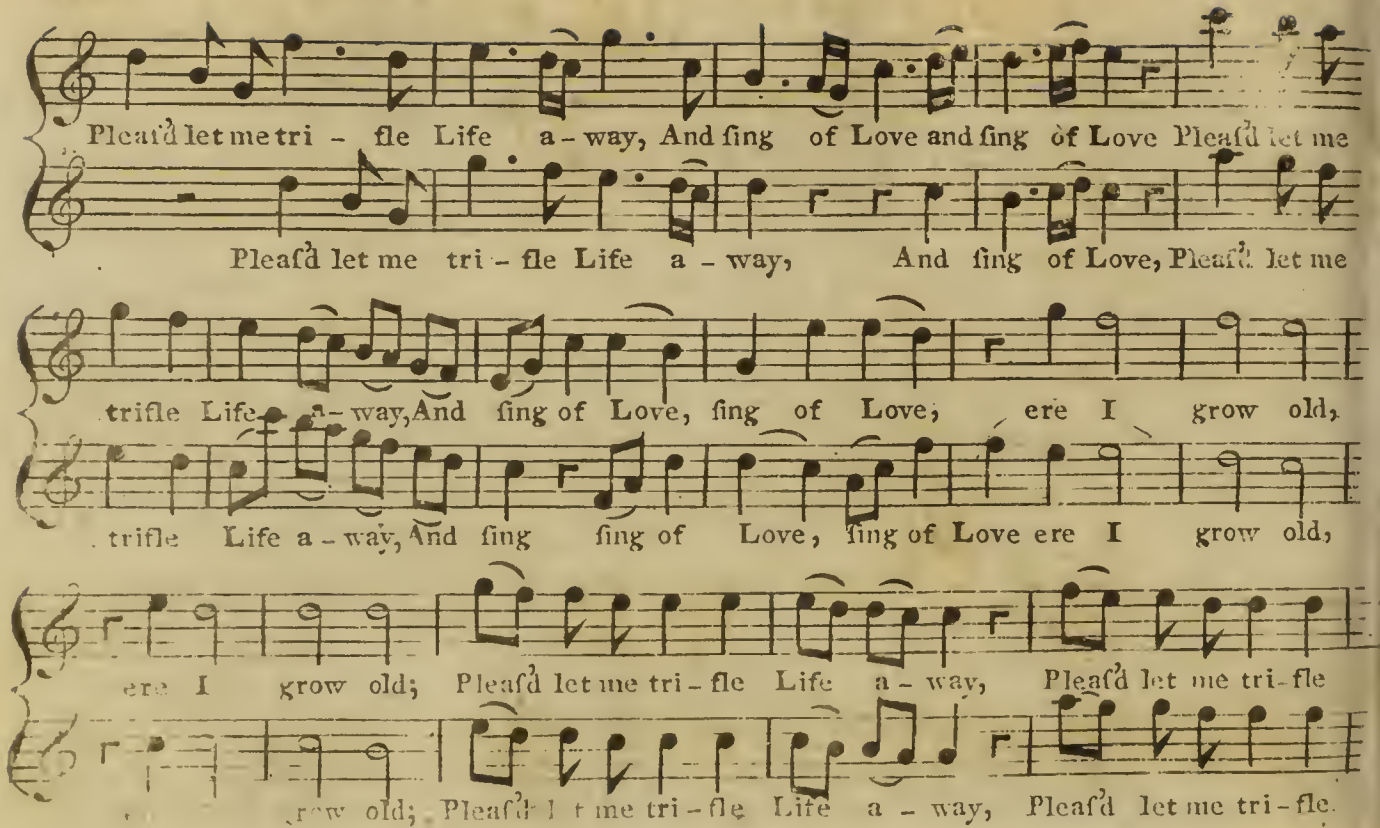
Lady Shaftsbury.

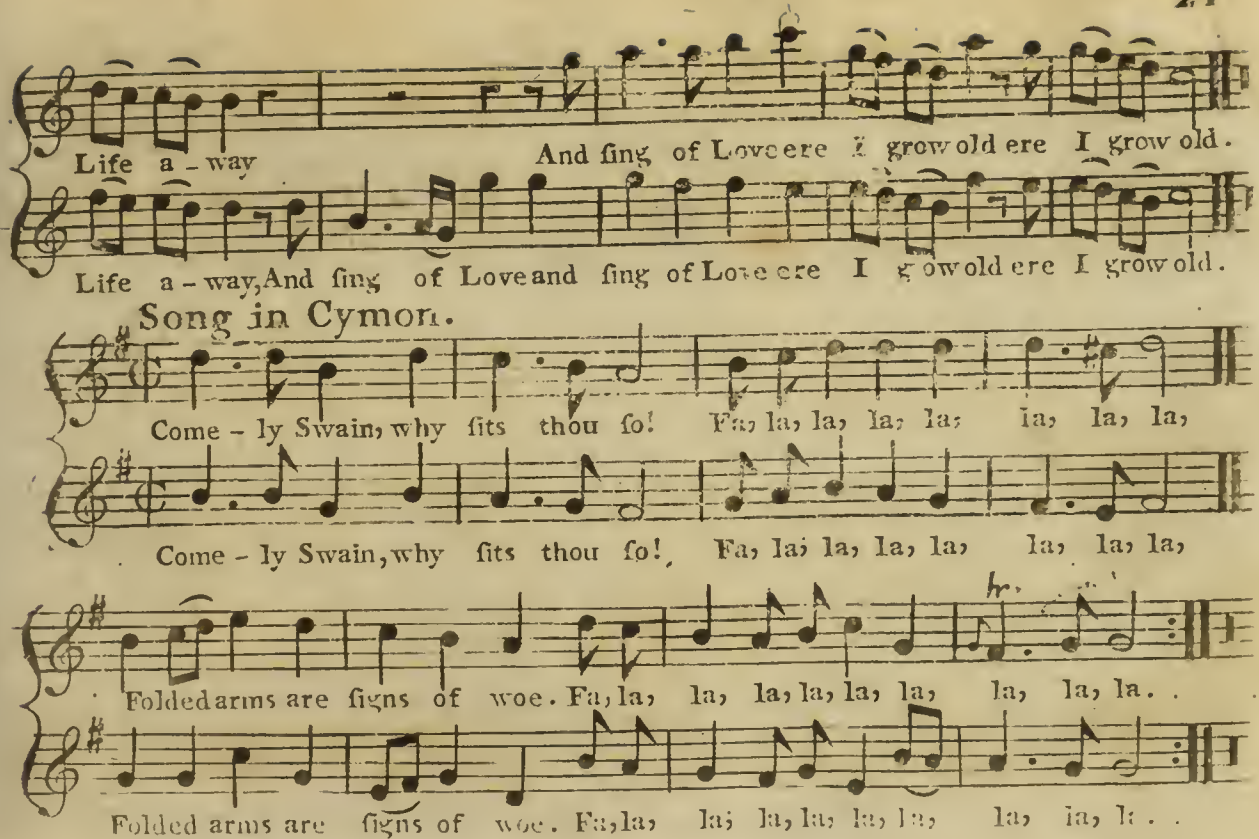


Canzonet.


Time has not thin'd my flowing Hair, Nor bent me with his I - ron Hand; Ah! why
Time has not thin'd my flowing Hair, Nor bent me with his I - ron Hand;
ſoon the Bloſ - ſom tear, ere Au - tumn yet the Fruit demand? Ah why ſo ſoon the
Ah! why ſo ſoon the Bloſsom tear, Ah! why ſo ſoon, Ah! why ſo ſoon the
Bloſ - ſom tear? Ah! why ſo ſoon the Bloſsom tear Ere Autumn yet the Fruit de-
Bloſsom tear? Ah! Ah! Ah why ſo ſoon the

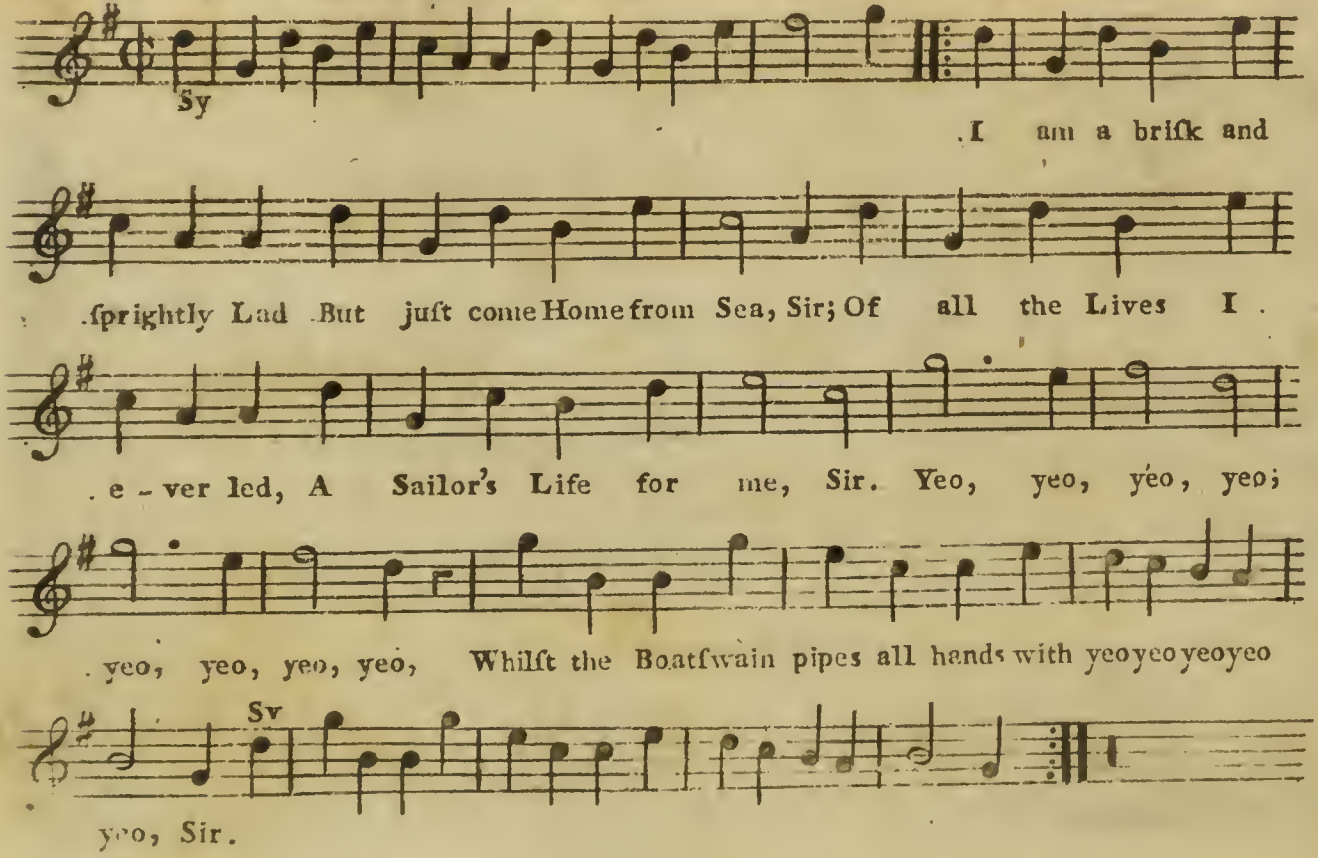

mand Ere Autumn yet the Fruit demand the Fruit demand? Let me enjoy the chearful
tear Ere Autumn yet the Fruit demand? Let me enjoy the chearful.
Day Till many a Year has o'er me roll'd; Plea'd let me trifle Life a-way, And sing of
Day Till many a Year has o'er me roll'd; Plea'd let me trifle Life a - way, And sing of
Love ere I grow old; Let me enjoy the chearful Day Till many a Year has o'er me roll'd;
Love ere I grow old; Let me enjoy the chearful Day Till many a Year has o'er me r


Pleaſ'd let me tri - fle Life a - way, And ſing of Love and ſing of Love Pleaſ'd let me
Pleaſ'd let me tri - fle Life a - way, And ſing of Love, Pleaſ'd let me
trifle Life a - way, And ſing of Love, ſing of Love, ere I grow old,
trifle Life a - way, And ſing ſing of Love, ſing of Love ere I grow old,
ere I grow old; Pleaſ'd let me tri - fle Life a - way, Pleaſ'd let me tri - fle
grow old; Pleaſ'd let me tri - fle Life a - way, Pleaſ'd let me tri - fle.


Life a - way And ſing of Love ere I grow old ere I grow old.
Life a - way, And ſing of Love and ſing of Love ere I grow old ere I grow old.
Song in Cymon.
Come - ly Swain, why ſits thou ſo! Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Come - ly Swain, why ſits thou ſo! Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
Folded arms are ſigns of woe. Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. .
Folded arms are ſigns of woe. Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. .

Song in the Spoil'd Child.

Sung by Mrs Jordan.


Sy
I am a brisk and
sprightly Lad But just come Home from Sea, Sir; Of all the Lives I
e - ver led, A Sailor's Life for me, Sir. Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo;
yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Whilst the Boatswain pipes all hands with yeoyeoyeoyeo
Sy
yeo, Sir.

2

What Girl but loves the merry Tar?
We o'er the Ocean roam, Sir;
In ev'ry Clime we find a Port,
In ev'ry Port a Home, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

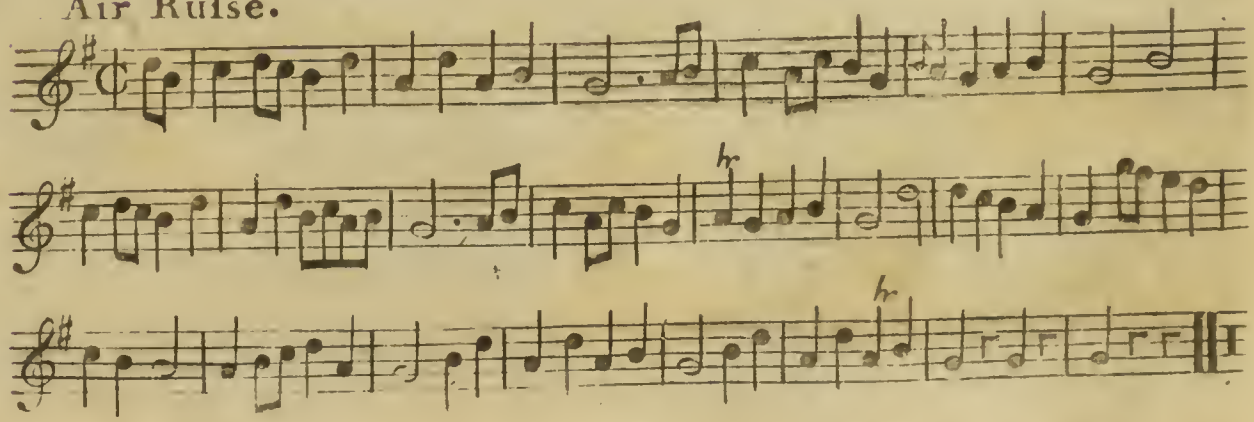
3

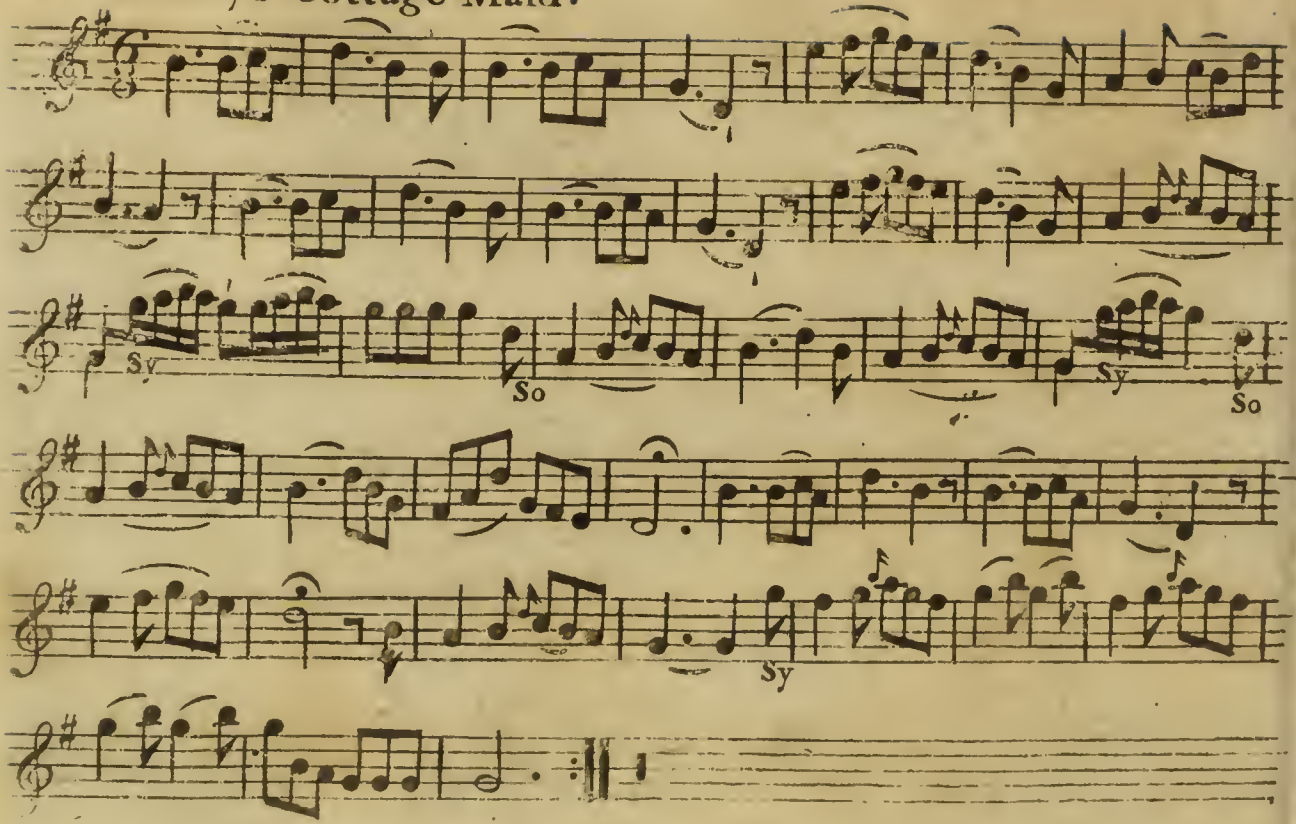
But when our Country's Foes are nigh,
Each haſtens to his Gun, Sir;
We make the boaſting Frenchmen fly,
And bang the haughty Don, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

4

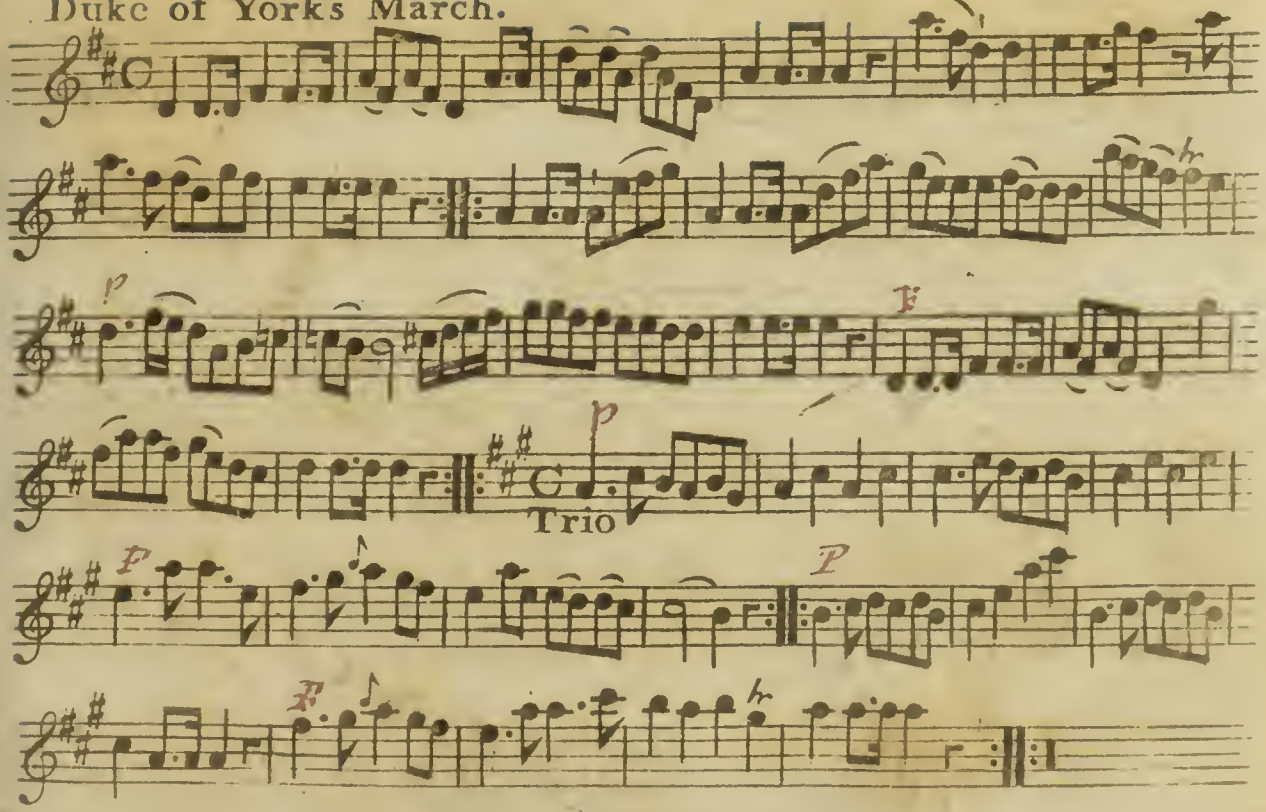
Our Foes ſubdu'd, once more on Shore
We ſpend our Caſh with Glee, Sir;
And when all's gone we drown our Care,
And out again to Sea, Sir.
Yeo, yeo, &c.

Air Ruſse.

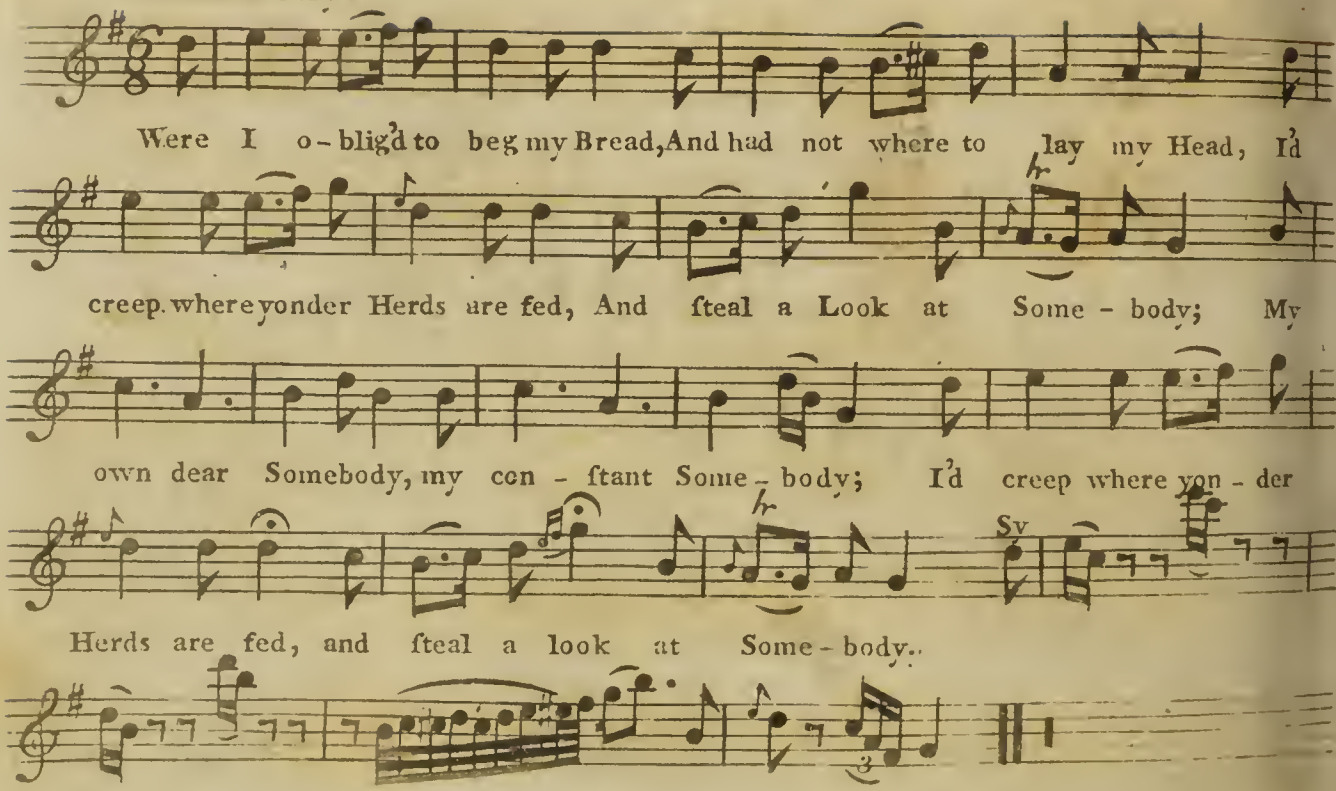



Sy
So
Sy
So
Sy

Duke of York's March.



Somebody.


Were I o-blig'd to beg my Bread, And had not where to lay my Head, I'd
creep where yonder Herds are fed, And ſteal a Look at Some-body; My
own dear Somebody, my con-ſtant Some-body; I'd creep where yon-der
Herds are fed, and ſteal a look at Some-body.

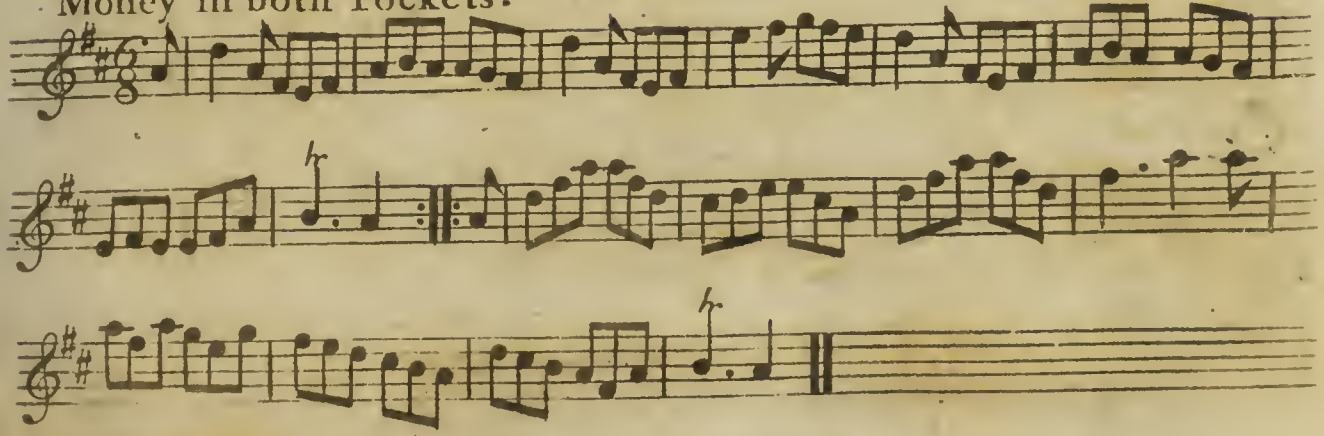
2

When I'm laid low and am at reſt,
And may be number'd with the bleſt,
Oh may thy artleſs feeling Breaſt
Throb with regard for Somebody!
Ah! will you drop one pitying Tear,
And ſigh for the loſt Somebody.

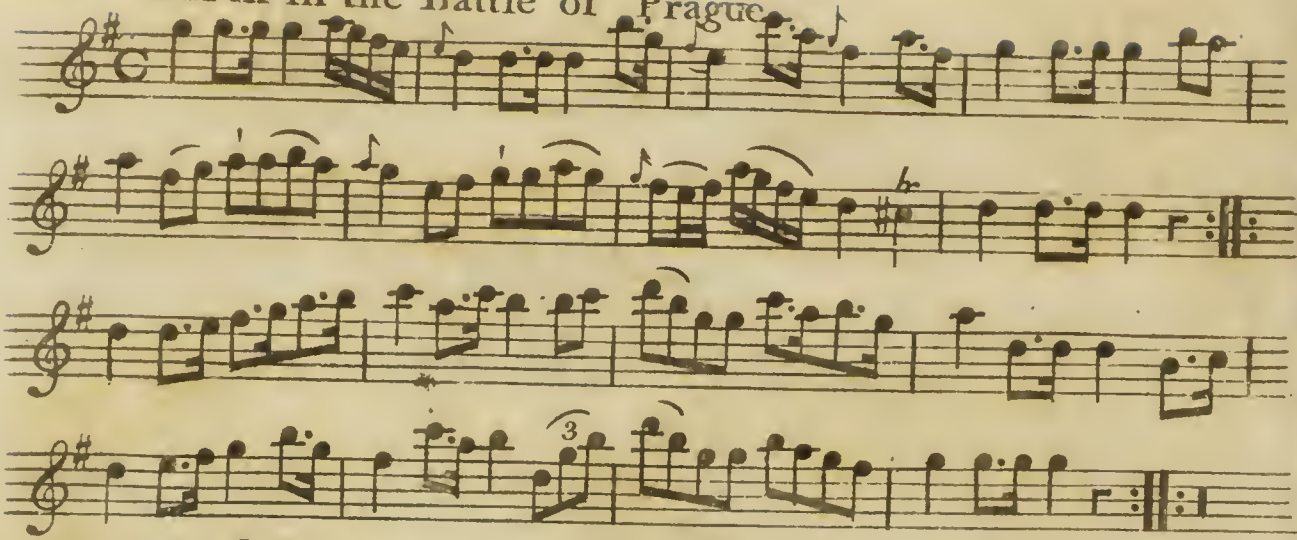
3

But ſhould I ever live to ſee
That Form ſo much adord by me,
Then thou'lt reward my Conſtancy,
And I'll be bleſt with Somebody;
Then ſhall my Tears be dried by thee,
And I'll be bleſt with Somebody.

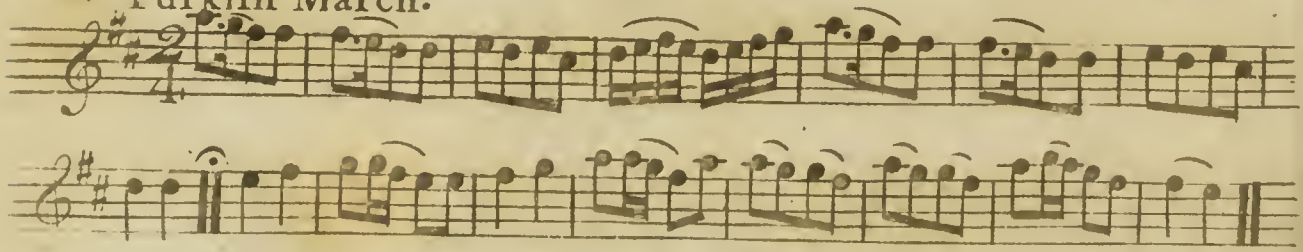
Money in both Pockets.



March in the Battle of Prague.

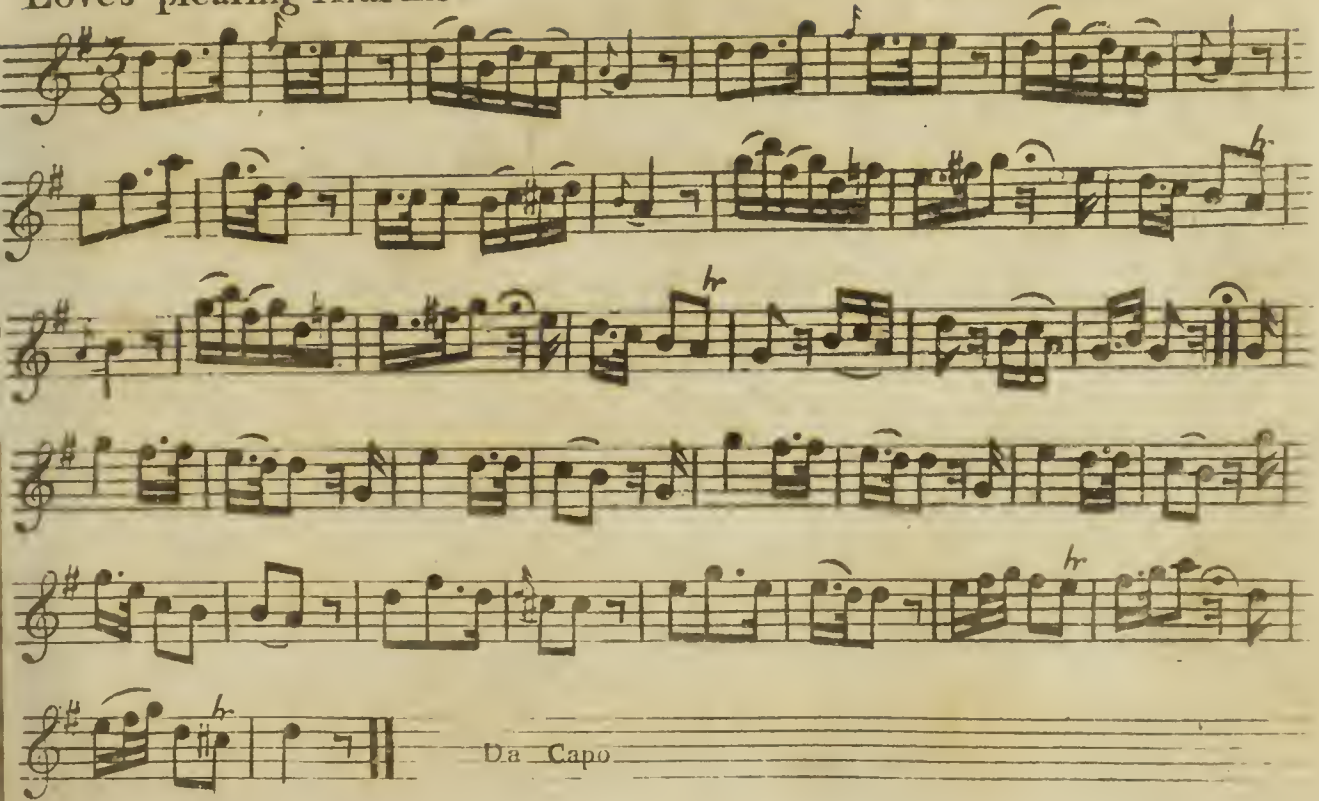


Turkish March.

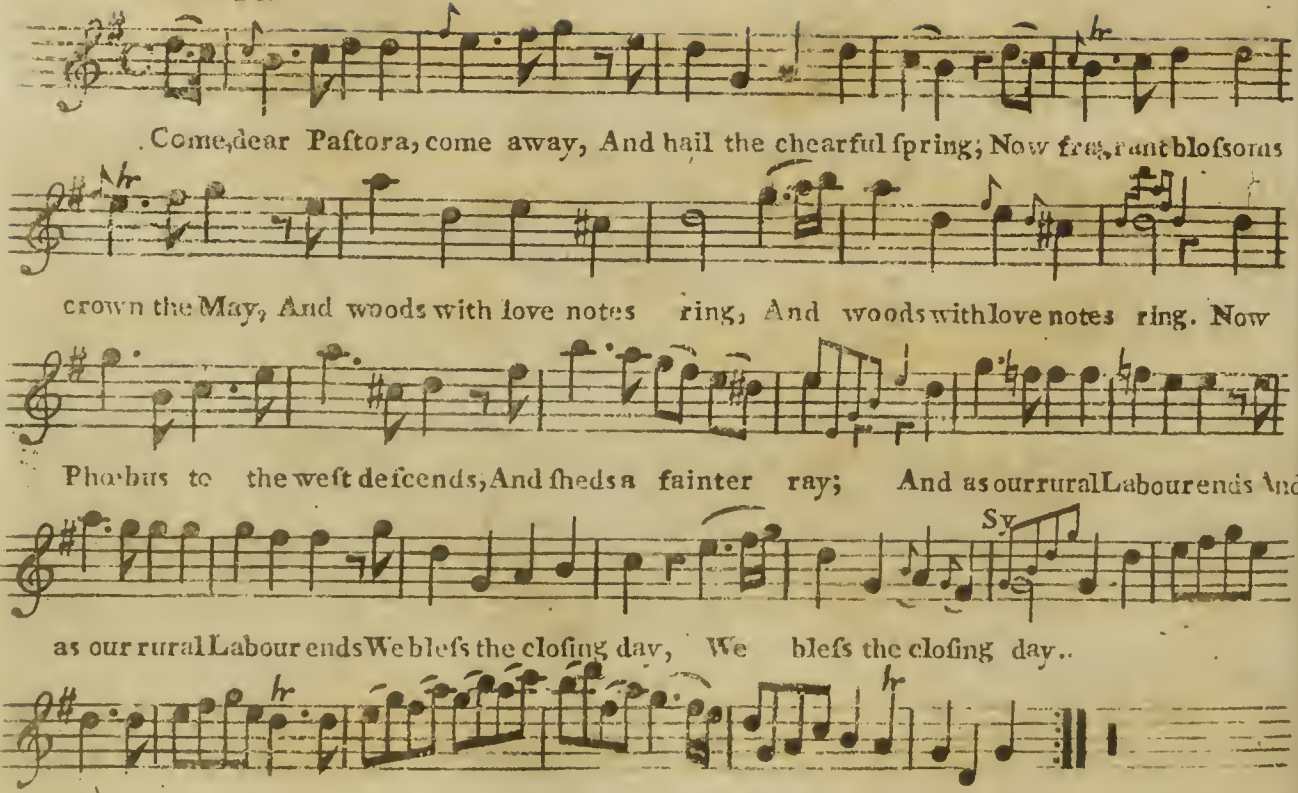


Love's pleasing Alarms.

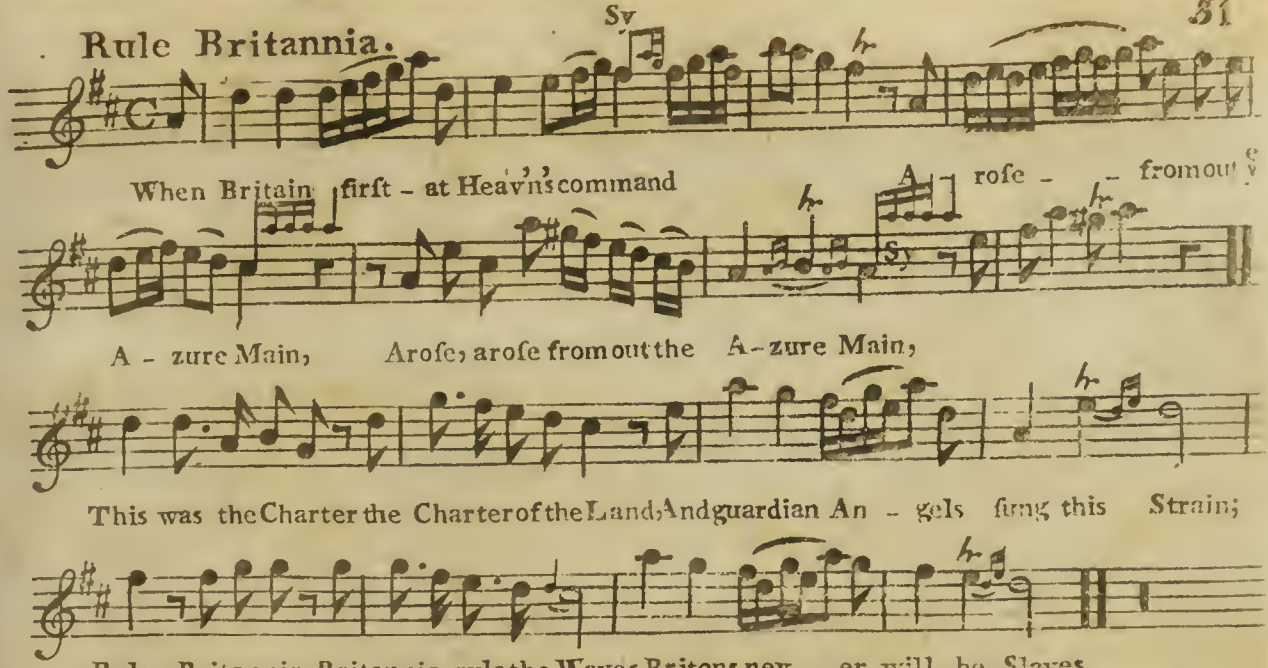
Air in the Pirates



Paſtora.


Come, dear Paſtora, come away, And hail the chearful ſpring; Now fragrant bloſſoms
crown the May, And woods with love notes ring, And woods with love notes ring. Now
Phœbus to the weſt deſcends, And ſheds a fainter ray; And as our rural Labour ends And
Sy
as our rural Labour ends We bleſs the cloſing day, We bleſs the cloſing day..

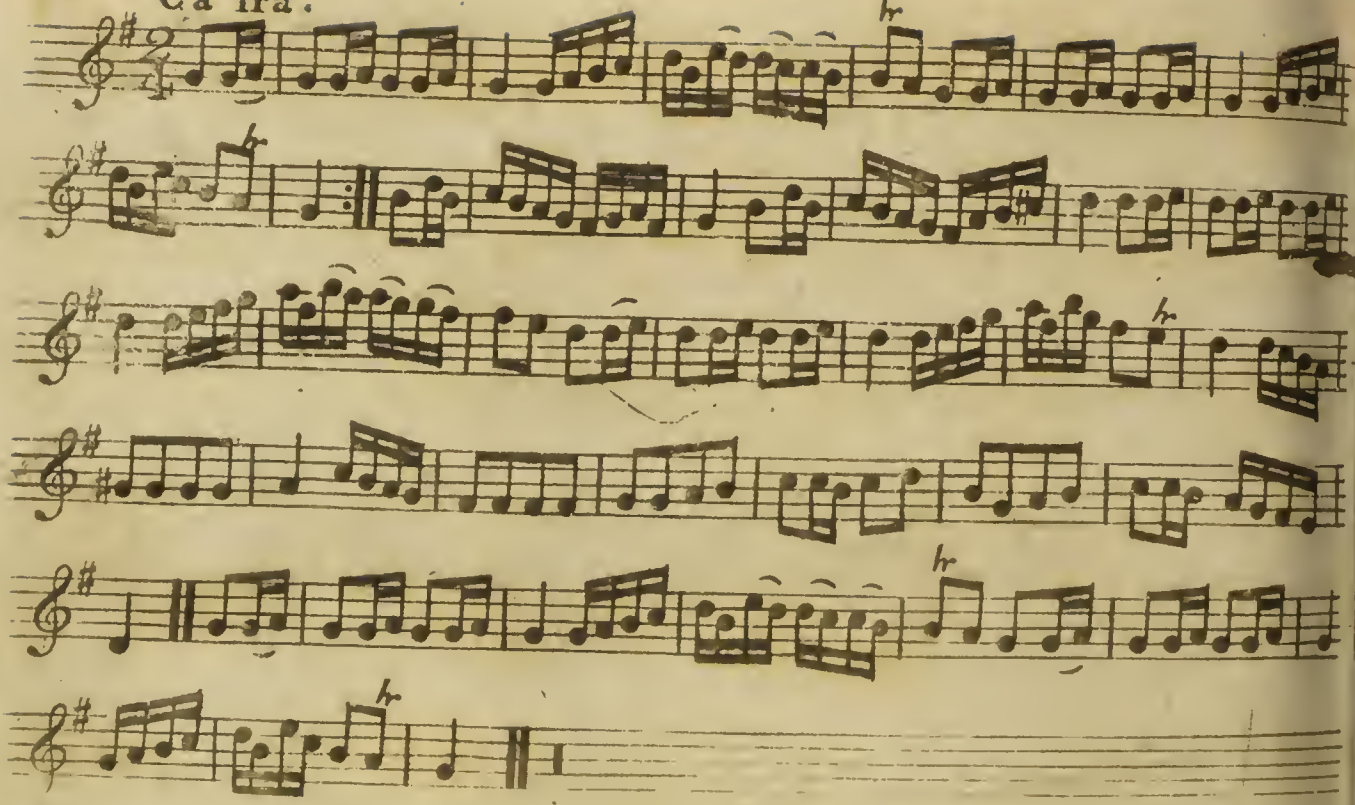
Rule Britannia.


When Britain first - at Heav'n's command
A - zure Main, Aroſe, aroſe from out the A - zure Main,
This was the Charter the Charter of the Land, And guardian An - gels ſing this Strain;
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the Waves Britons nev - er will be Slaves.

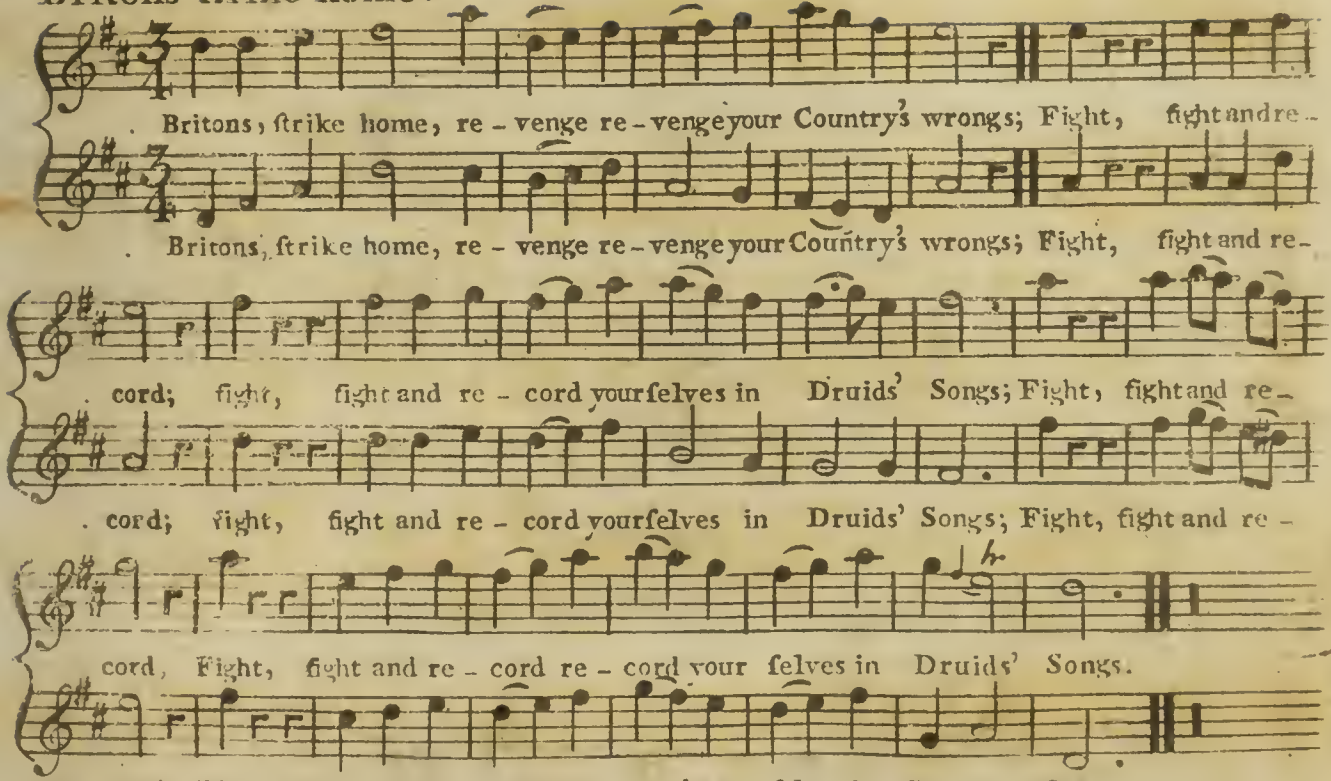
Thee haughty Tyrants ne'er ſhall tame,
All their Attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouſe thy generous Flame,
To work their woe, and thy Renown.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The Muſes, ſtill with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy Coaſts repair;
Bleſt Iſle! with matchleſs Beauty crown'd
And manly Hearts to guard the Fair:
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Ca ira.

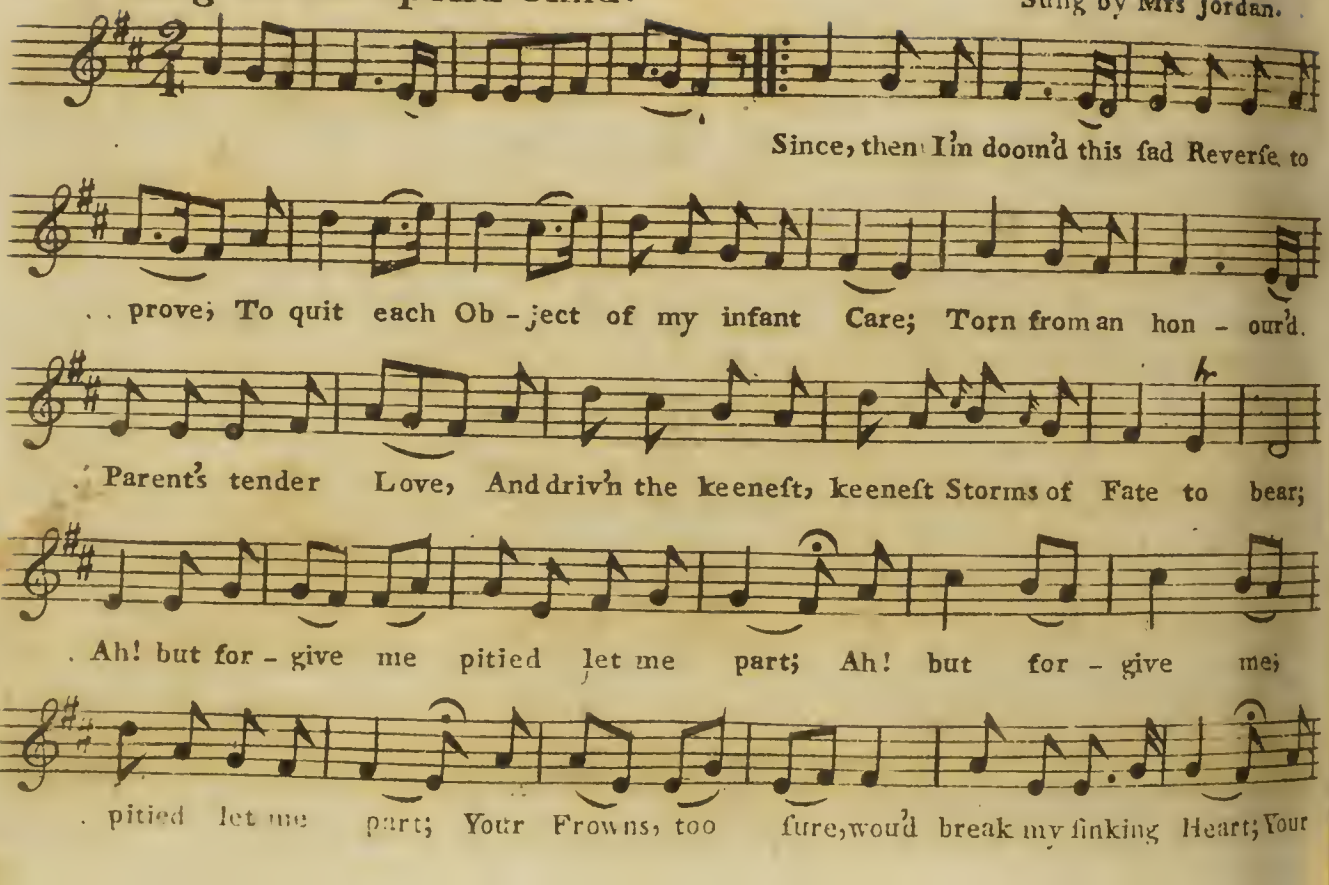


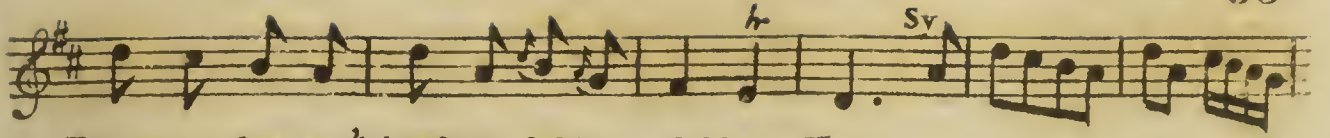
Britons ſtrike home.


Britons, ſtrike home, re - venge re - venge your Country's wrongs; Fight, fight and re -
Britons, ſtrike home, re - venge re - venge your Country's wrongs; Fight, fight and re -
cord; fight, fight and re - cord yourſelves in Druids' Songs; Fight, fight and re -
cord; fight, fight and re - cord yourſelves in Druids' Songs; Fight, fight and re -
cord, Fight, fight and re - cord re - cord your ſelves in Druids' Songs.
cord, Fight fight and re cord re - cord your ſelves in Druids Songs.

Song in the Spoil'd Child.

Sung by Mrs Jordan.

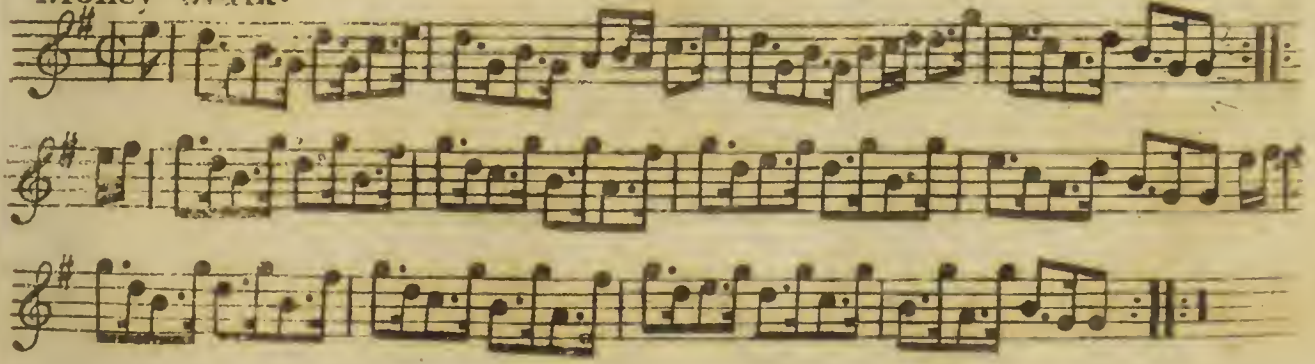

Since, then I'm doom'd this sad Reverſe to
. . prove; To quit each Ob - ject of my infant Care; Torn from an hon - our'd.
. Parent's tender Love, And driv'n the keeneſt, keeneſt Storms of Fate to bear;
. Ah! but for - give me pitied let me part; Ah! but for - give me;
. pitied let me part; Your Frowns, too ſure, would break my ſinking Heart; Your

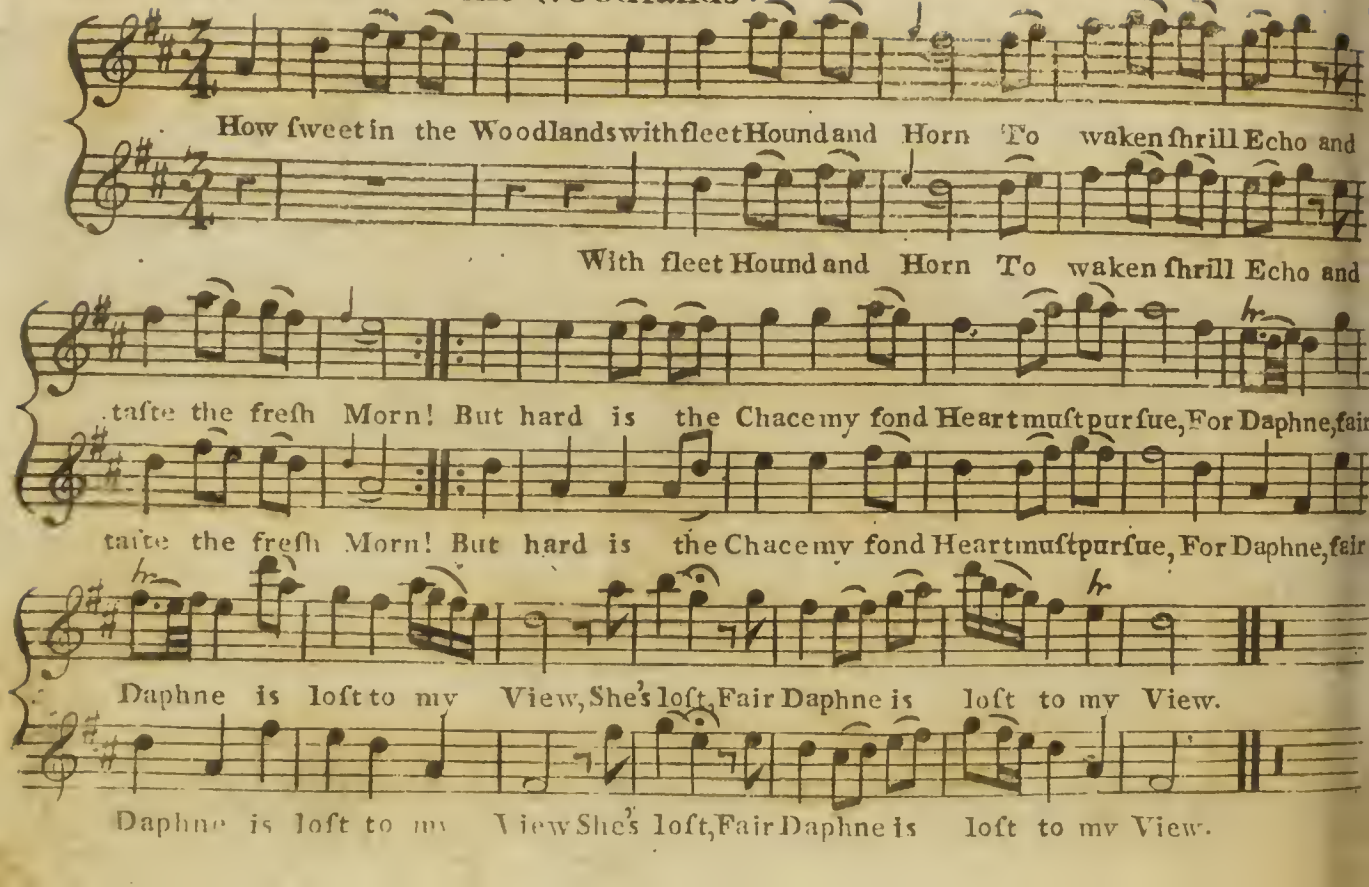


Frowns, too ſure, would break my ſinking ſinking Heart.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly State,
Yet grateful Mem'ry ſtill ſhall linger here;
And when perhaps you're muſing o'er my Fate,
You ſtill may greet me with a tender Tear;
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part;
Your Frowns too ſure would break my ſinking Heart.

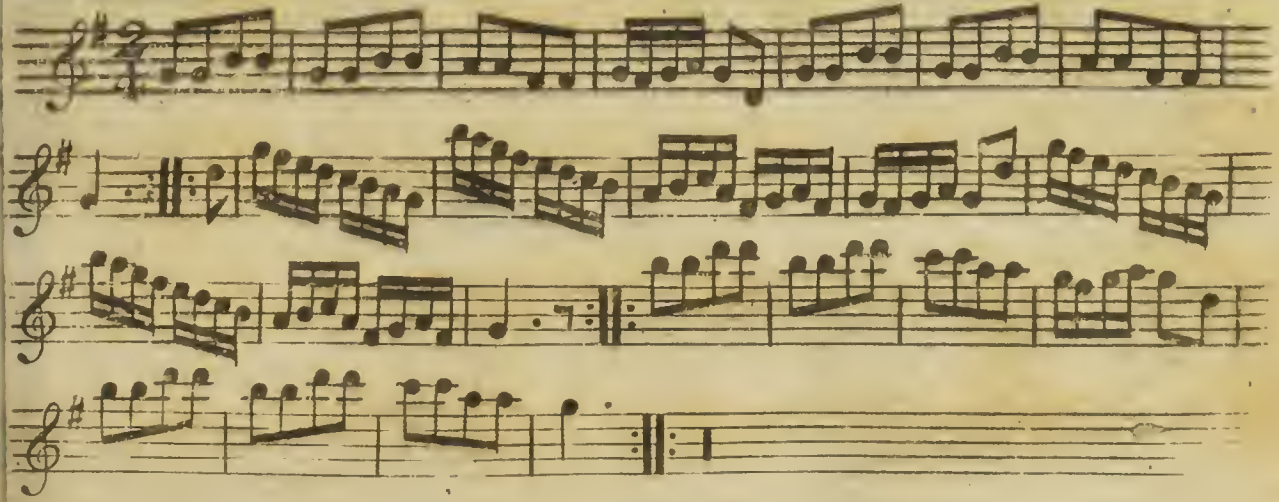
Money Muſk.




How ſweet in the Woodlands with fleet Hound and Horn To waken ſhrill Echo and
With fleet Hound and Horn To waken ſhrill Echo and
taſte the freſh Morn! But hard is the Chace my fond Heart muſt purſue, For Daphne, fair
taſte the freſh Morn! But hard is the Chace my fond Heart muſt purſue, For Daphne, fair
Daphne is loſt to my View, She's loſt, Fair Daphne is loſt to my View.
Daphne is loſt to my View She's loſt, Fair Daphne is loſt to my View.

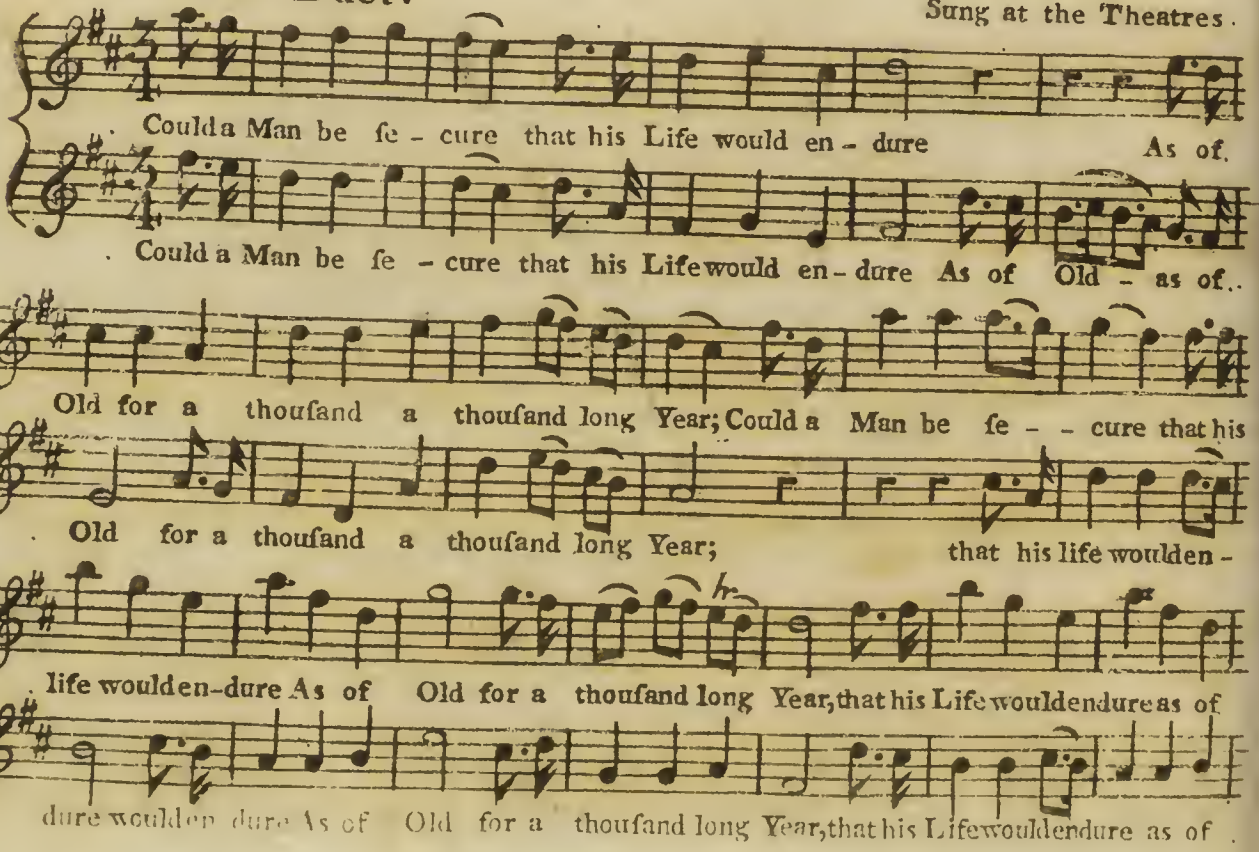
Aſsiſt me, chaſte Dian, the Nymph to regain,
More wild than the Roe-buck and wing'd with Diſdain;
In Pity o'er-take her who wounds as ſhe flies,
Tho Daphne's purſu'd, tis Mirtillo that dies.

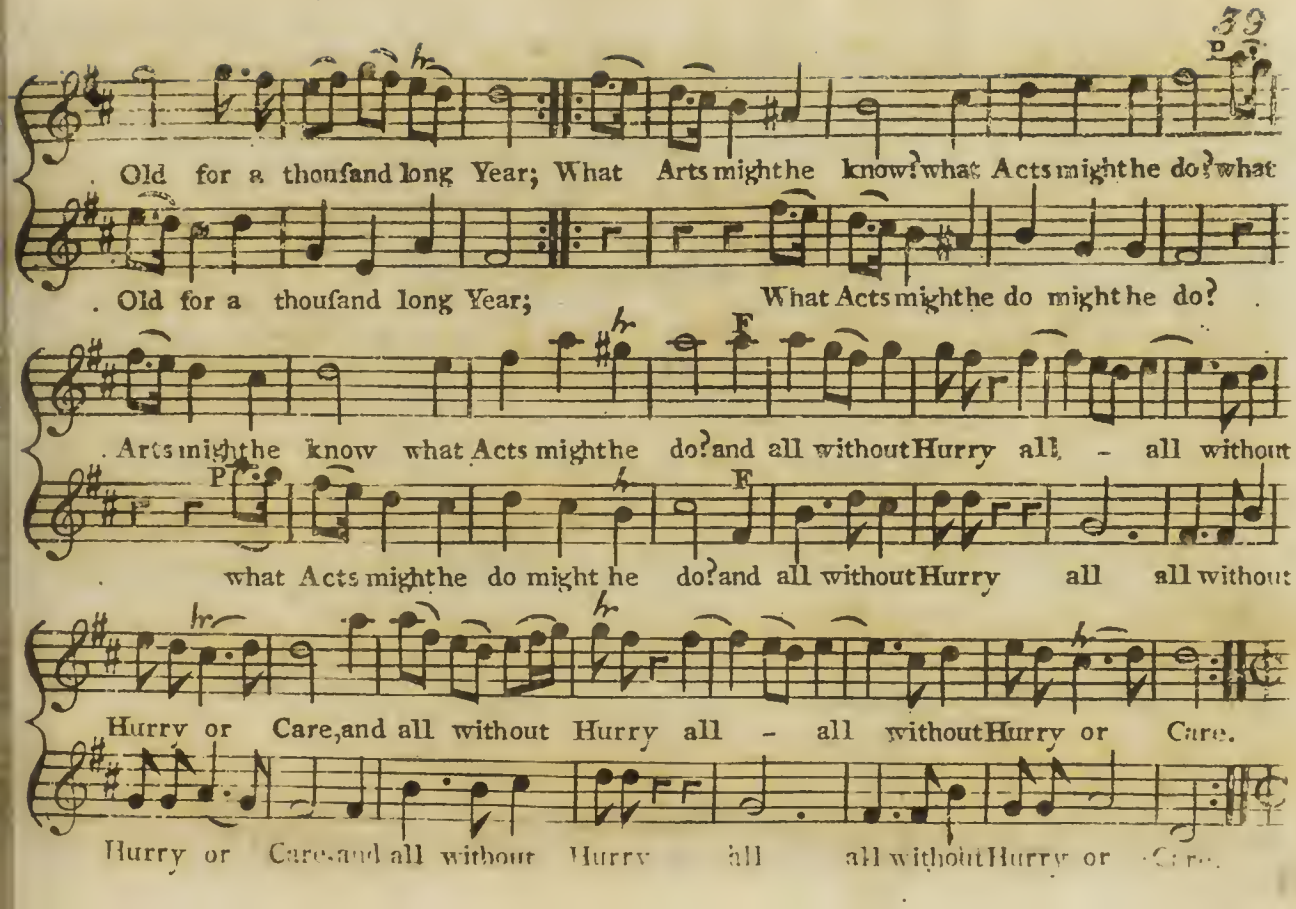
Storacci.

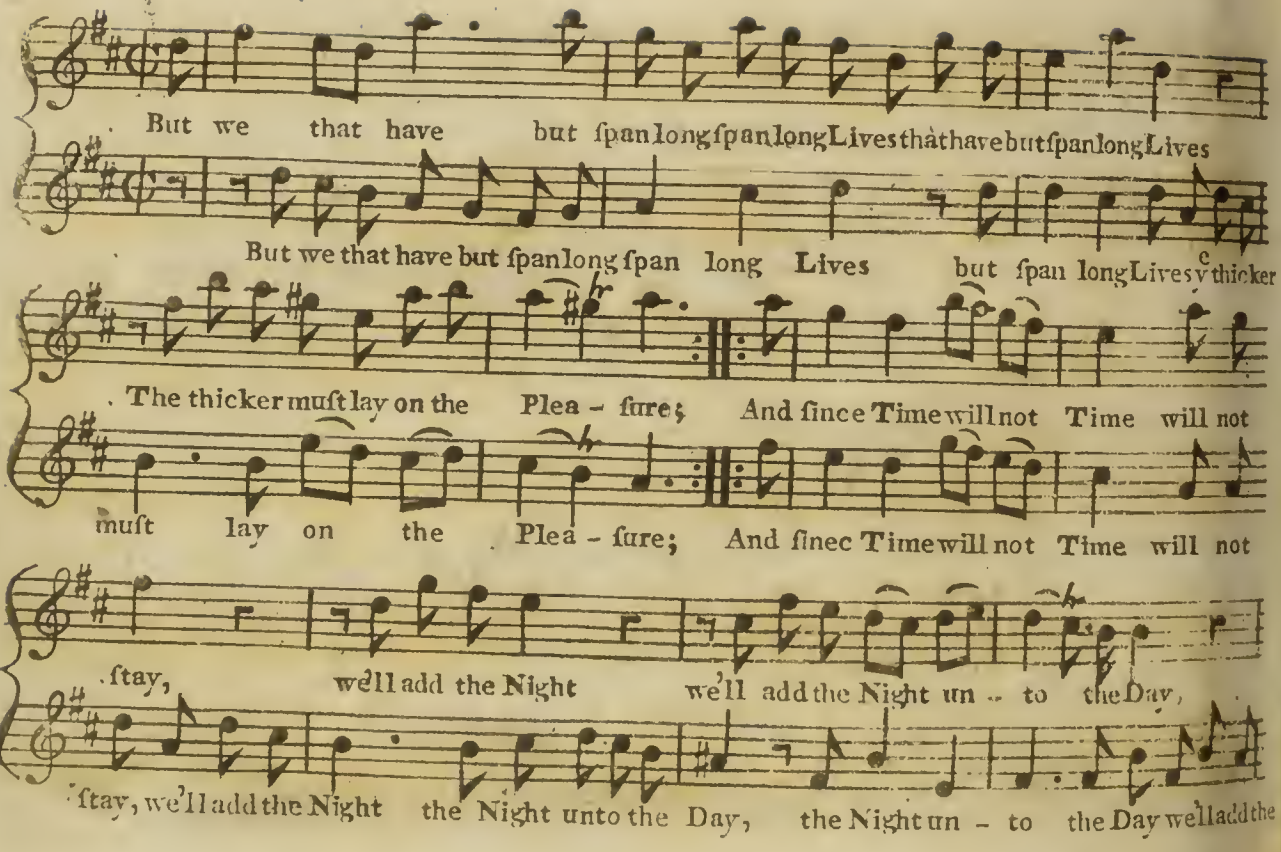


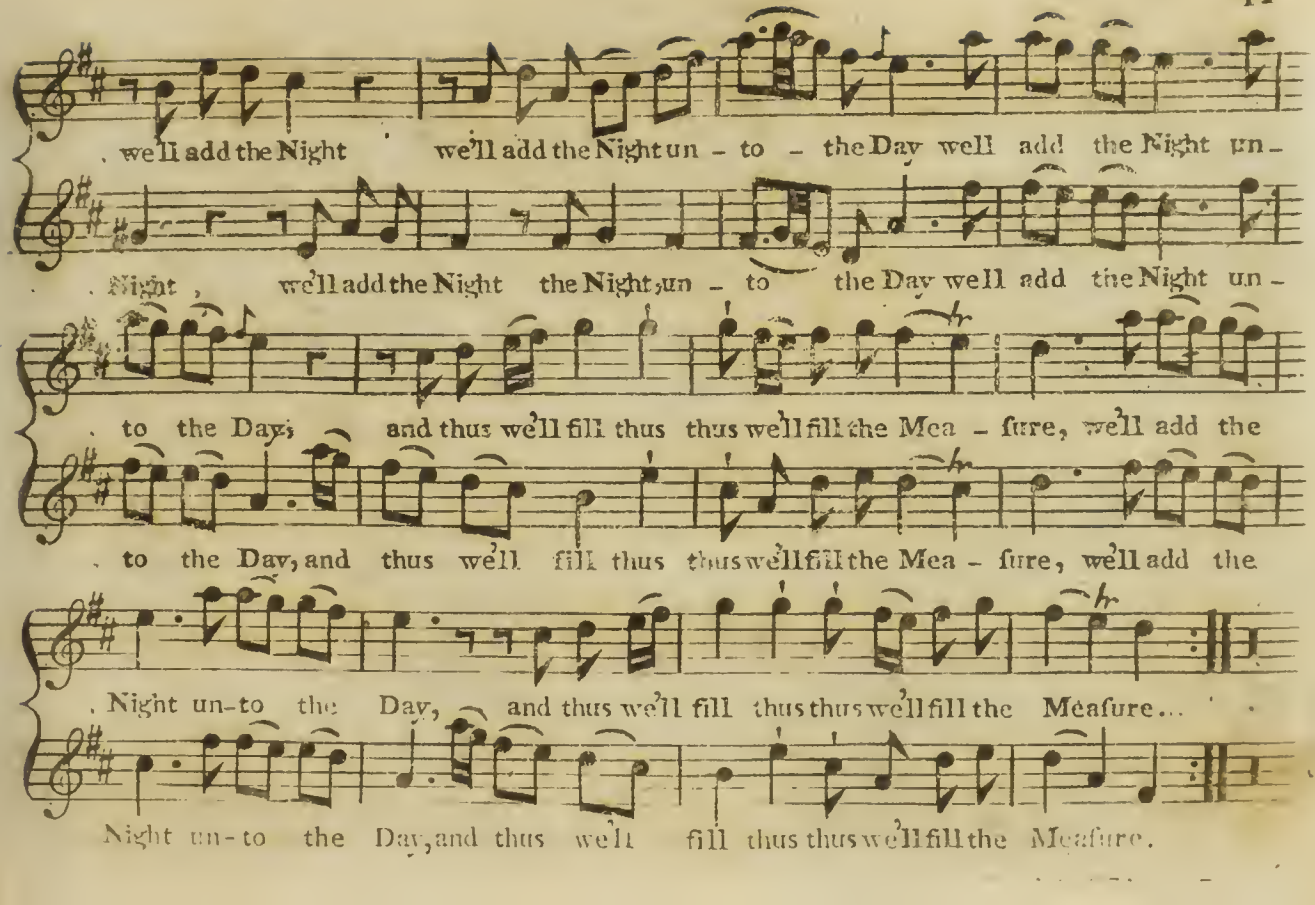
A favorite Duet.

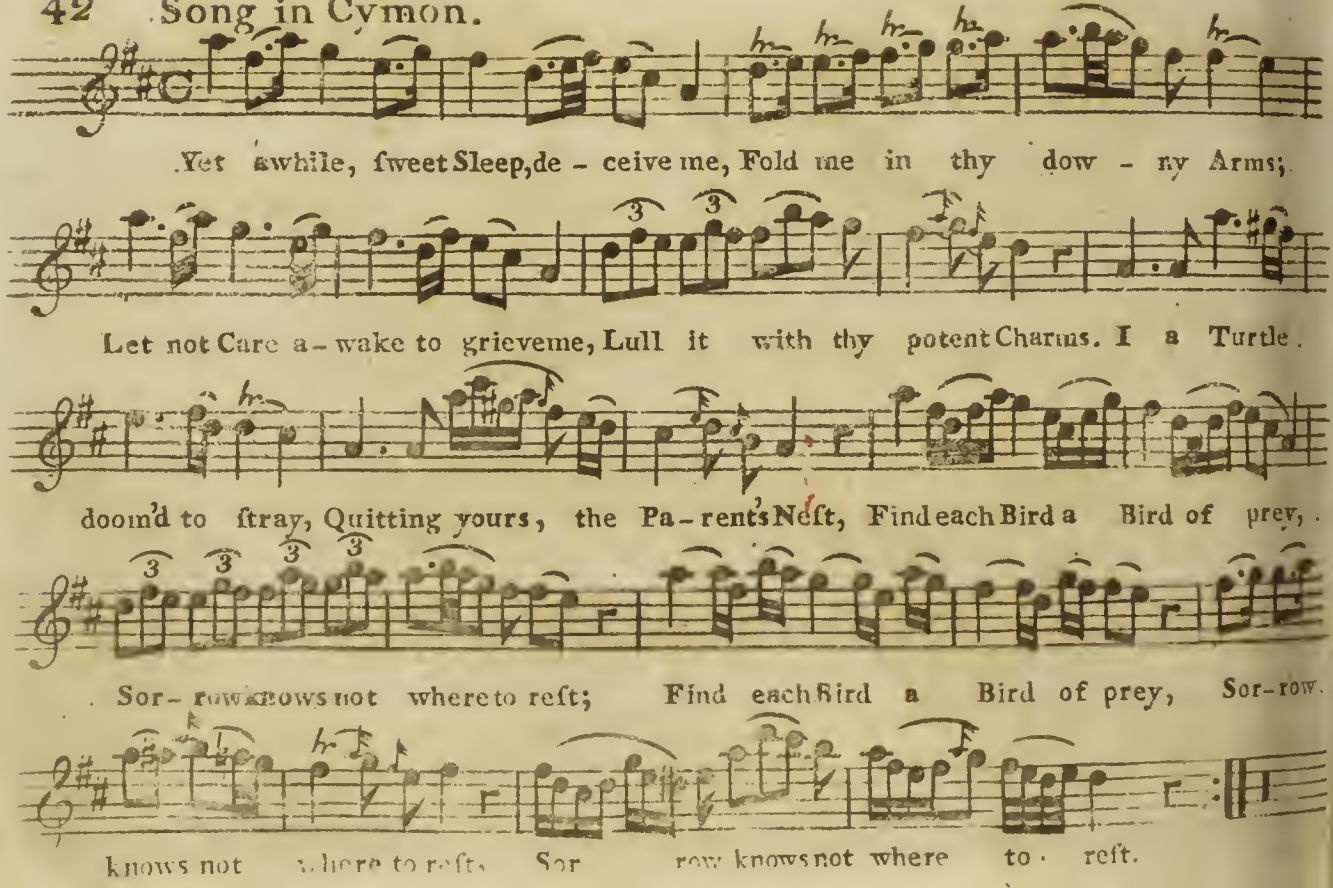
Sung at the Theatres.

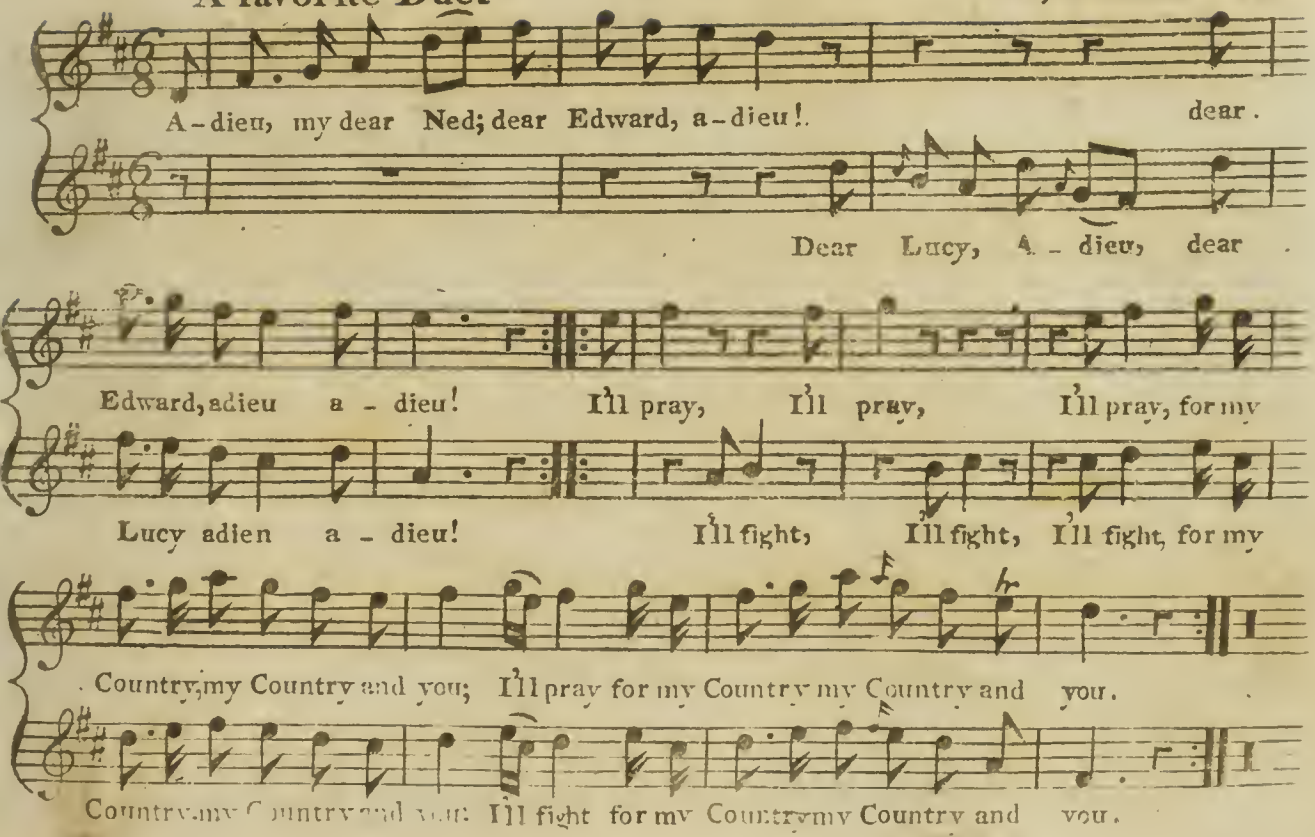

Could a Man be se - cure that his Life would en - dure As of
Could a Man be se - cure that his Life would en - dure As of Old - as of
Old for a thousand a thousand long Year; Could a Man be se - - cure that his
Old for a thousand a thousand long Year; that his life would den -
life would den-dure As of Old for a thousand long Year, that his Life would endure as of
dure would den dure As of Old for a thousand long Year, that his Life would endure as of

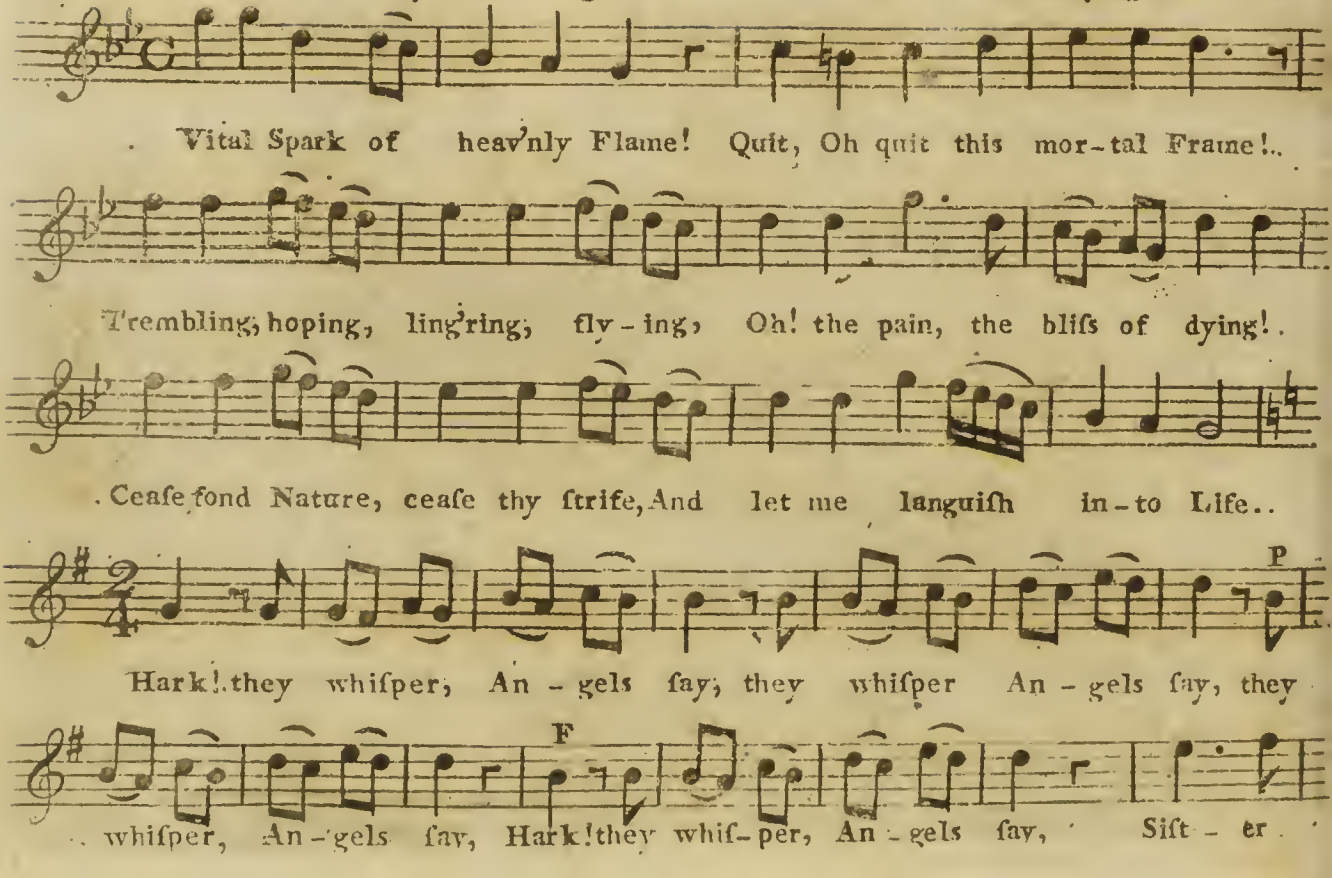

Old for a thouſand long Year; What Arts might he know? what Acts might he do? what
Old for a thouſand long Year; What Acts might he do might he do?
Arts might he know what Acts might he do? and all without Hurry all - all without
what Acts might he do might he do? and all without Hurry all all without
Hurry or Care, and all without Hurry all - all without Hurry or Care.
Hurry or Care, and all without Hurry all all without Hurry or Care.

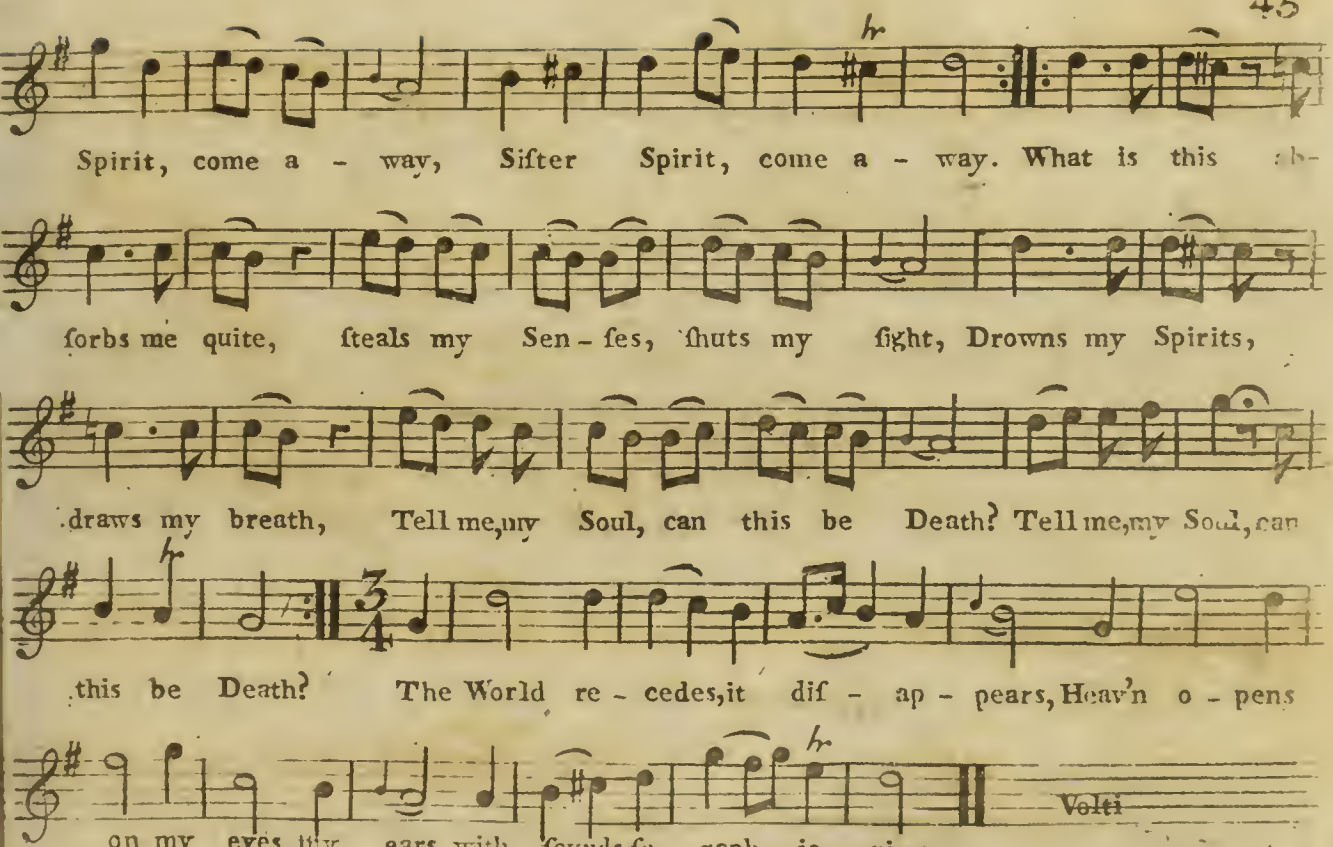

But we that have but ſpan long ſpan long Lives that have but ſpan long Lives
But we that have but ſpan long ſpan long Lives but ſpan long Lives e thicker
The thicker muſt lay on the Plea - ſure; And ſince Time will not Time will not
muſt lay on the Plea - ſure; And ſinec Time will not Time will not
ſtay, we'll add the Night we'll add the Night un - to the Day,
ſtay, we'll add the Night the Night unto the Day, the Night un - to the Day we'll add the


we'll add the Night we'll add the Night un - to - the Day well add the Night un -
Night, we'll add the Night the Night, un - to the Day well add the Night un -
to the Day, and thus we'll fill thus thus we'll fill the Mea - ſure, we'll add the
to the Day, and thus we'll fill thus thus we'll fill the Mea - ſure, we'll add the
Night un-to the Day, and thus we'll fill thus thus we'll fill the Meaſure...
Night un-to the Day, and thus we'll fill thus thus we'll fill the Meaſure.

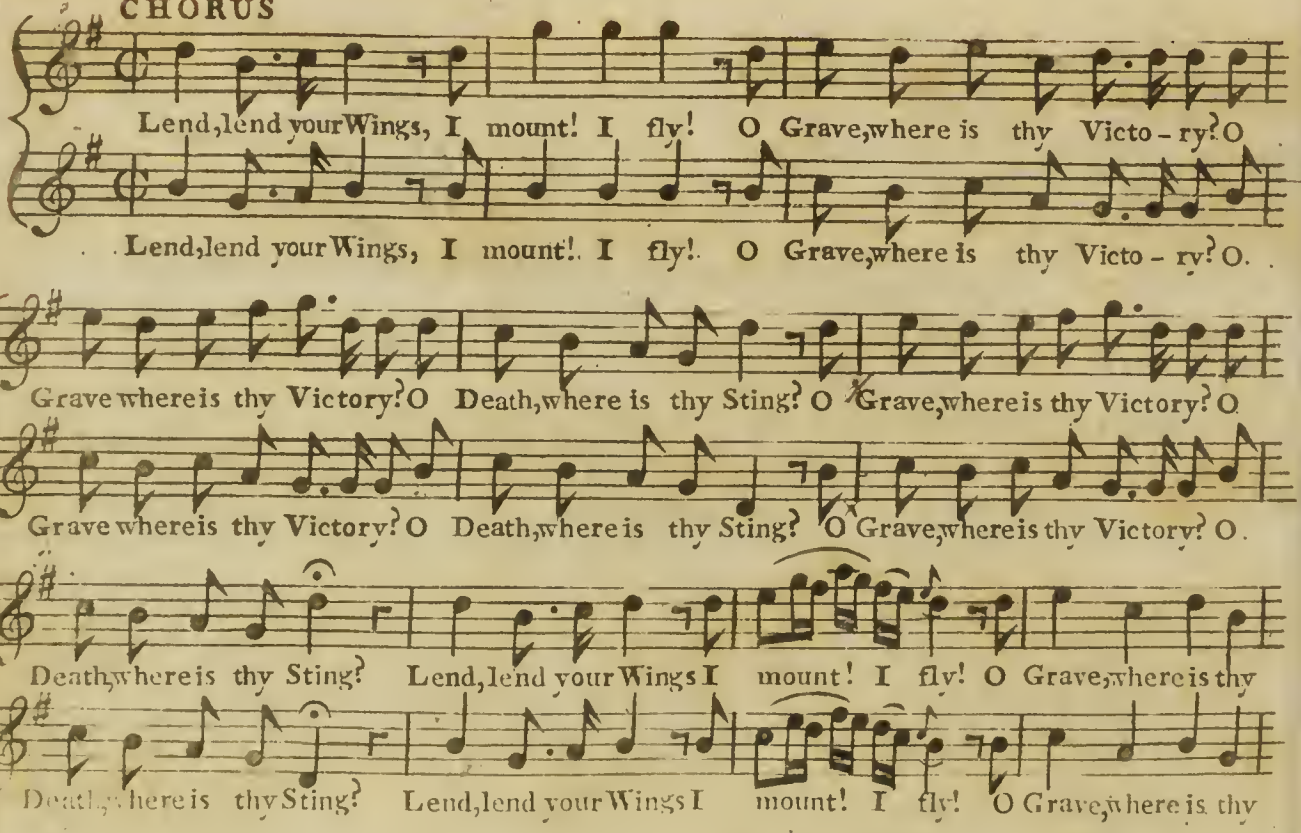

Yet awhile, ſweet Sleep, de - ceive me, Fold me in thy dow - ny Arms;
Let not Care a - wake to grieve me, Lull it with thy potent Charms. I a Turtle
doom'd to ſtray, Quitting yours, the Pa - rents Neſt, Find each Bird a Bird of prey,
Sor - row knows not where to reſt; Find each Bird a Bird of prey, Sor - row
knows not where to reſt. Sor row knows not where to reſt.

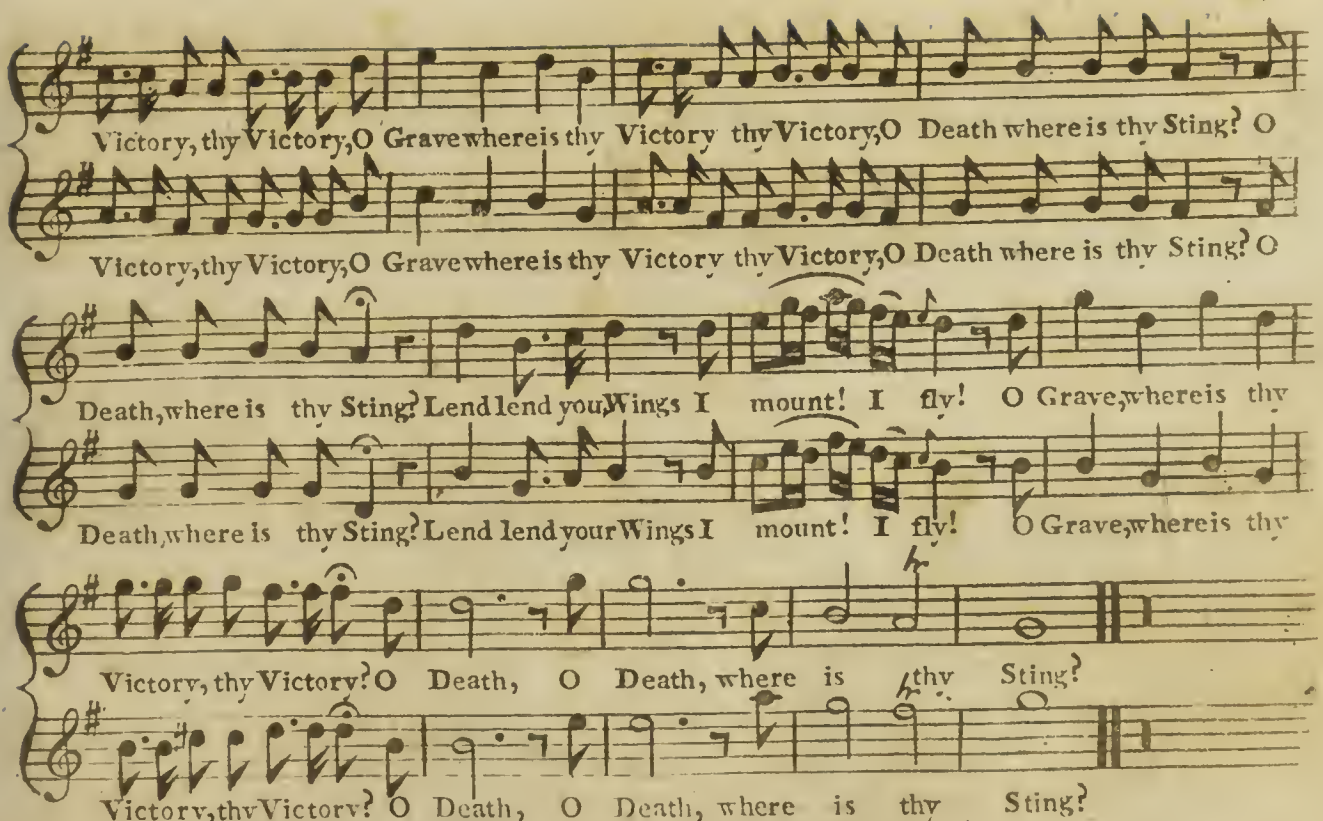

A-dieu, my dear Ned; dear Edward, a-dieu!
dear.
Dear Lucy, A-dieu, dear
Edward, adieu a-dieu! I'll pray, I'll pray, I'll pray, for my
Lucy adien a-dieu! I'll fight, I'll fight, I'll fight, for my
Country, my Country and you; I'll pray for my Country my Country and you.
Country, my Country and you; I'll fight for my Country my Country and you.


Vital Spark of heav'nly Flame! Quit, Oh quit this mor-tal Frame!..
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, fly-ing, Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!.
Cease fond Nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in-to Life..
P
Hark! they whisper, An-gels say, they whisper An-gels say, they
F
whisper, An-gels say, Hark! they whis-per, An-gels say, Sift-er

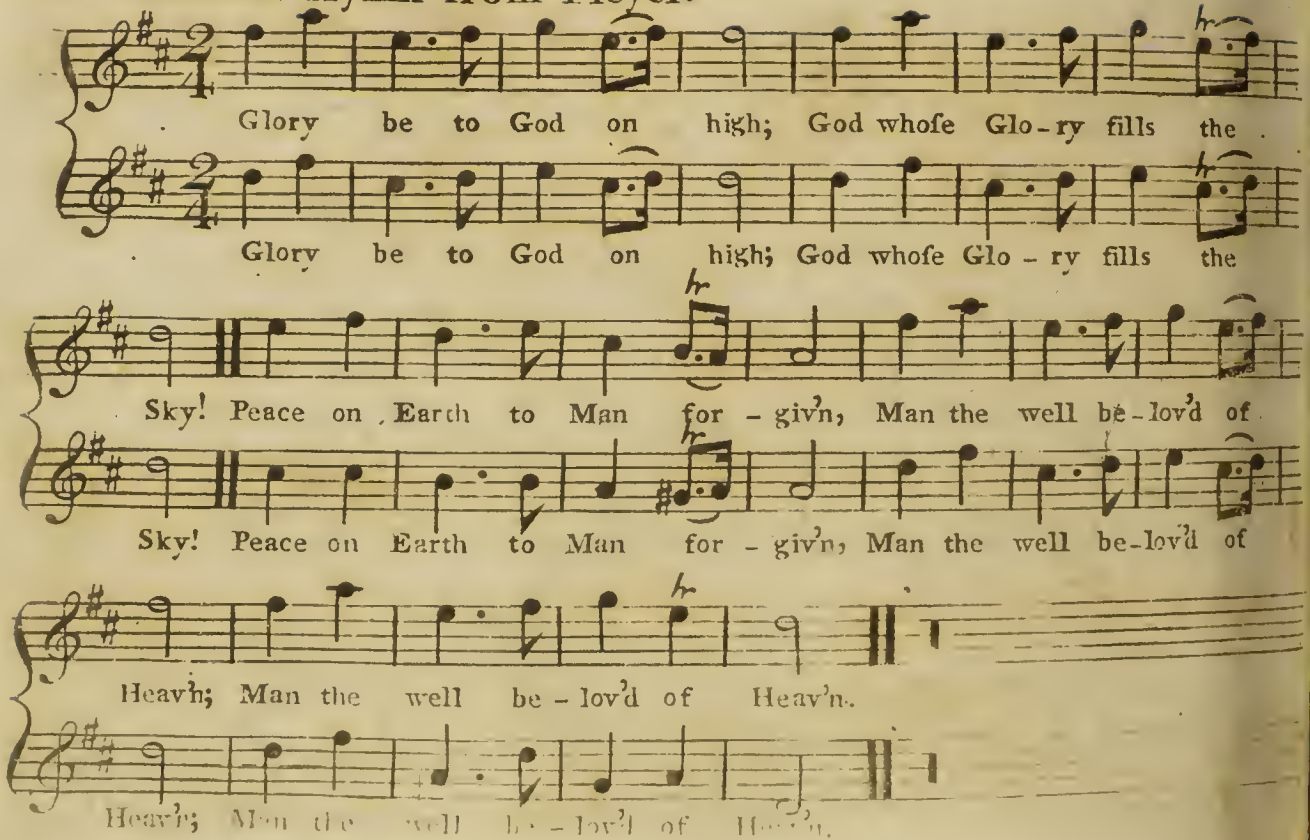

Spirit, come a - way, Sifter Spirit, come a - way. What is this ab-
ſorbs me quite, ſteals my Sen - ſes, ſhuts my ſight, Drowns my Spirits,
draws my breath, Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death? Tell me, my Soul, can
this be Death? The World re - cedes, it dif - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens
on my eyes, my ears with ſounds ſe - raph - ic - ring.
Volti

CHORUS


Lend, lend your Wings, I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy Victo - ry? O
Lend, lend your Wings, I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy Victo - ry? O.
Grave where is thy Victory? O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory? O
Grave where is thy Victory? O Death, where is thy Sting? O Grave, where is thy Victory? O.
Death, where is thy Sting? Lend, lend your Wings I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy
Death, where is thy Sting? Lend, lend your Wings I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy


Victory, thy Victory, O Grave where is thy Victory thy Victory, O Death where is thy Sting? O
Victory, thy Victory, O Grave where is thy Victory thy Victory, O Death where is thy Sting? O
Death, where is thy Sting? Lend lend your Wings I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy
Death, where is thy Sting? Lend lend your Wings I mount! I fly! O Grave, where is thy
Victory, thy Victory? O Death, O Death, where is thy Sting?
Victory, thy Victory? O Death, O Death, where is thy Sting?

German Hymn from Pleyel.


Glory be to God on high; God whose Glo-ry fills the
Glory be to God on high; God whose Glo-ry fills the
Sky! Peace on Earth to Man for-givn, Man the well be-lov'd of
Sky! Peace on Earth to Man for-givn, Man the well be-lov'd of
Heavn; Man the well be-lov'd of Heav'n.
Heavn; Man the well be-lov'd of Heav'n.

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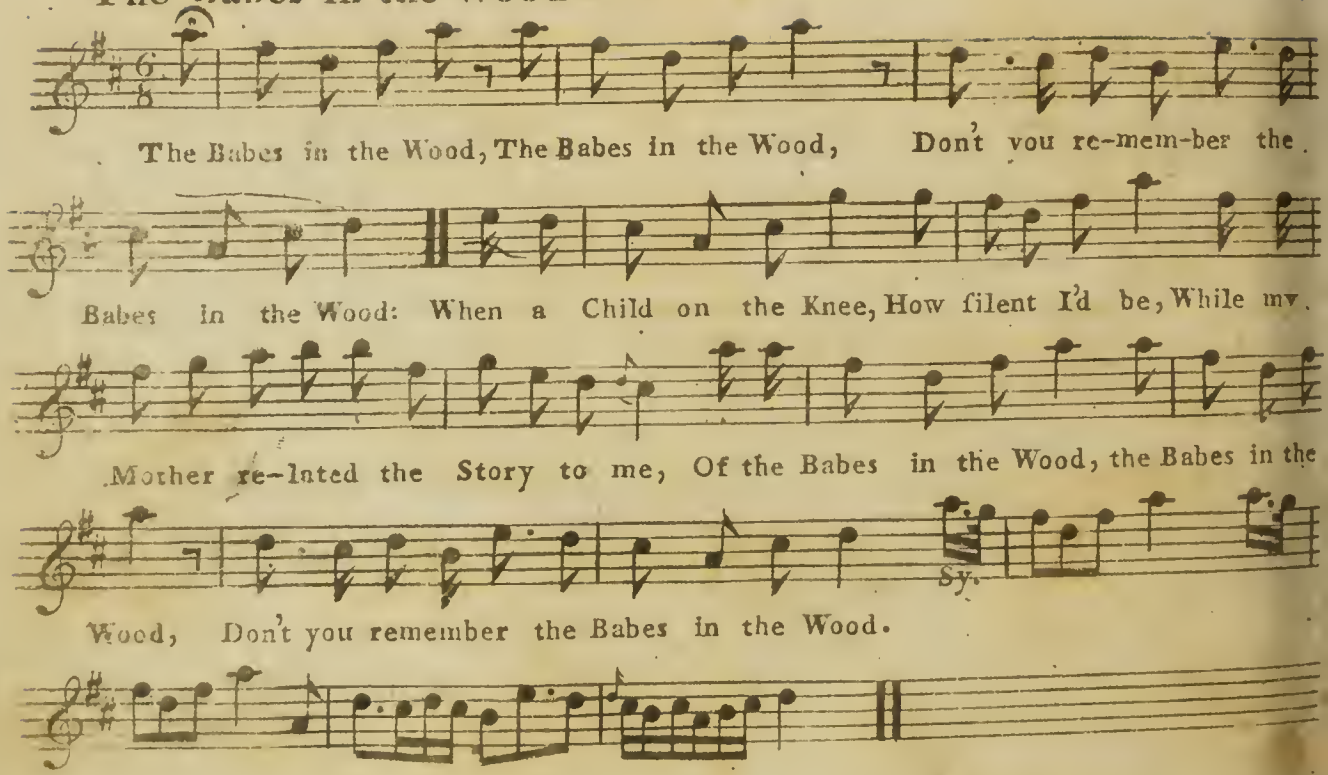
The Babes in the Wood.


The Babes in the Wood, The Babes in the Wood, Don't you re-mem-ber the
Babes in the Wood: When a Child on the Knee, How silent I'd be, While my
Mother re-lated the Story to me, Of the Babes in the Wood, the Babes in the
Sy.
Wood, Don't you remember the Babes in the Wood.

2

My Dear, you muſt know That a long Time ago
There were two little Children whoſe Names I dont (know;
Who were ſtolen away On a fine Summer's Day,
And left in a Wood, as I've heard the Folks ſay.
Poor Babes, &c.

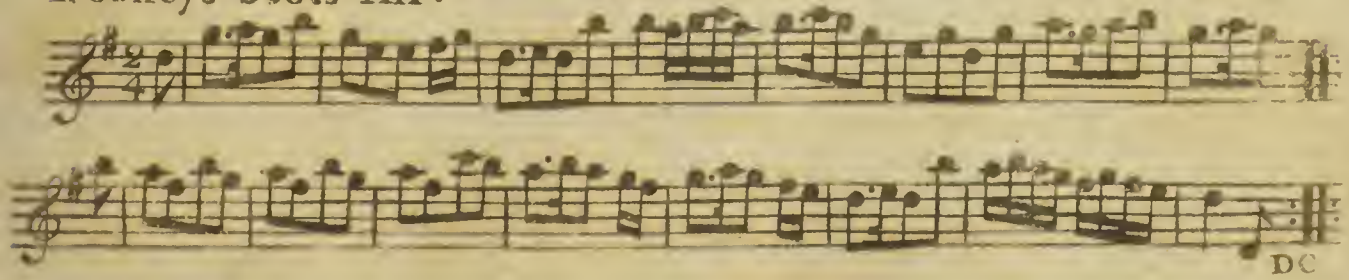
3

And when it grew Night, O ſad was their Plight.
The Sun it had ſet, and the Moon gave no Light;
They ſobb'd and they ſigh'd, And bitterly cry'd,
Then, poor little Things! they lay down and died.
Poor Babes, &c.

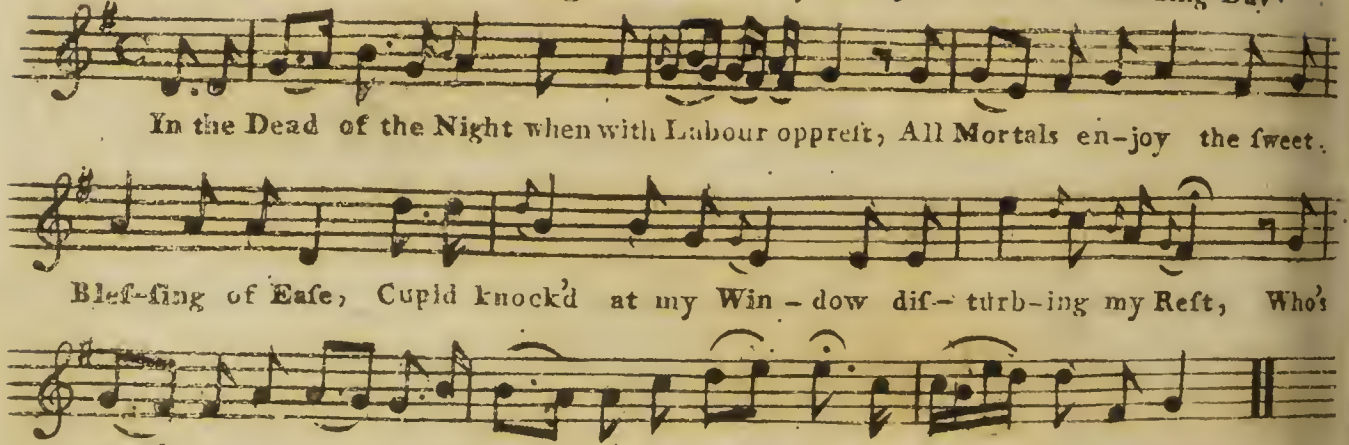
4

A Robin ſo red, When he ſaw them lie dead,
Brought Strawberry Leaves and over them ſpread;
Then all the Day long, The Branches among,
He'd prettily whiſtle, and this was his Song:
Poor Babes, &c.

Dobney's Scots Air.



In the Dead of the Night. Sung by Mrs Jordan in the Wedding Day.


In the Dead of the Night when with Labour oppreſt, All Mortals en-joy the ſweet.
Bleſ-ſing of Eaſe, Cupid knock'd at my Win-dow diſ-turb-ing my Reſt, Who's
there? I de-manded, Who's there? I de-mand-ed, Be-gone, if you pleaſe.

2

He anſwer'd ſo ſoftly, ſo gently, ſo mild,
I am a poor little unfortunate Child;
Its a cold rainy Night, I am wet to the Skin,
For I have loſt my Way, ſo pray let me in.

3

In Compaſsion I roſe, and ſtriking a Light,
I open'd the Door, when a Boy appear'd in Sight;
He had Wings from his Shoulders, the Rain from him dript,
And with a Bow and Arrow the Boy was equipt.

4

I ſtir'd up my Fire, ſet him down by my Side,
And with a warm Napkin the Wet from him drid;
I chaff'd him all o'er to keep out the cold Air,
And with my Hand I wrung the Wet from his Hair

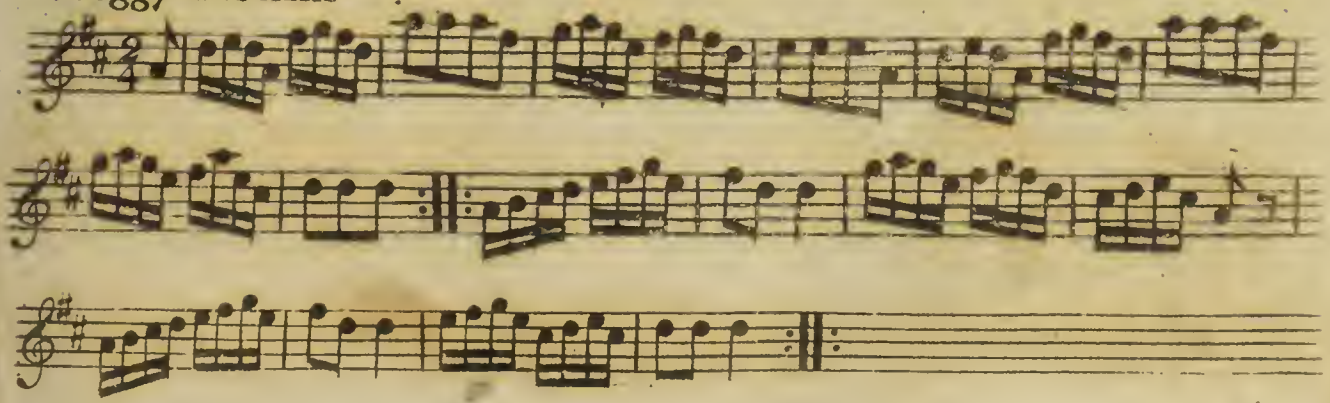
4

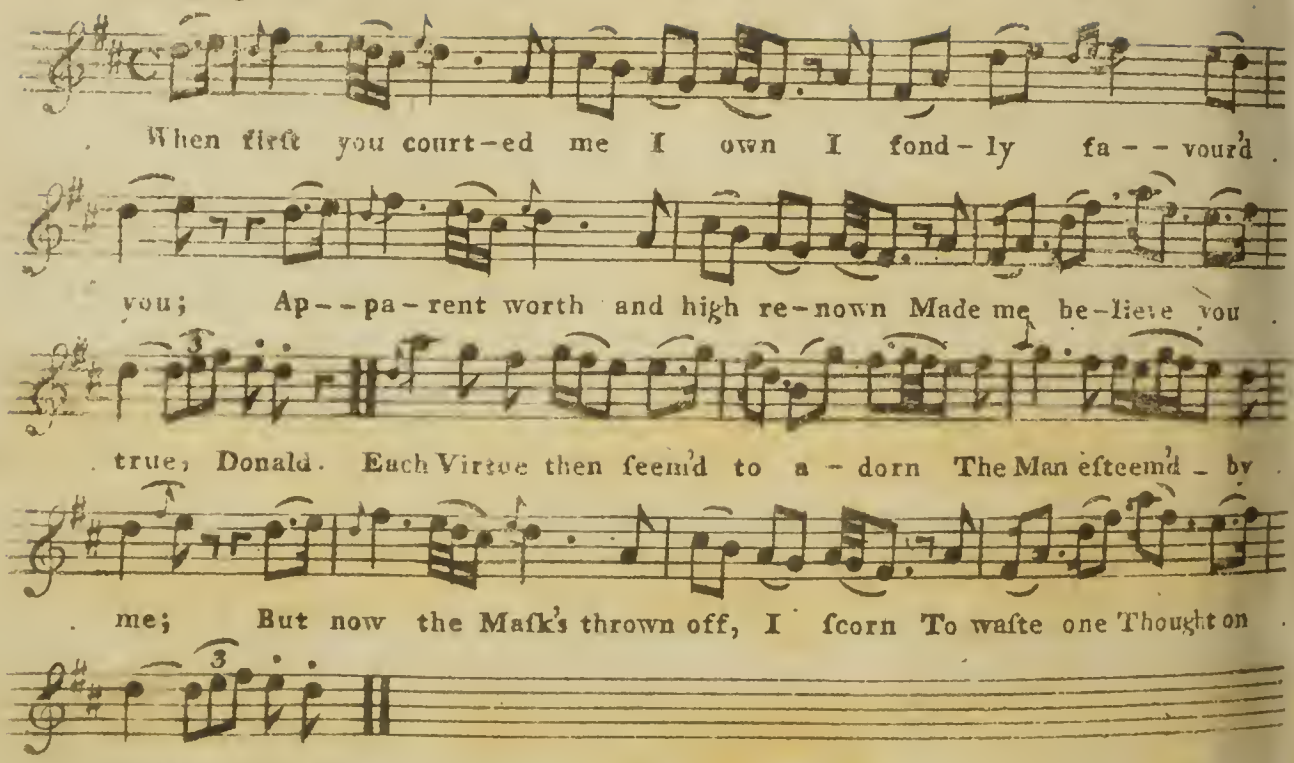
No ſooner from Wet and from Cold he found Eaſe,
When taking up his Bow, ſaid, Madam, if you pleaſe,
If you pleaſe, I would fain by Experiment know
If the Rain has not damag'd the String of my Bow.

5

Then ſtraight from his Quiver an Arrow he drew,
Which aiming at my Heart, twang went the Yew;
My Bow is not damag'd, nor yet is my Dart,
But you will find ſome Trouble in bearing the Smart.

Peggy Perkins

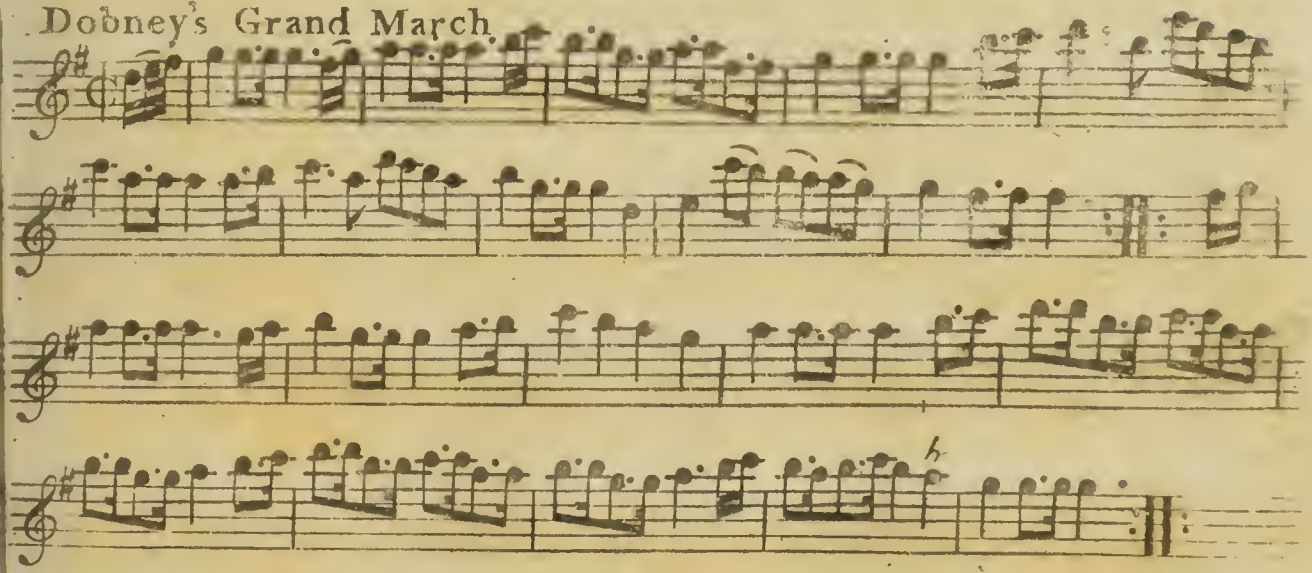



When firſt you court-ed me I own I fond-ly fa--vour'd
you; Ap--pa-rent worth and high re-nown Made me be-lieve you
true, Donald. Each Virtue then ſeem'd to a-dorn The Man eſteem'd by
me; But now the Maſk's thrown off, I ſcorn To waſte one Thought on
thee, Donald.

O then forever haſte away,
Away from Love and me;
Go ſeek a Heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me, Donald.

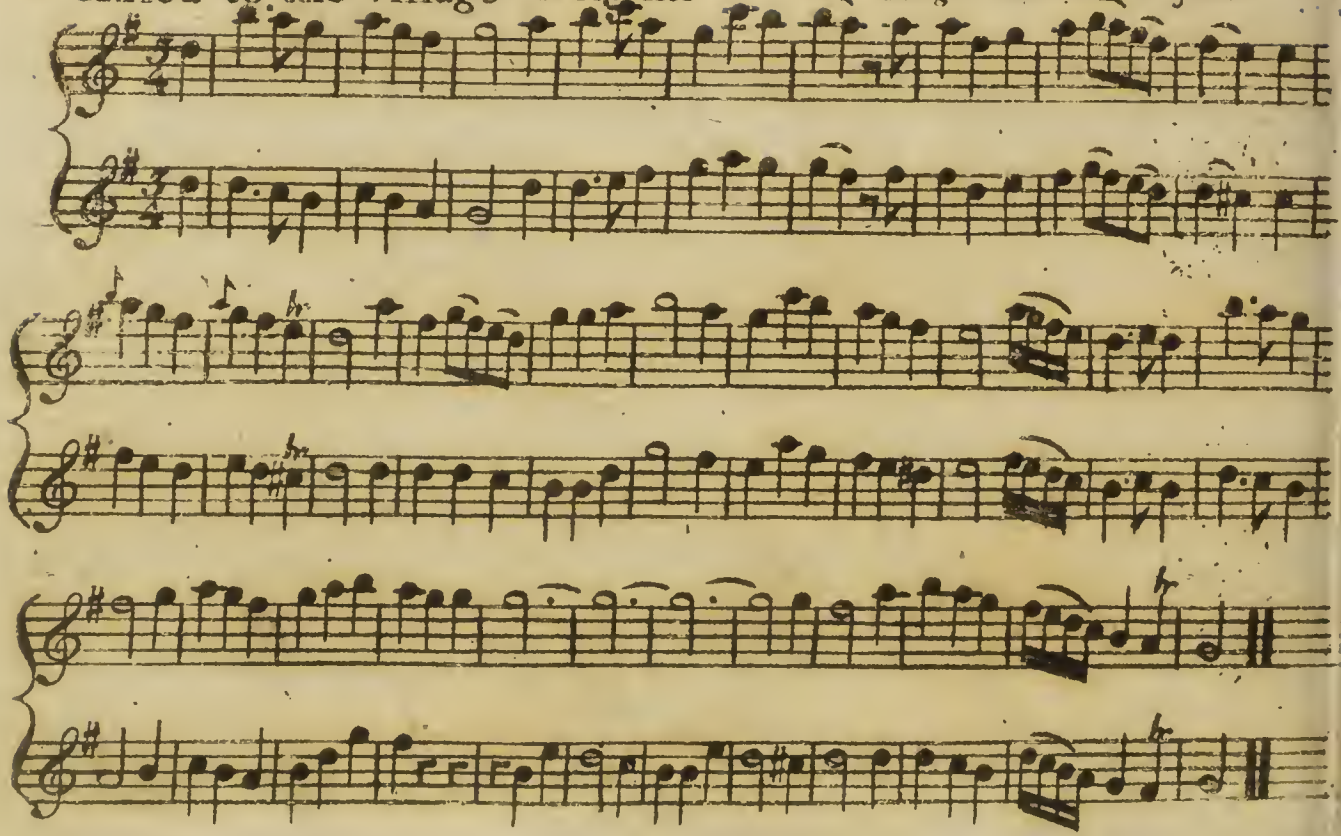
For I'll reſerve myſelf alone
For One that's more like me;
If ſuch an One I cannot find,
I fly from Love and thee, Donald.

Dobney's Grand March

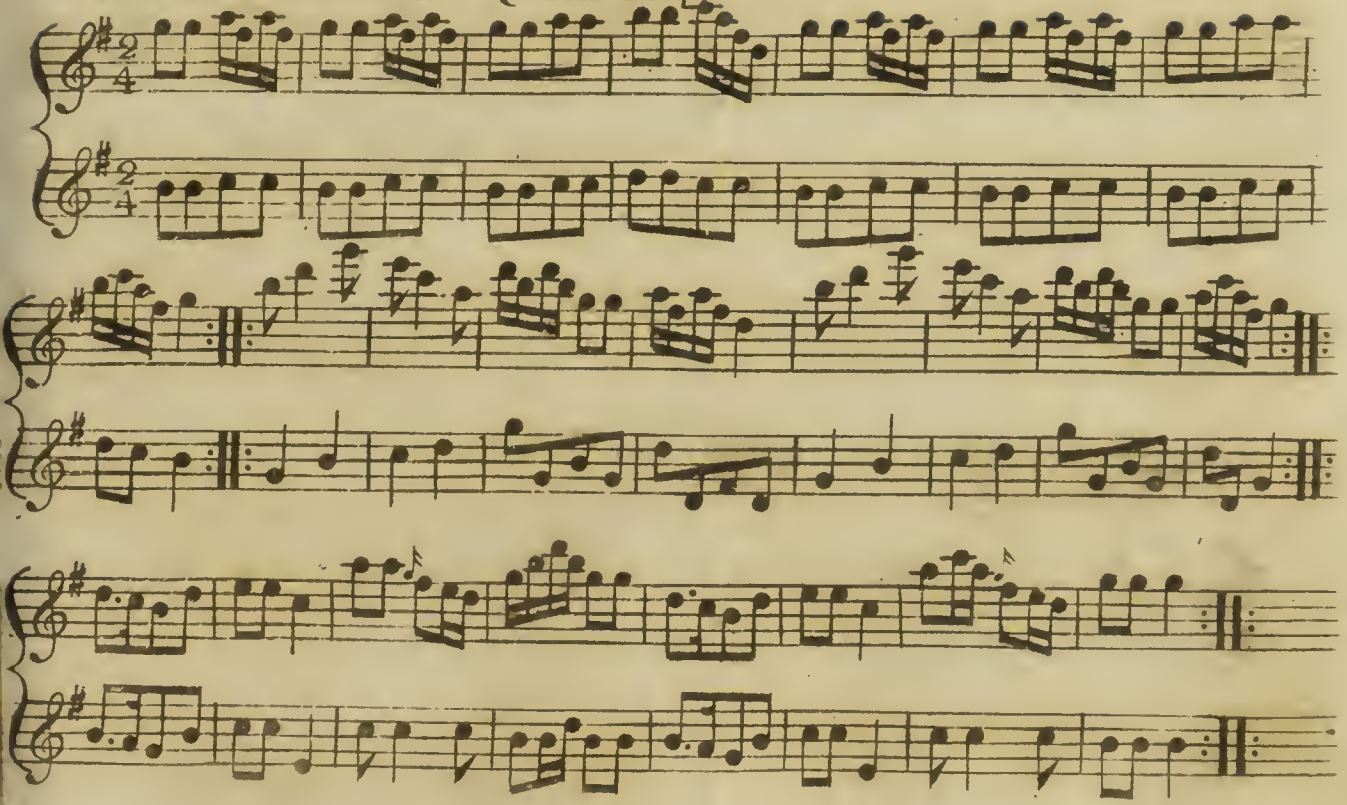


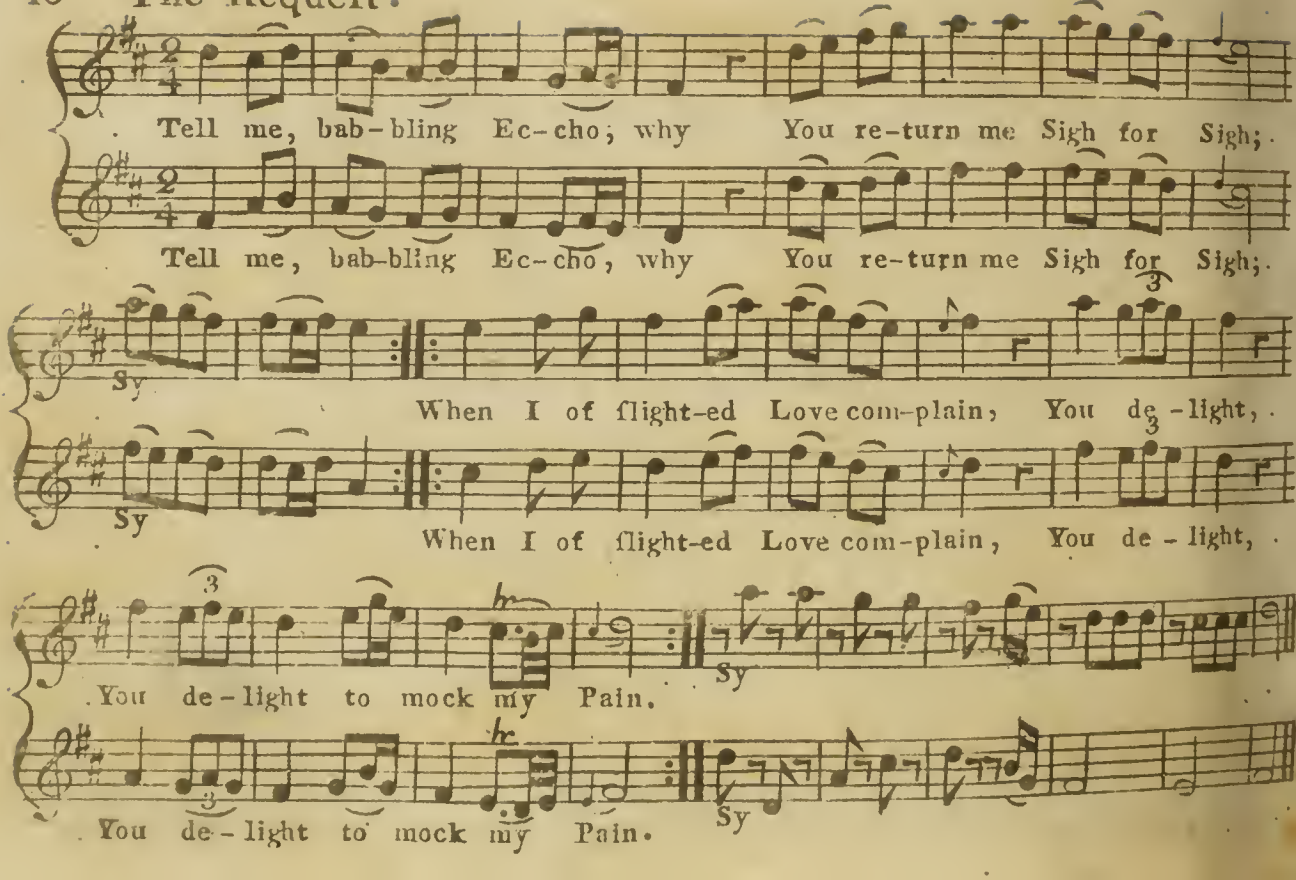
Adieu to the Village Delights

Sung in the First of June



The Duke of York's Quick Step.




Tell me, bab-bling Ec-cho; why You re-turn me Sigh for Sigh;
Tell me, bab-bling Ec-cho, why You re-turn me Sigh for Sigh;
Sy
When I of flight-ed Love com-plain, You de-light,
Sy
When I of flight-ed Love com-plain, You de-light,
You de-light to mock my Pain.
Sy
You de-light to mock my Pain.
Sy

2

Bold Intruder, Night and Day,
Busy Tell-Tale, hence away;
Me and my Cares in Silence leave,
Come not near me whilst I grieve.

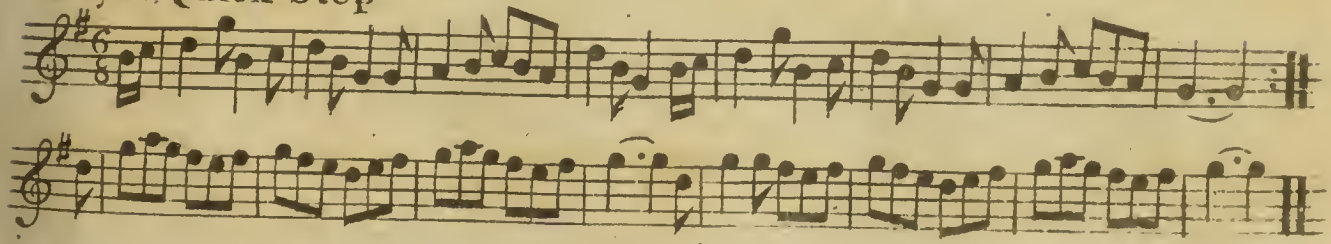
3

But if my Swain in all his Charms
Returns to blefs my longing Arms,
I'll call thee from thy dark Retreat,
The joyful Tidings to repeat.

4

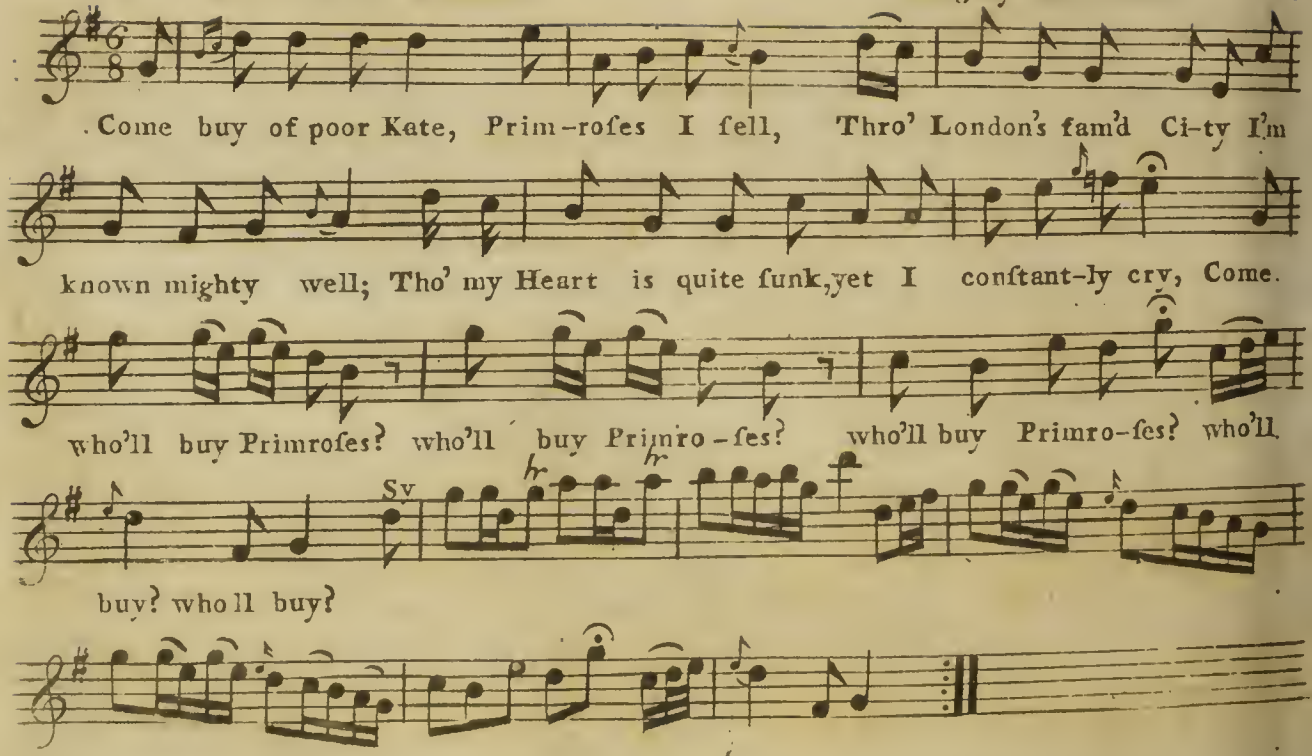
Repeat, repeat, repeat thy Strain,
Tell it o'er and o'er again;
From Morn to Night prolong the Tale,
Let it ring from Vale to Vale.

Royal Quick Step



The Primroſe Girl.

Sung by Mrs Bland


Come buy of poor Kate, Prim-roſes I ſell, Thro' London's fam'd Ci-ty I'm
known mighty well; Tho' my Heart is quite ſunk, yet I conſtant-ly cry, Come.
who'll buy Primroſes? who'll buy Primro-ſes? who'll buy Primro-ſes? who'll
buy? who ll buy?

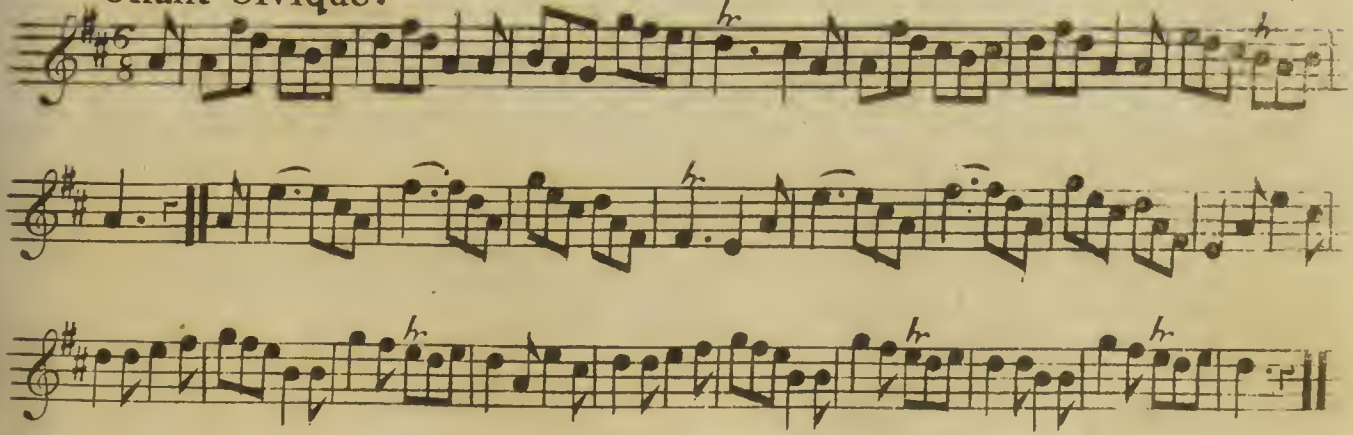
2

Friends and Parents I've none, I am look'd on with Scorn;
Ah! better for me I had never been born!
Tho' poor I am honeſt, and oft heave a Sigh,
While crying Primroſes, who'll buy? &c.

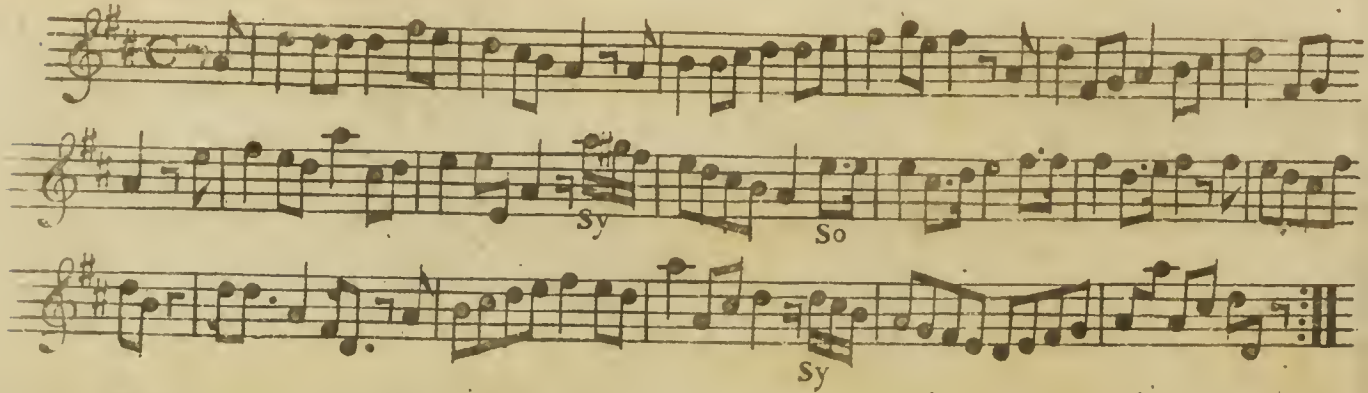
3

If Pity to Virtue were ever allied,
The Tear of Compaſsion ne'er yet was denied;
Then pity poor Kate, who plaintively cries;
Come who buys Primroſes? who buys? &c.

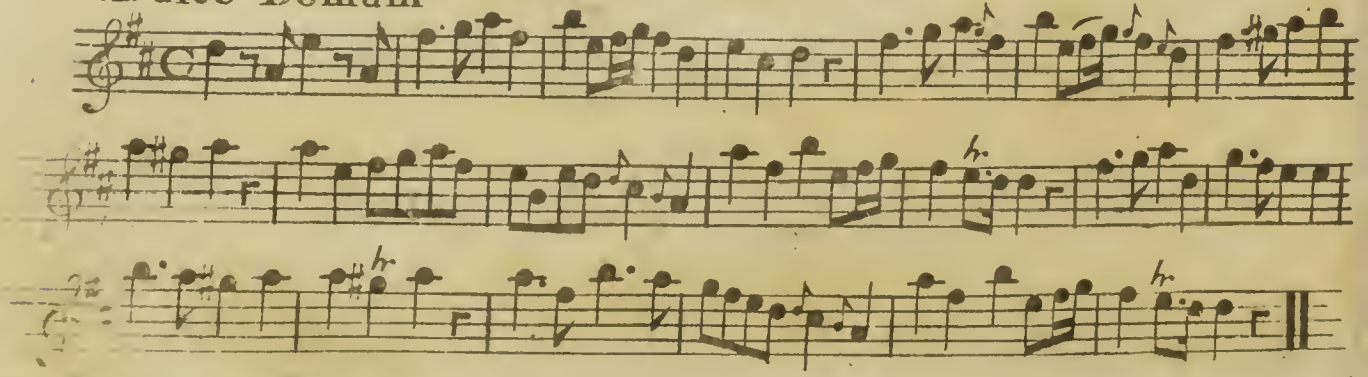
Chant Civique.



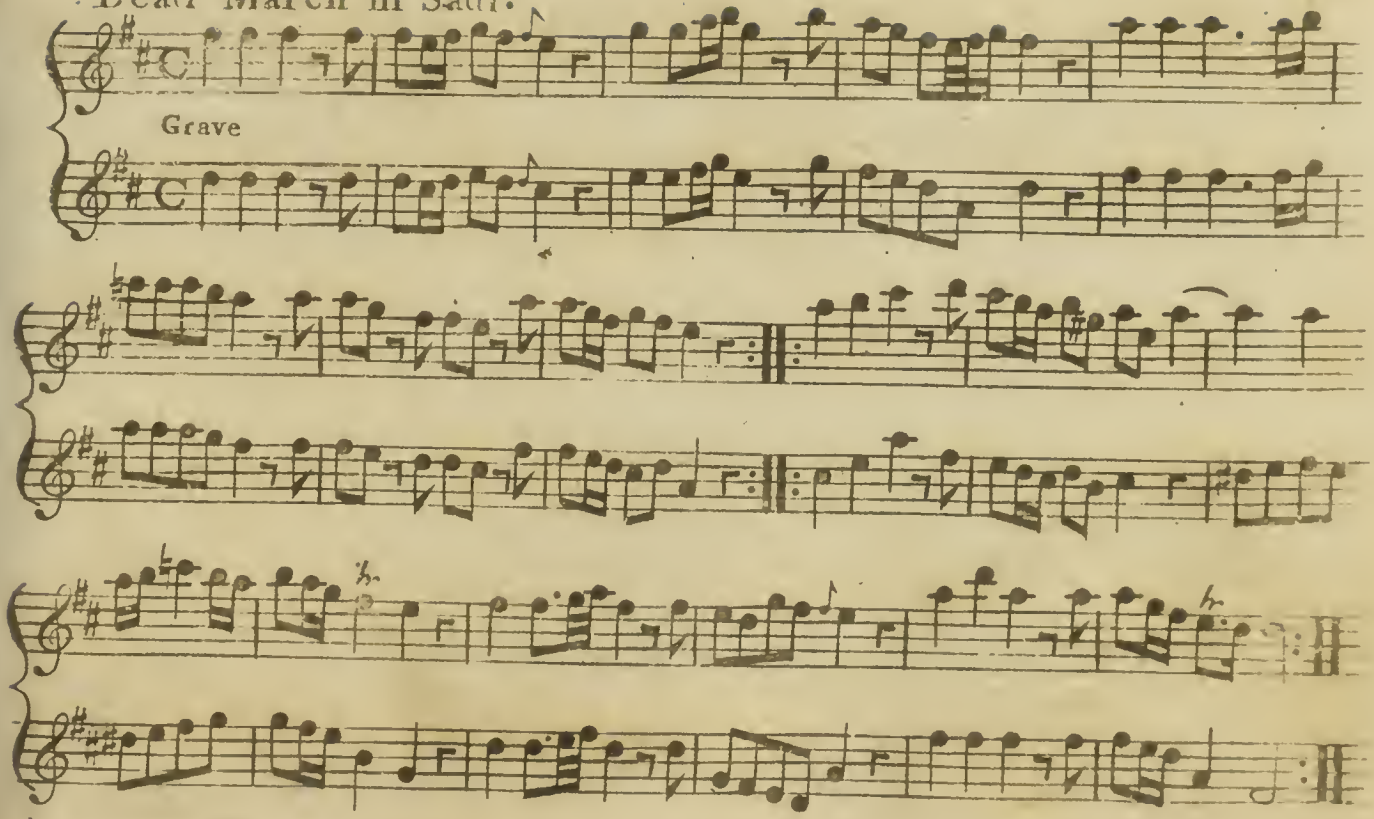
Heart of Oak.

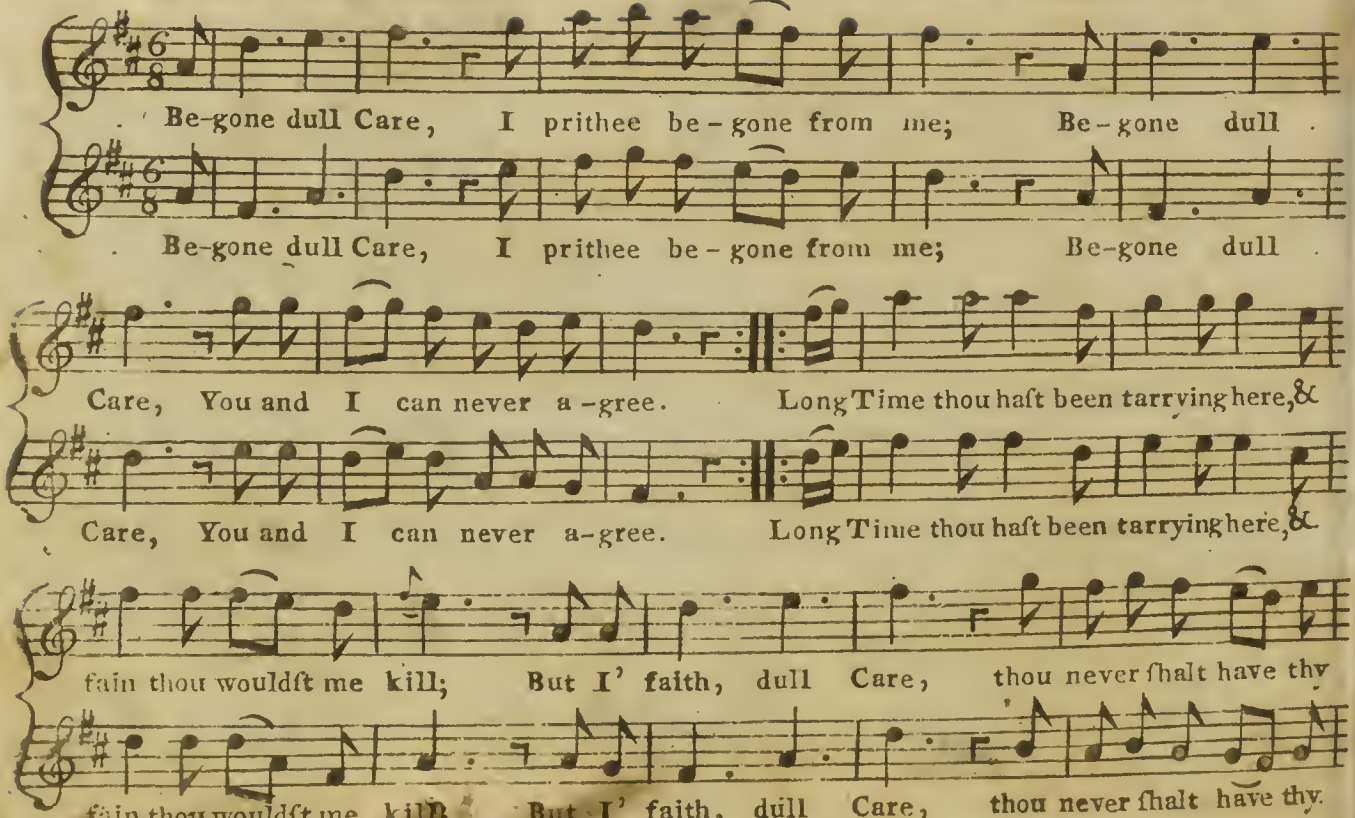


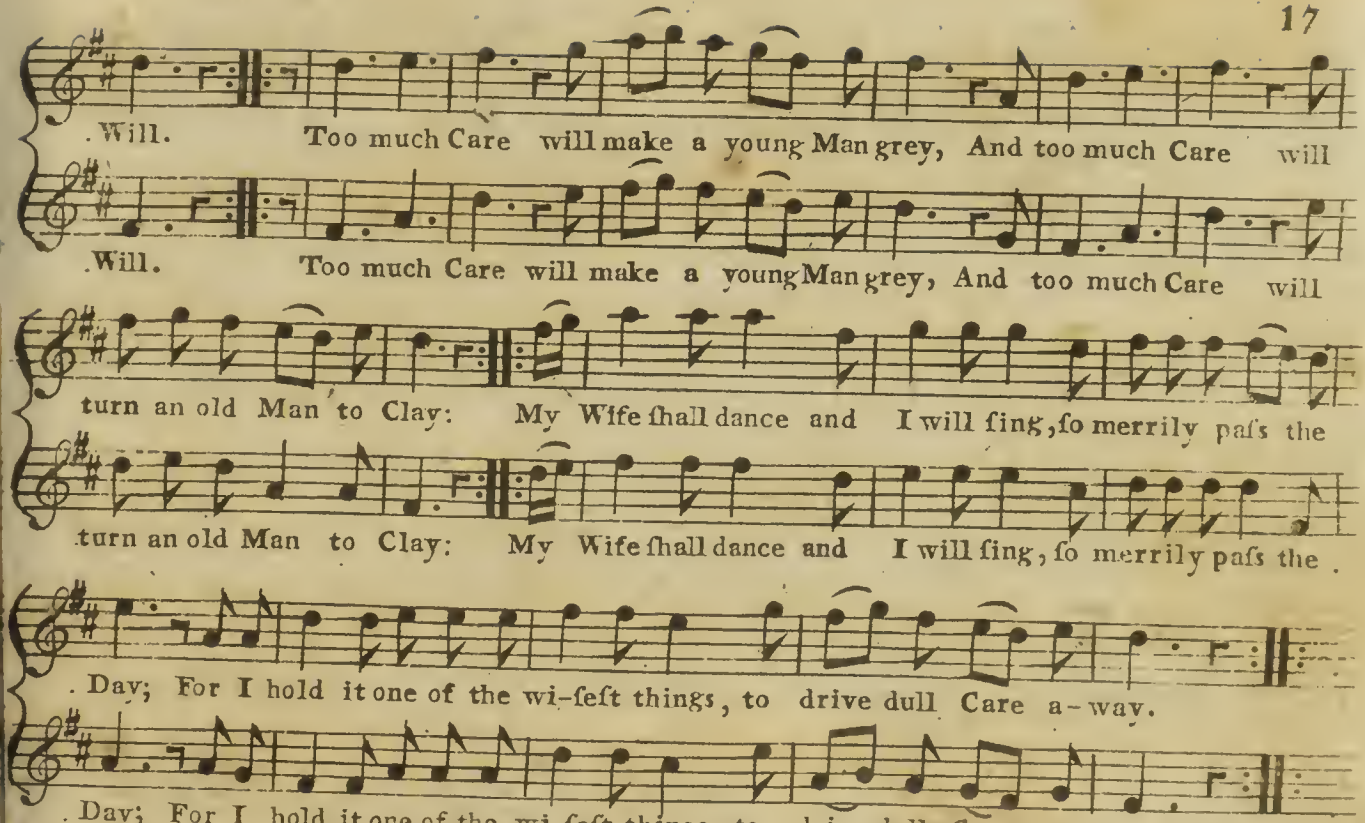
Dulce Domum



Dead March in Saul.

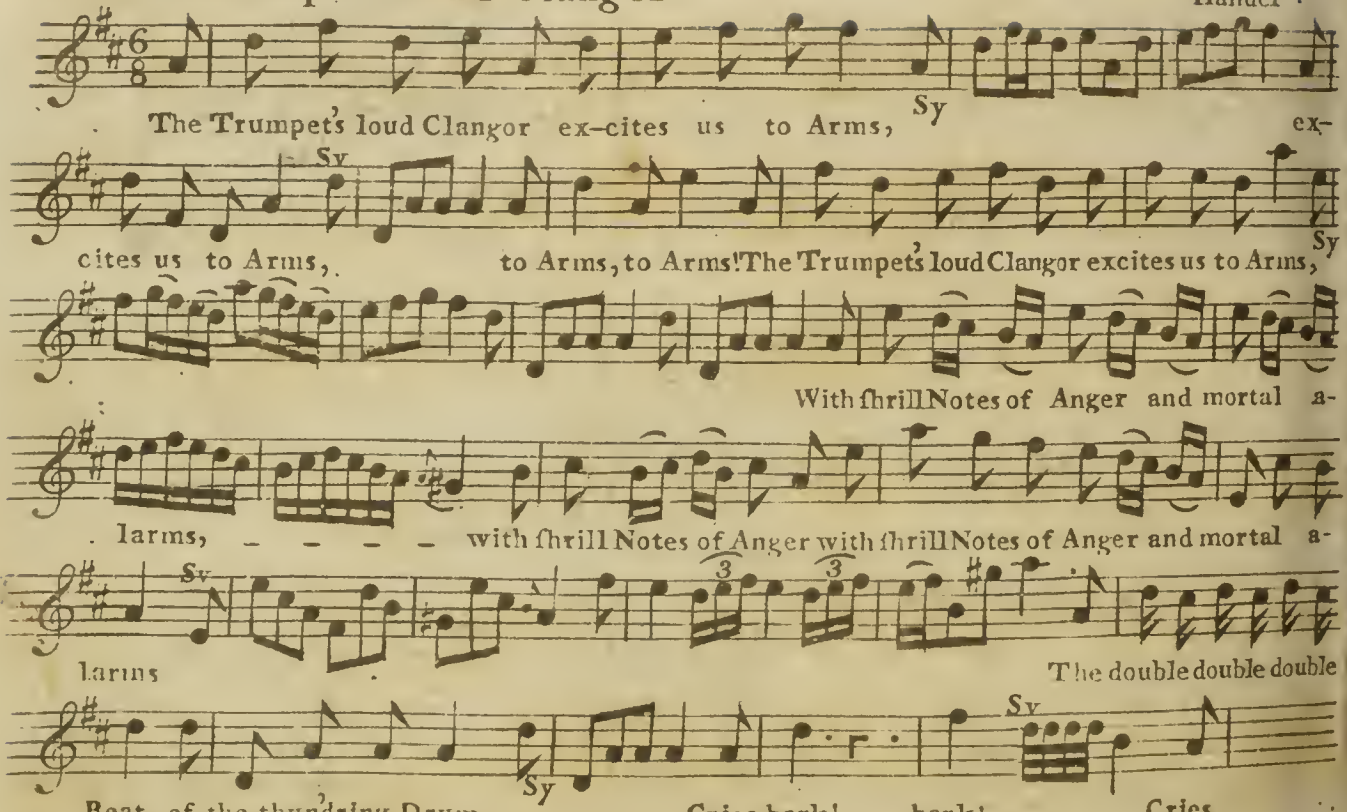


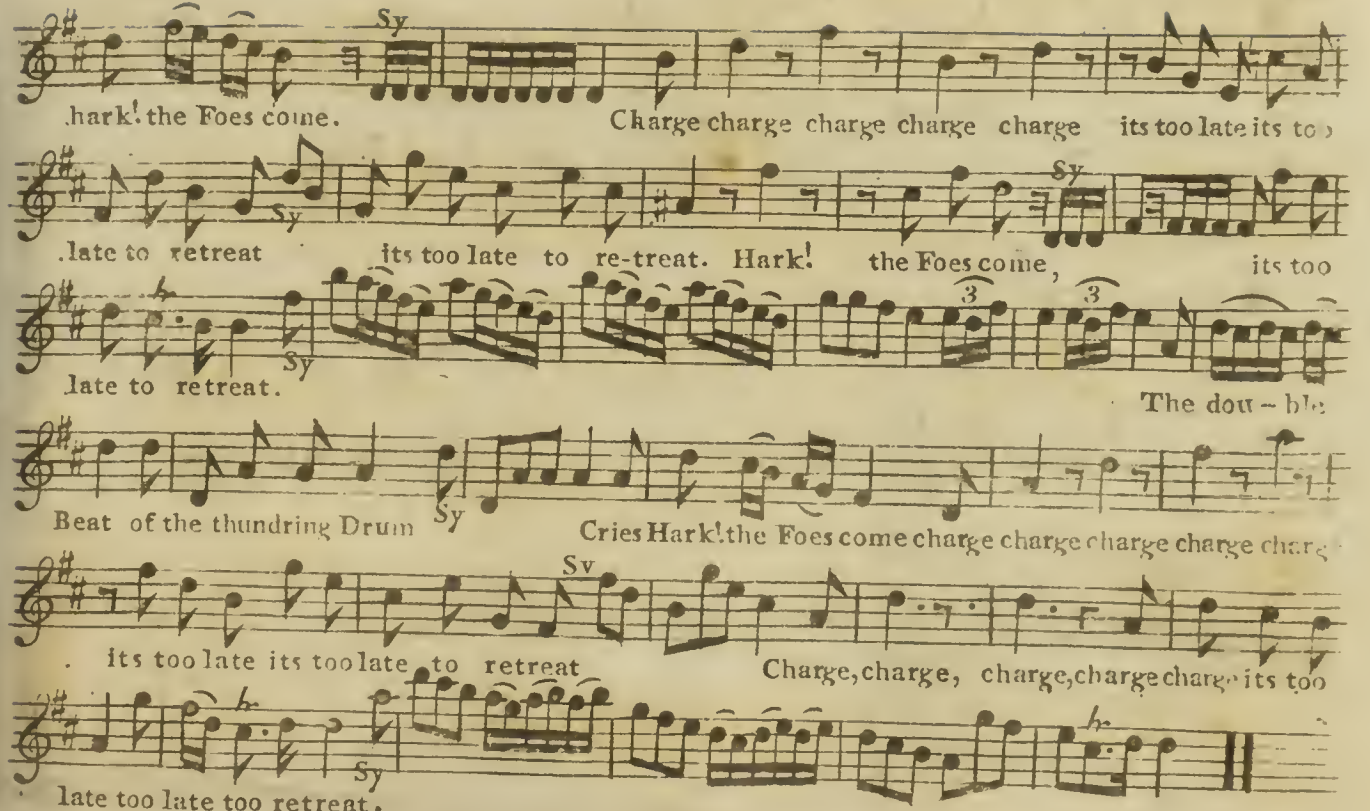

Be-gone dull Care, I prithee be-gone from me; Be-gone dull
Be-gone dull Care, I prithee be-gone from me; Be-gone dull
Care, You and I can never a-gree. Long Time thou haſt been tarrying here,&
Care, You and I can never a-gree. Long Time thou haſt been tarrying here,&
fain thou wouldſt me kill; But I' faith, dull Care, thou never ſhalt have thy
fain thou wouldſt me kill; But I' faith, dull Care, thou never ſhalt have thy.


.Will. Too much Care will make a young Man grey, And too much Care will
.Will. Too much Care will make a young Man grey, And too much Care will
turn an old Man to Clay: My Wife ſhall dance and I will ſing, ſo merrily paſs the
turn an old Man to Clay: My Wife ſhall dance and I will ſing, ſo merrily paſs the .
. Day; For I hold it one of the wi-ſeſt things, to drive dull Care a-way.
. Day; For I hold it one of the wi-ſeſt things, to drive dull Care a-way.

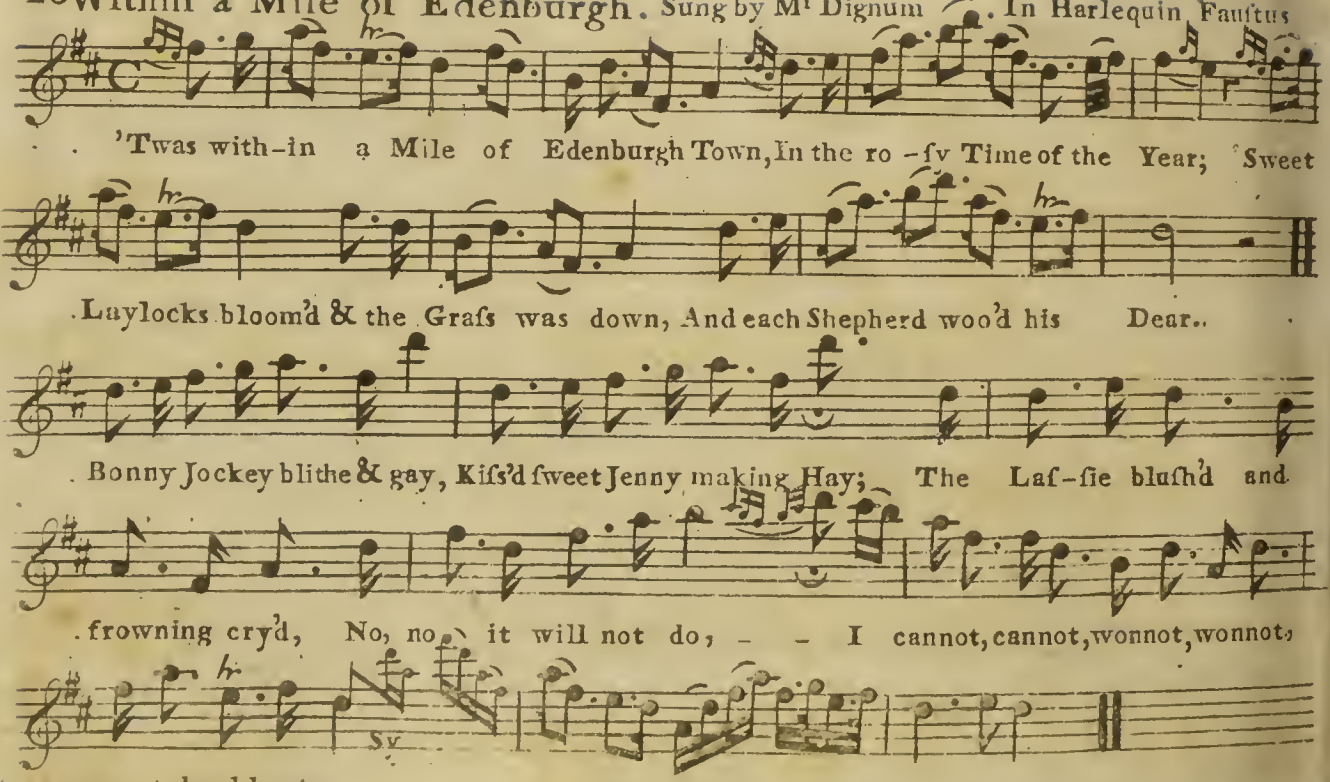
The Trumpet's loud Clangor.

Handel.


The Trumpet's loud Clangor ex-cites us to Arms, Sy
ex-
Sy
cites us to Arms, to Arms, to Arms! The Trumpet's loud Clangor excites us to Arms,
Sy
With shrill Notes of Anger and mortal a-
larms, with shrill Notes of Anger with shrill Notes of Anger and mortal a-
Sy
larms
The double double double
Sy
Beat of the thund'ring Drum
Cries hark! hark!
Cries


hark! the Foes come.
Charge charge charge charge charge its too late its too
late to retreat
its too late to re-treat. Hark! the Foes come, its too
late to retreat.
The dou – ble
Beat of the thundring Drum
Cries Hark! the Foes come charge charge charge charge charge
its too late its too late to retreat
Charge, charge, charge, charge charge its too
late too late too retreat.

Within a Mile of Edenburgh. Sung by Mr Dignum. In Harlequin Faustus


'Twas with-in a Mile of Edenburgh Town, In the ro-sy Time of the Year; Sweet
Laylocks bloom'd & the Grass was down, And each Shepherd woo'd his Dear.
Bonny Jockey blithe & gay, Kiss'd sweet Jenny making Hay; The Las-sie blush'd and
frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do; I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot,
munnot buckle to.

2

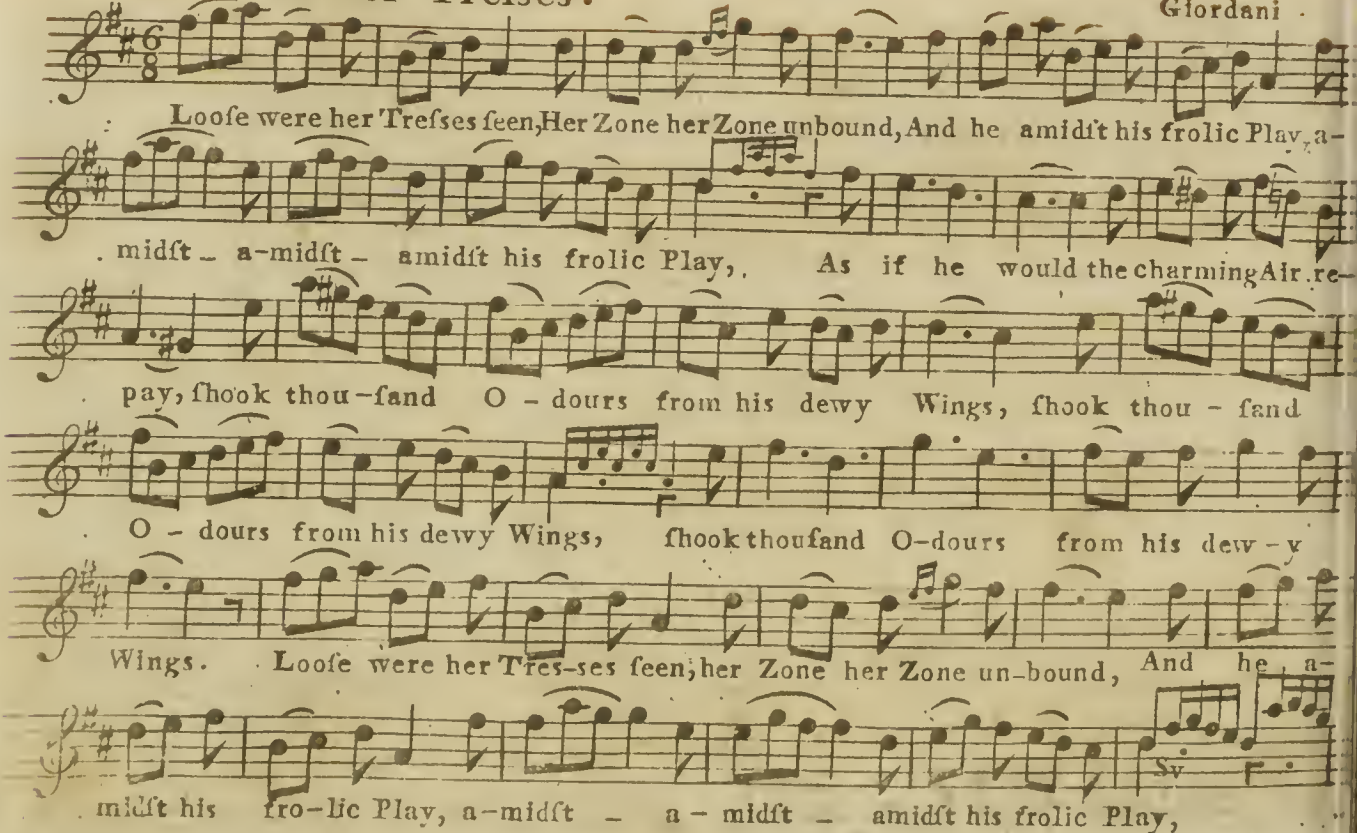
Jockey was a Wag that never would wed,
Tho' long he had follow'd the Lafs;
Contented fhe earn'd and eat her brown Bread,
And merrily fhe turn'd up the Grafs.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her Heart right merrily,
Yet ftill fhe blufh'd and frowning cry'd, No, no, &c.

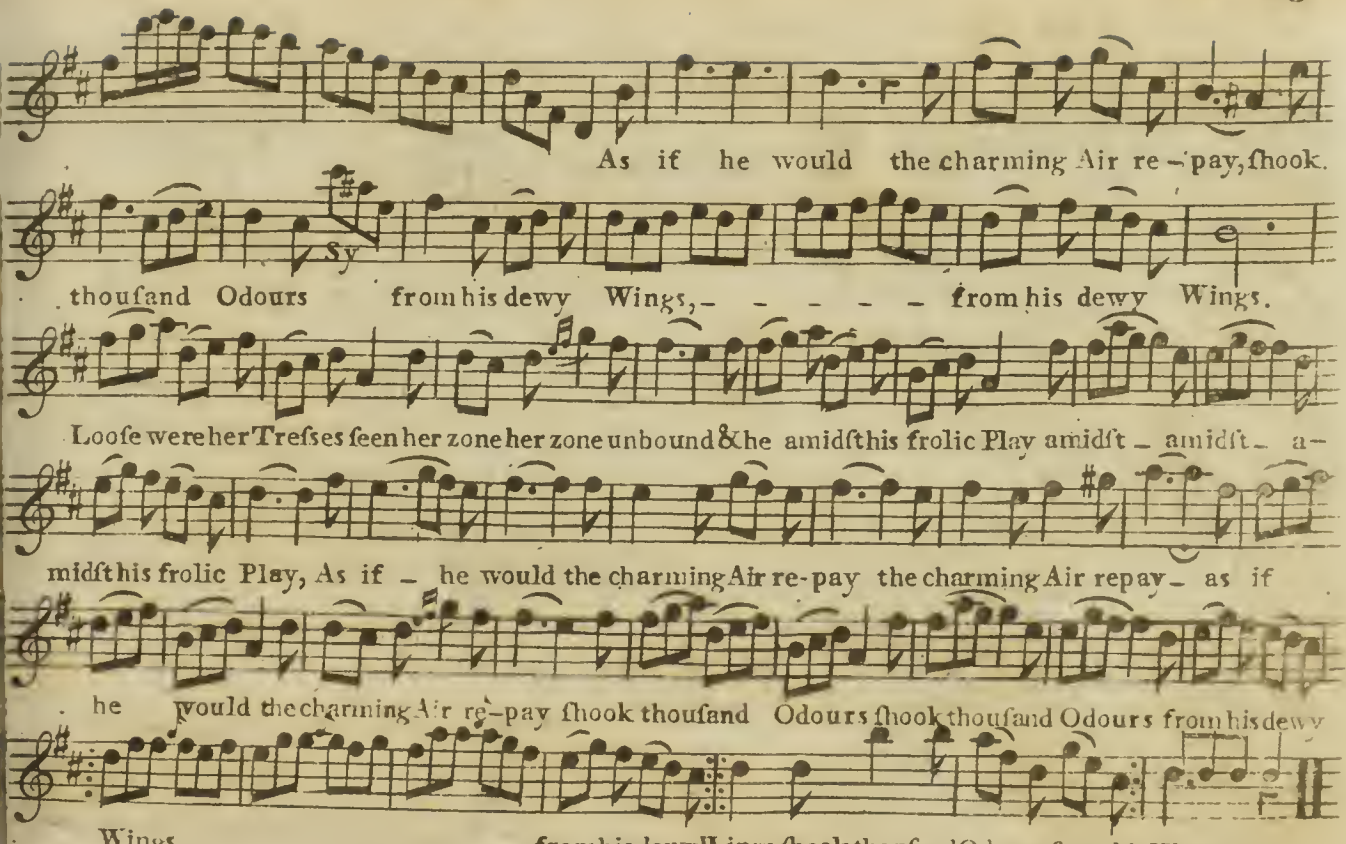
3

But when he vow'd he would make her his Bride,
Tho' his Flocks and his herds were not few,
She gave him her Hand, and a Kifs befide,
And vow'd fhe'd for ever be true.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her Heart right merrily,
At Church fhe no more frowning cry'd, No, no, it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, munnot buckle to.

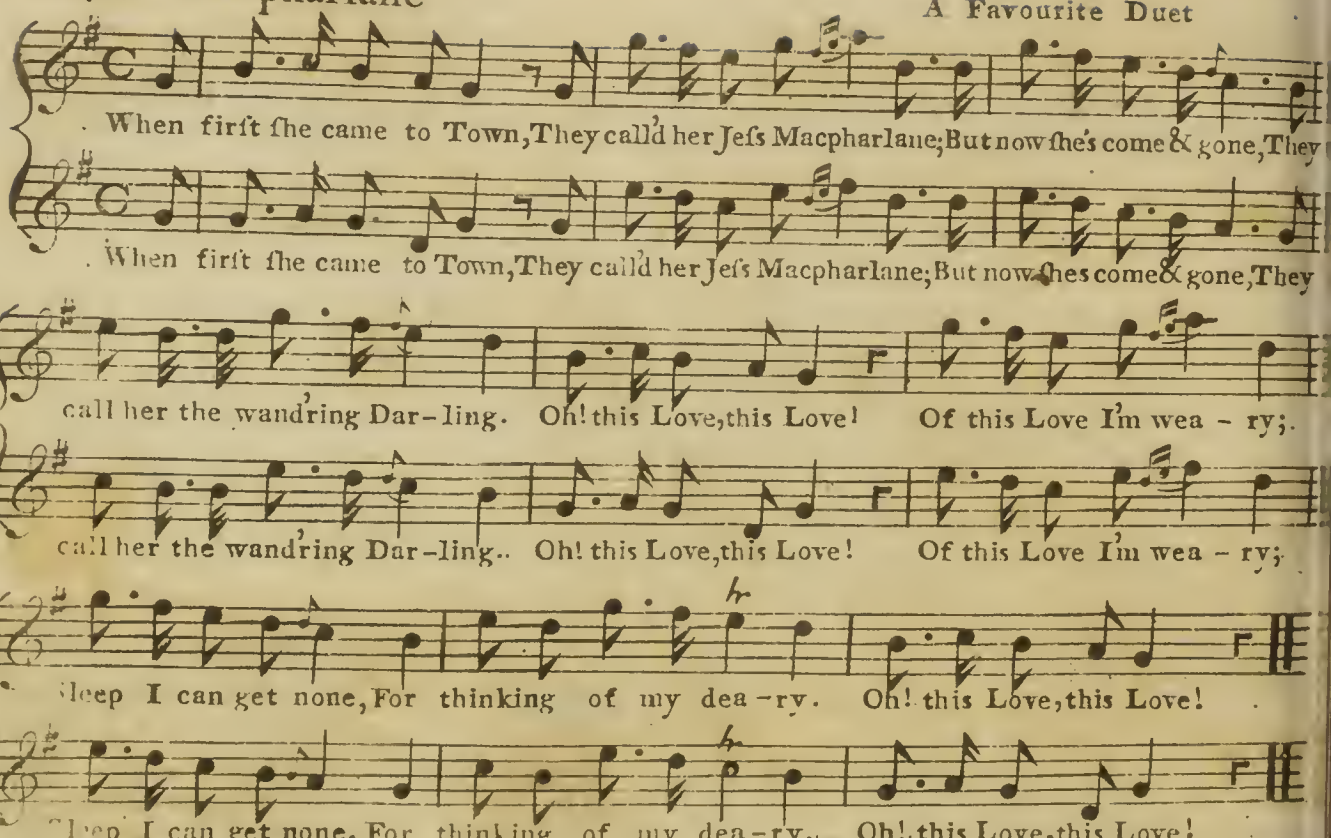
Looſe were her Treſſes.

Giordani


Looſe were her Treſſes ſeen, Her Zone her Zone unbound, And he amidſt his frolic Play, a-
midſt – a-midſt – amidſt his frolic Play, As if he would the charming Air re-
pay, ſhook thou-ſand O-dours from his dewy Wings, ſhook thou-ſand
O-dours from his dewy Wings, ſhook thouſand O-dours from his dew-y
Wings. Looſe were her Treſ-ſes ſeen, her Zone her Zone un-bound, And he a-
midſt his fro-lic Play, a-midſt – a-midſt – amidſt his frolic Play,


As if he would the charming Air re-pay, ſhook.
Sy
thouſand Odours from his dewy Wings, - - - - - from his dewy Wings.
Looſe were her Treſſes ſeen her zone her zone unbound & he amidſt this frolic Play amidſt - amidſt - a-
midſt this frolic Play, As if - he would the charming Air re-pay the charming Air repay - as if
he would the charming Air re-pay ſhook thouſand Odours ſhook thouſand Odours from his dewy
Wings - - - - - - - from his dewy Wings ſhook thouſand Odours from his Wings

A Favourite Duet


When firſt ſhe came to Town, They call'd her Jeſs Macpharlane; But now ſhe's come & gone, They
When firſt ſhe came to Town, They call'd her Jeſs Macpharlane; But now ſhes come & gone, They
call her the wand'ring Dar-ling. Oh! this Love, this Love! Of this Love I'm wea - ry;
call her the wand'ring Dar-ling. Oh! this Love, this Love! Of this Love I'm wea - ry;
Sleep I can get none, For thinking of my dea-ry. Oh! this Love, this Love!
Sleep I can get none, For thinking of my dea-ry. Oh! this Love, this Love!

2

Her Father loves her well,
Her Mither loves her better;
And I like the Girl myſel,
But alas! I canna get her.
Oh! this Love, &c.

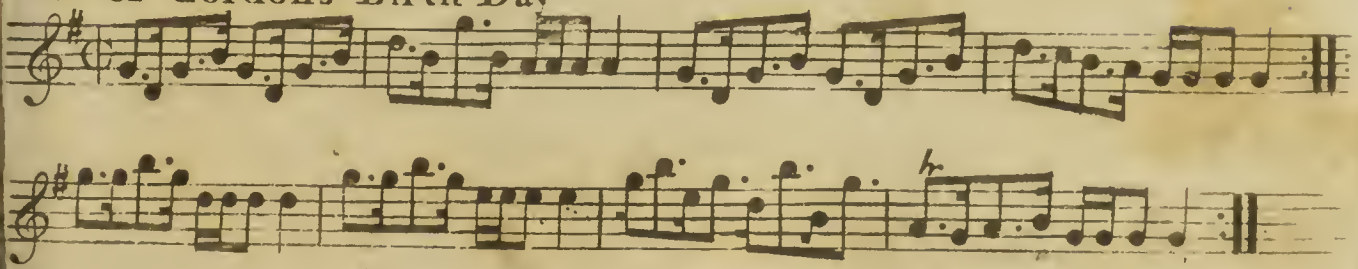
3

I took it in my Head
To write my Love a Letter;
But alas. ſhe canna read,
And I like her aw the better.
Oh! this Love, &c.

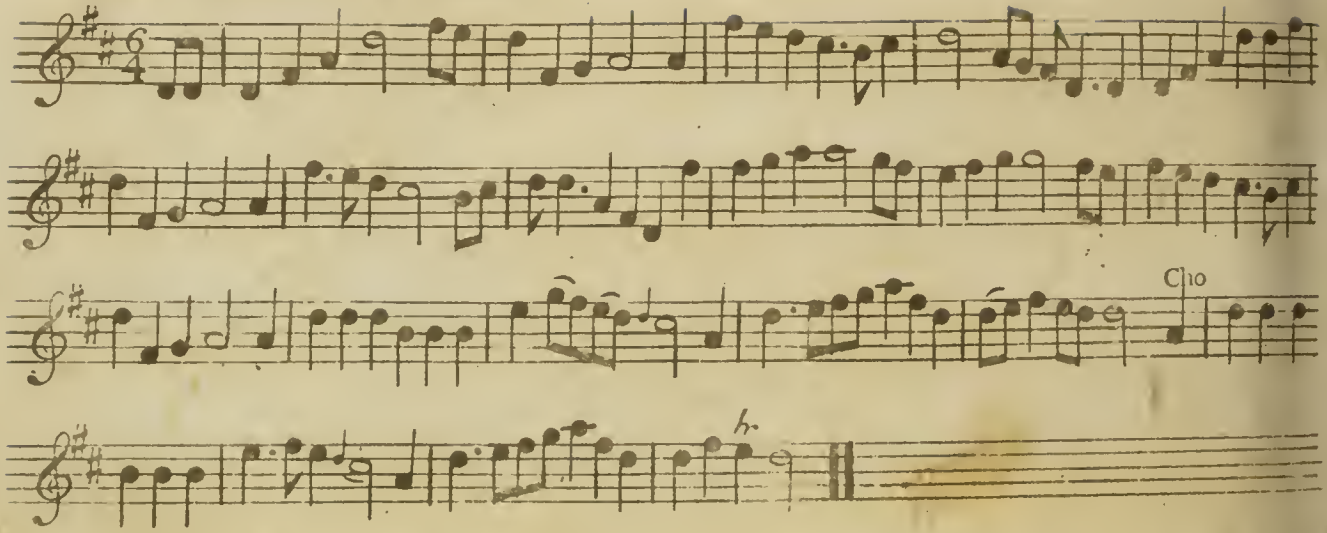
4

Then ſince I canna reſt
For thinking of my Darling,
I'll wander too in queſt
Of lovely Jeſs Macpharlane.
Oh! this Love, &c.

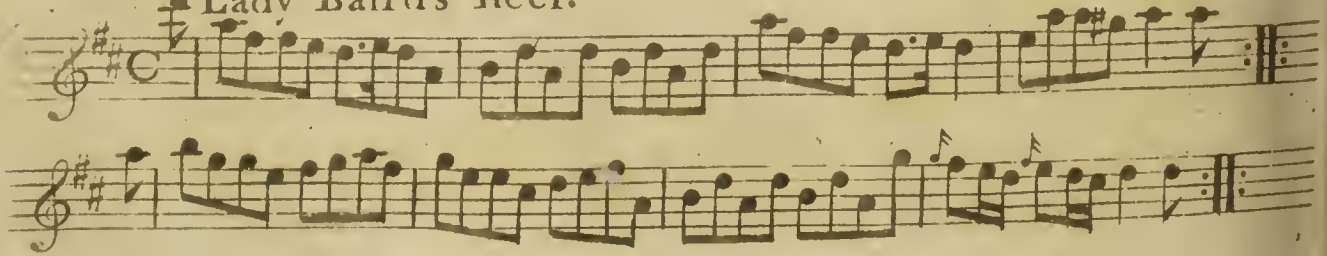
D. of Gordon's Birth Day



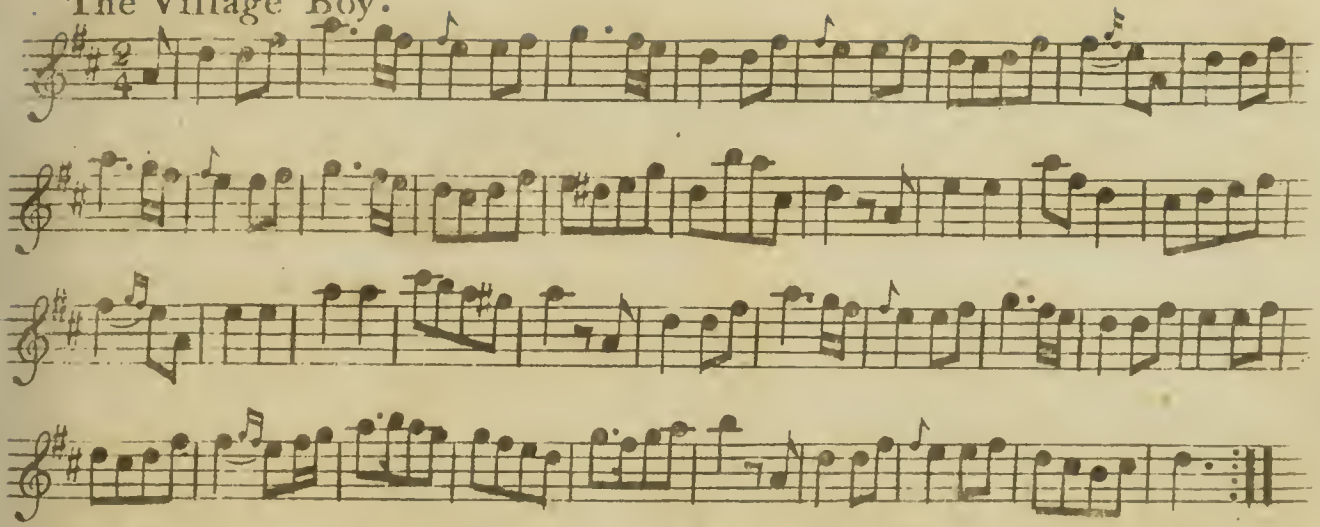
To Anacreon in Heaven.



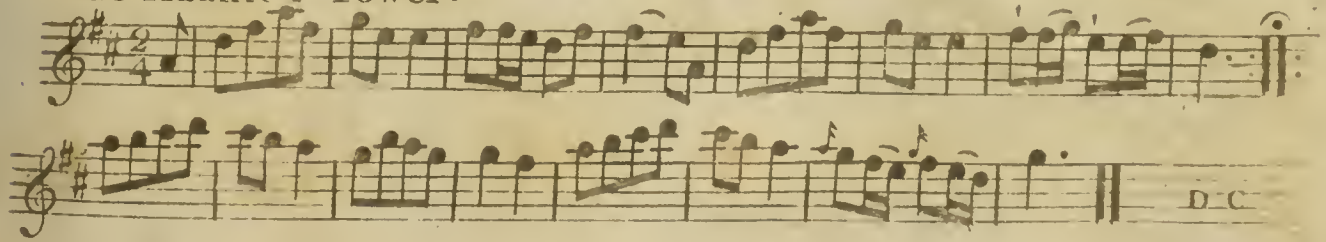
Lady Baird's Reel.



The Village Boy.

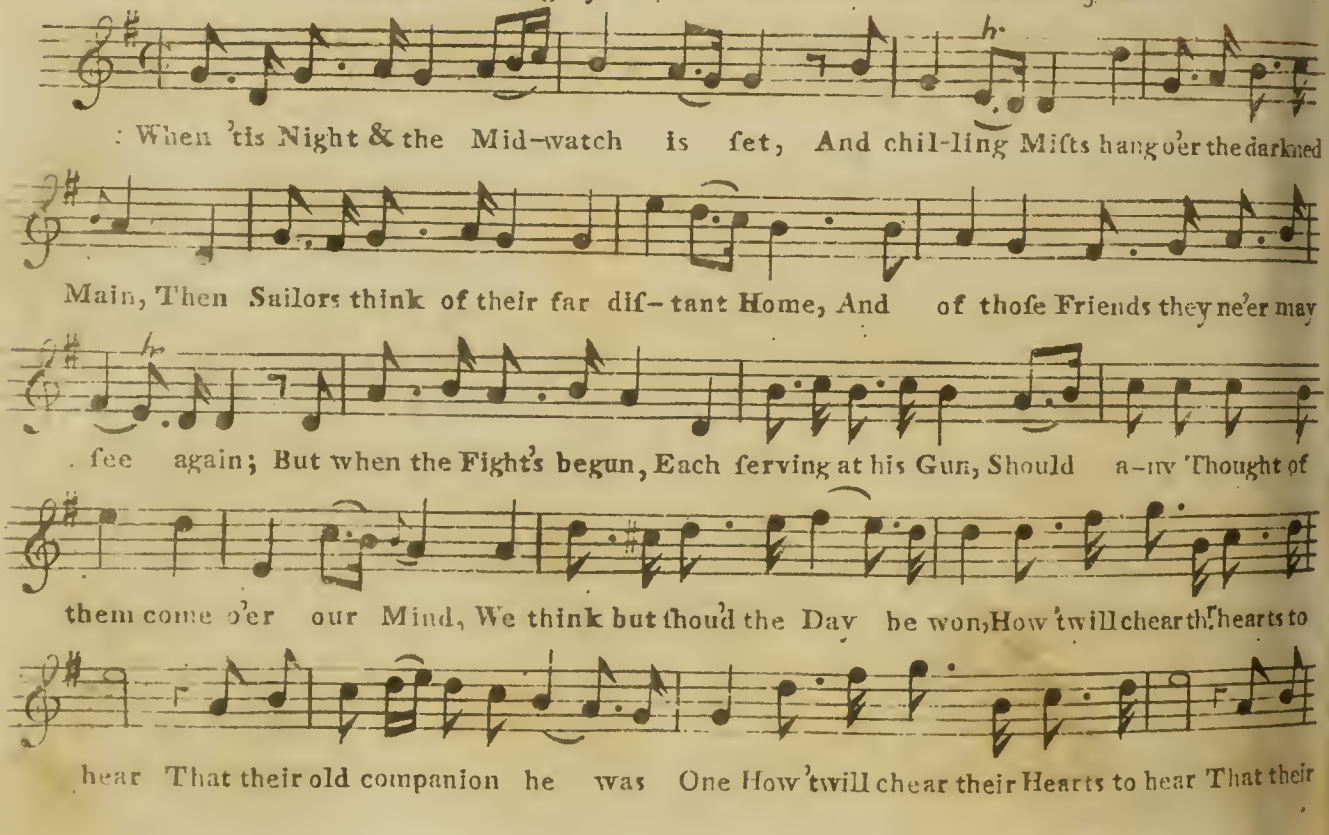


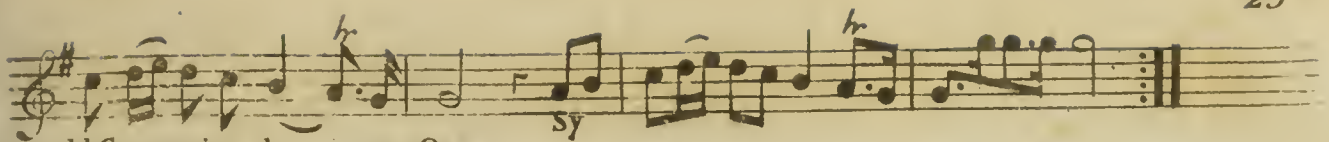
The Haunted Tower.



The Mid-watch.

Sung by Maſter Welſh in The Firſt of June.

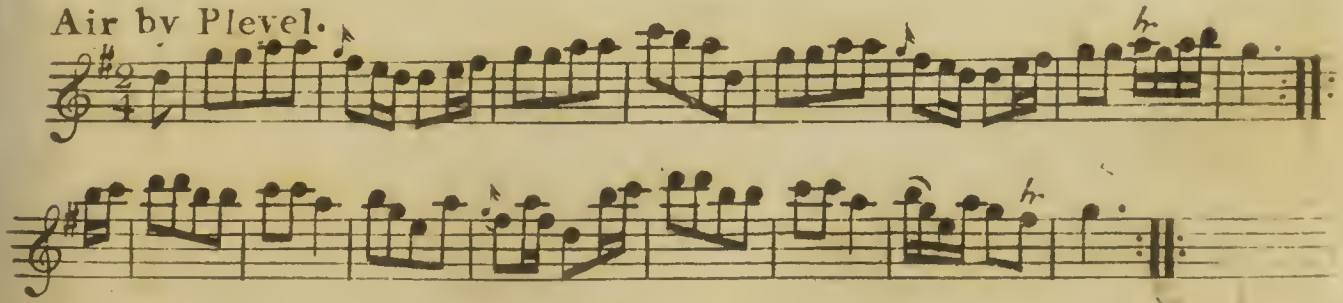

: When 'tis Night & the Mid-watch is ſet, And chil-ling Miſts hang o'er the darkned
Main, Then Sailors think of their far diſ-tant Home, And of thoſe Friends they ne'er may
ſee again; But when the Fight's begun, Each ſerving at his Gun, Should a-ny Thought of
them come o'er our Mind, We think but thoud the Day be won, How 'twill chear th' hearts to
hear That their old companion he was One How 'twill chear their Hearts to hear That their



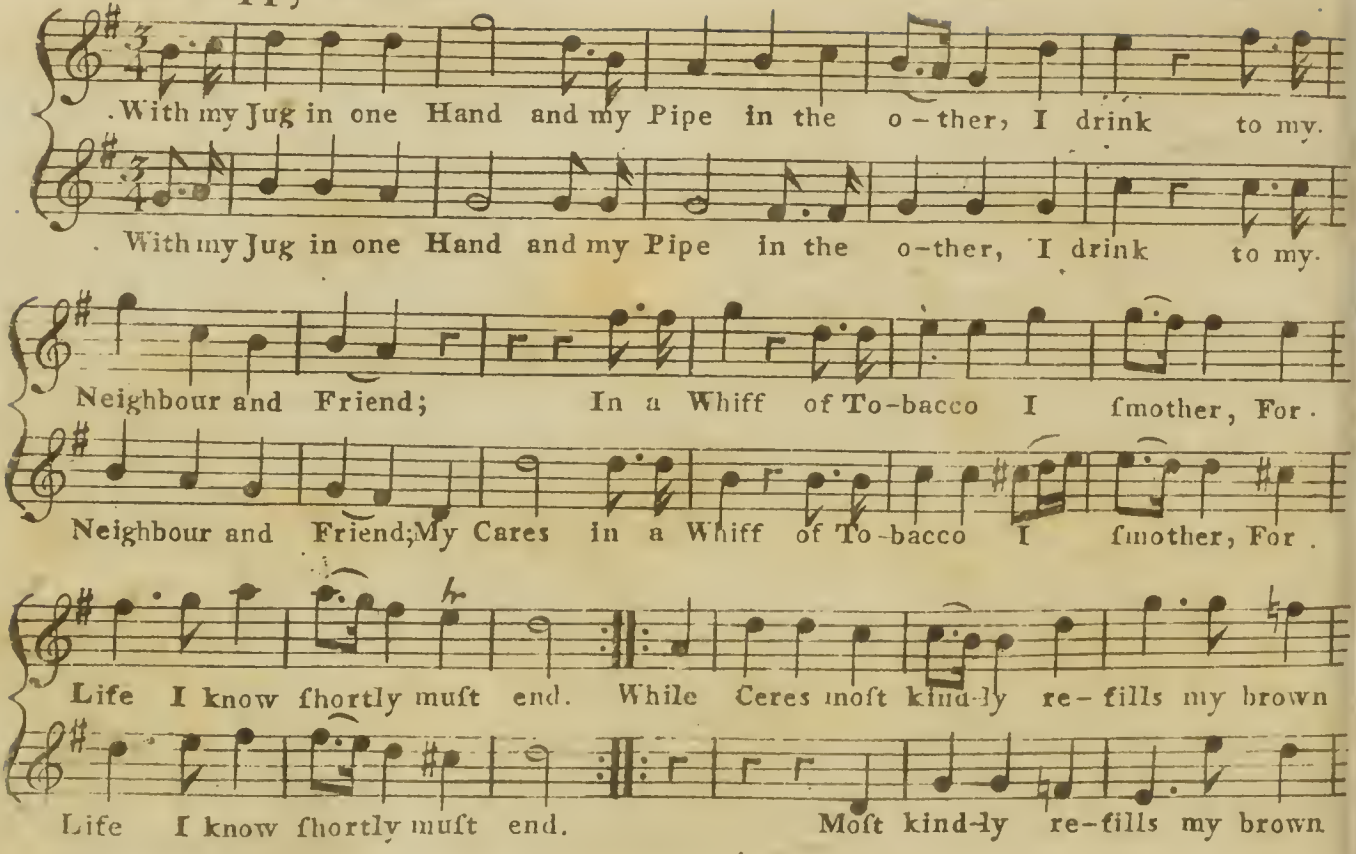
old Companion he was One.

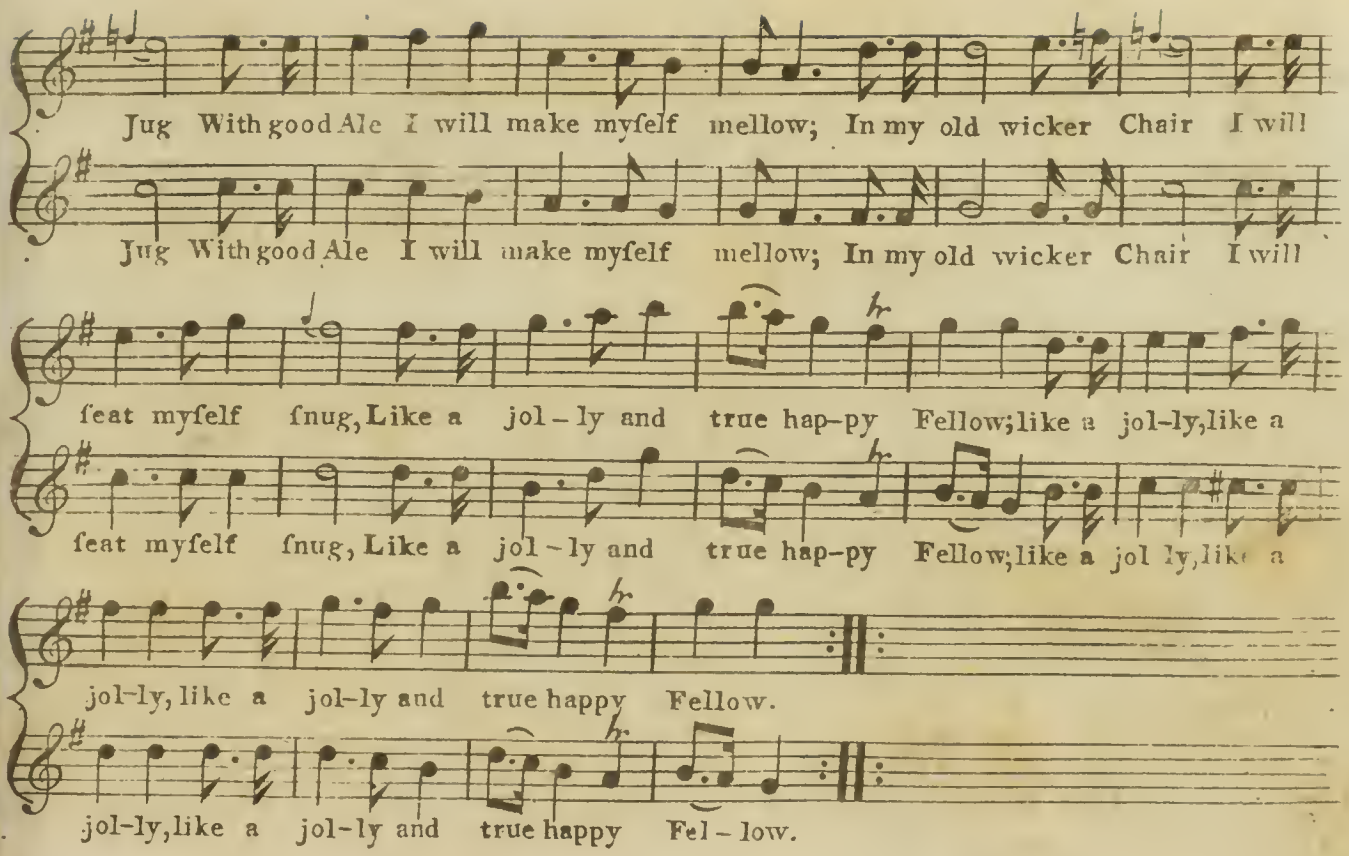
Or, my Lad, if you a Miſtreſs kind
Have left on ſhore, ſome pretty Girl & true,
Who many a Night doth liſten to the Wind,
And ſighs to think how it may fare with you;
O when the Fight's begun,
Each ſerving at his Gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your Mind,
Think only ſhou'd the Day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Her Heart to hear
That her own true Sailor he was One.

Air by Plevel.

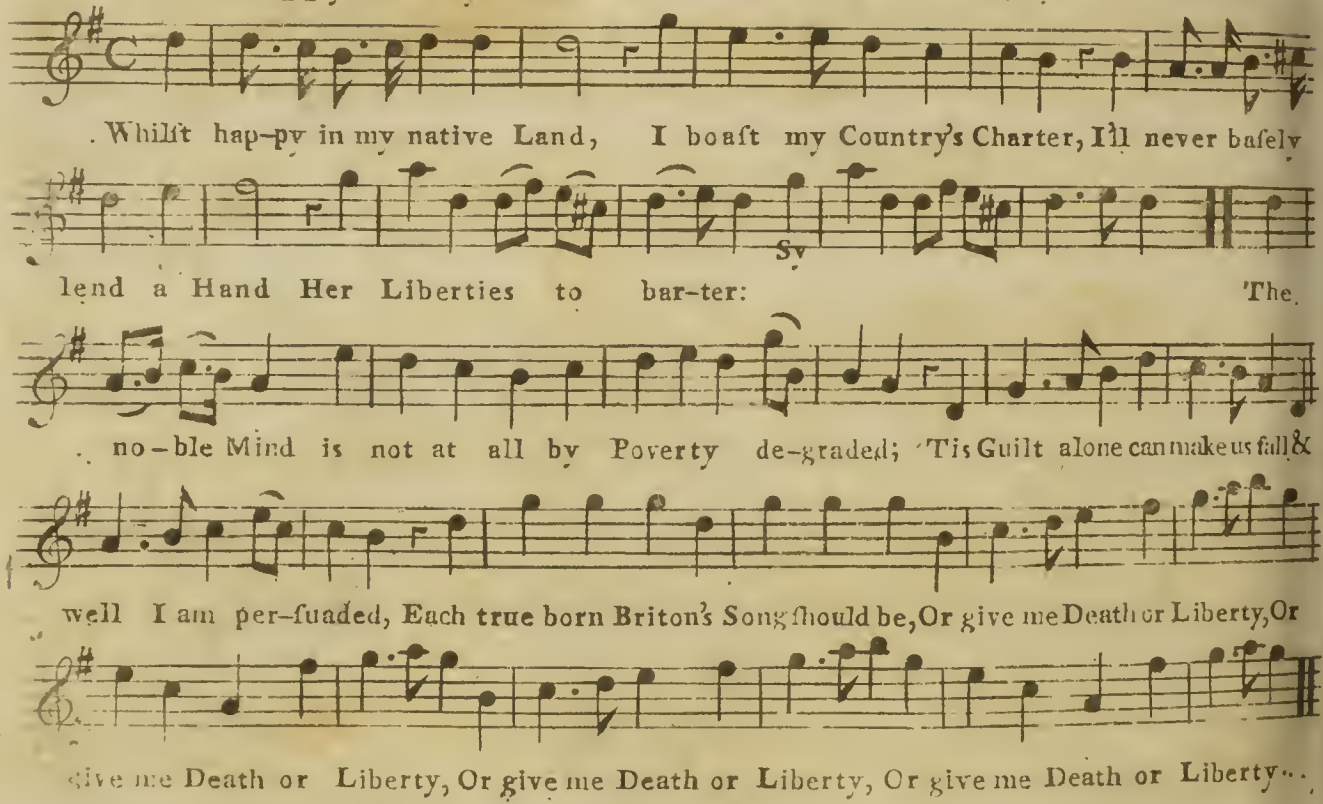


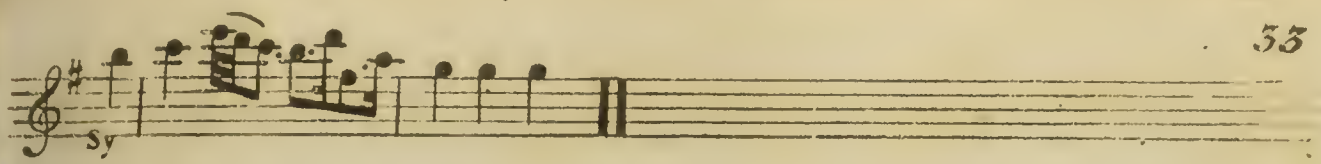
The happy Fellow.


With my Jug in one Hand and my Pipe in the o-ther, I drink to my.
With my Jug in one Hand and my Pipe in the o-ther, I drink to my.
Neighbour and Friend; In a Whiff of To-bacco I fmother, For.
Neighbour and Friend; My Cares in a Whiff of To-bacco I fmother, For.
Life I know fhortly muft end. While Ceres moft kind-ly re-fills my brown
Life I know fhortly muft end. Moft kind-ly re-fills my brown


Jug With good Ale I will make myſelf mellow; In my old wicker Chair I will
Jug With good Ale I will make myſelf mellow; In my old wicker Chair I will
ſeat myſelf ſnug, Like a jol – ly and true hap–py Fellow; like a jol–ly, like a
ſeat myſelf ſnug, Like a jol – ly and true hap–py Fellow; like a jol ly, like a
jol–ly, like a jol–ly and true happy Fellow.
jol–ly, like a jol–ly and true happy Fel – low.

32 Whilſt happy in my Native Land. Sung by Mr Banniſter.


Whilſt hap-py in my native Land, I boaſt my Country's Charter, I'll never baſely
lend a Hand Her Liberties to bar-ter: The
no-ble Mind is not at all by Poverty de-graded; 'Tis Guilt alone can make us fall &
well I am per-ſuaded, Each true born Briton's Song ſhould be, Or give me Death or Liberty, Or
give me Death or Liberty, Or give me Death or Liberty, Or give me Death or Liberty.



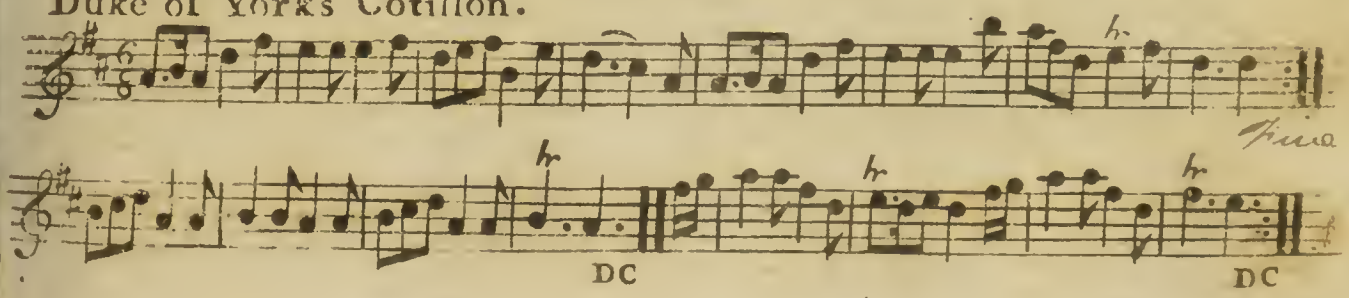
2

Tho' ſmall the Pow'r which Fortune grants,
And few the Gifts ſhe ſends us;
The lordly Hireling often wants,
That Freedom which defends us:

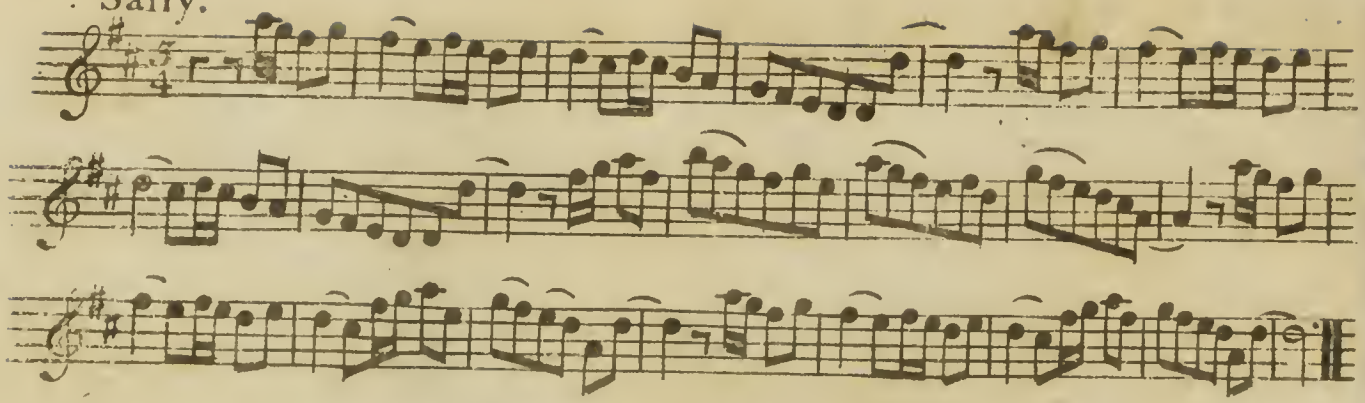
By Law ſecur'd from lawleſs ſtrife,
Our Houſe is our Caſtellum;
Thus bleſs'd with all that's dear in Life,
For Lucre ſhall we ſell 'em?

No! ev'ry Briton's Song ſhall be,
Or Give me Death or Liberty.

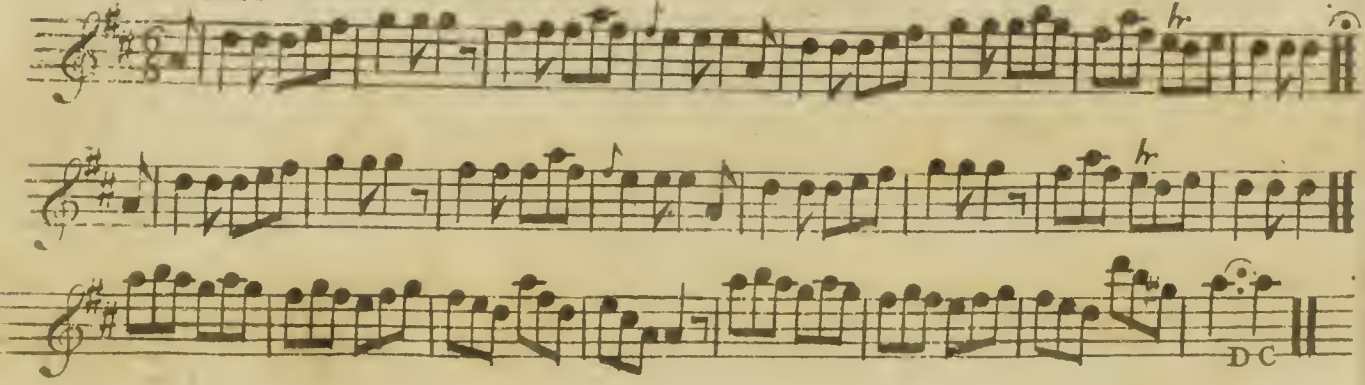
Duke of York's Cotillon.



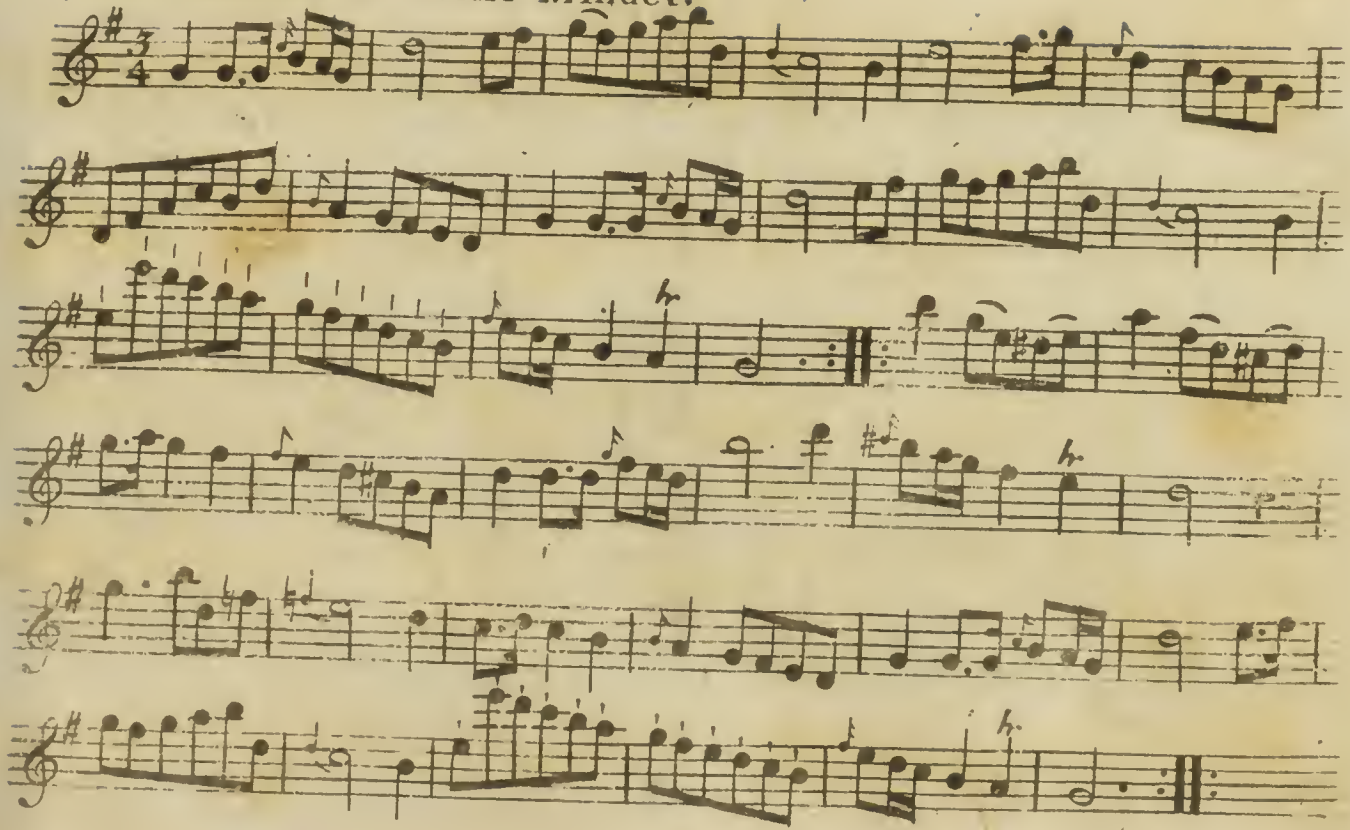
Sally.



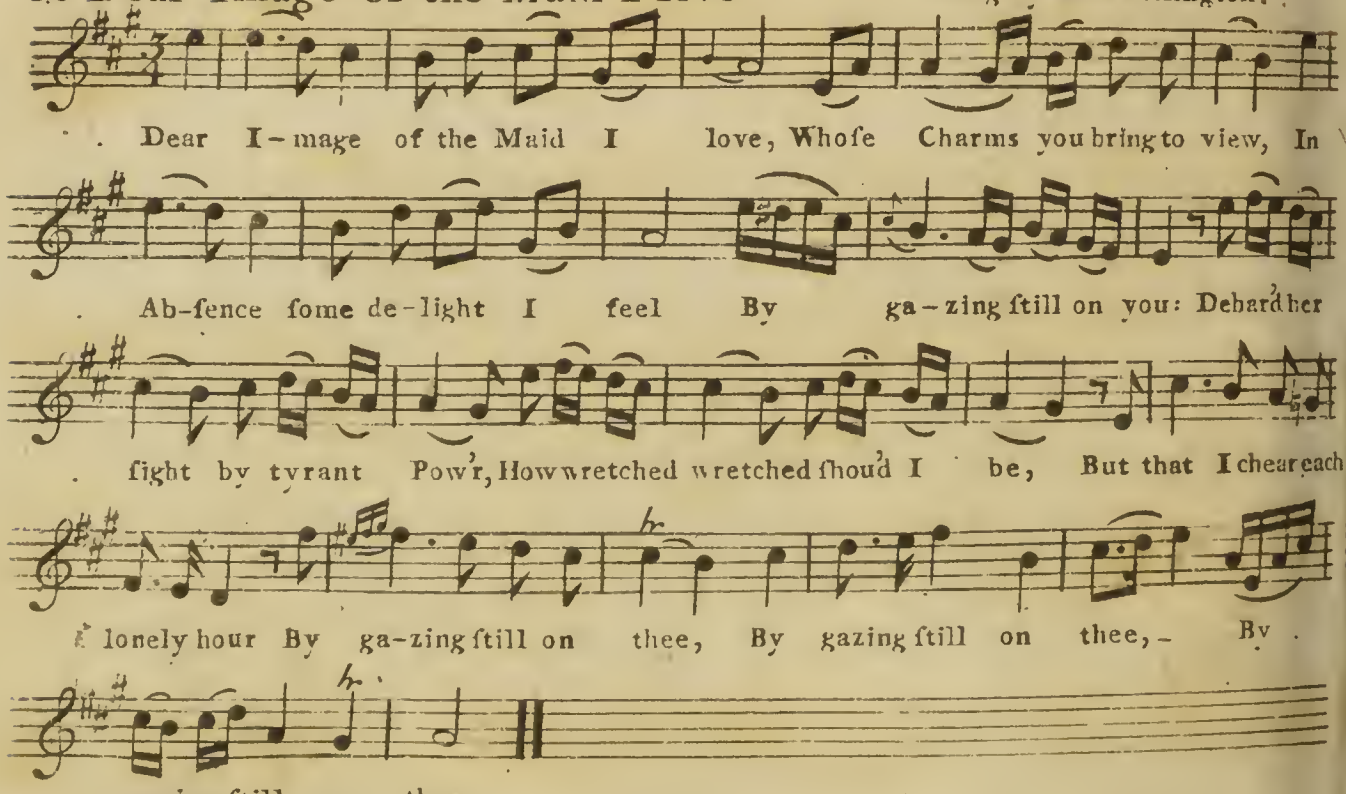
Nicolai's favorite Rondo.



The Dutchefs of York's Minuet.



36 Dear Image of the Maid I love. Sung by Mrs Billington.

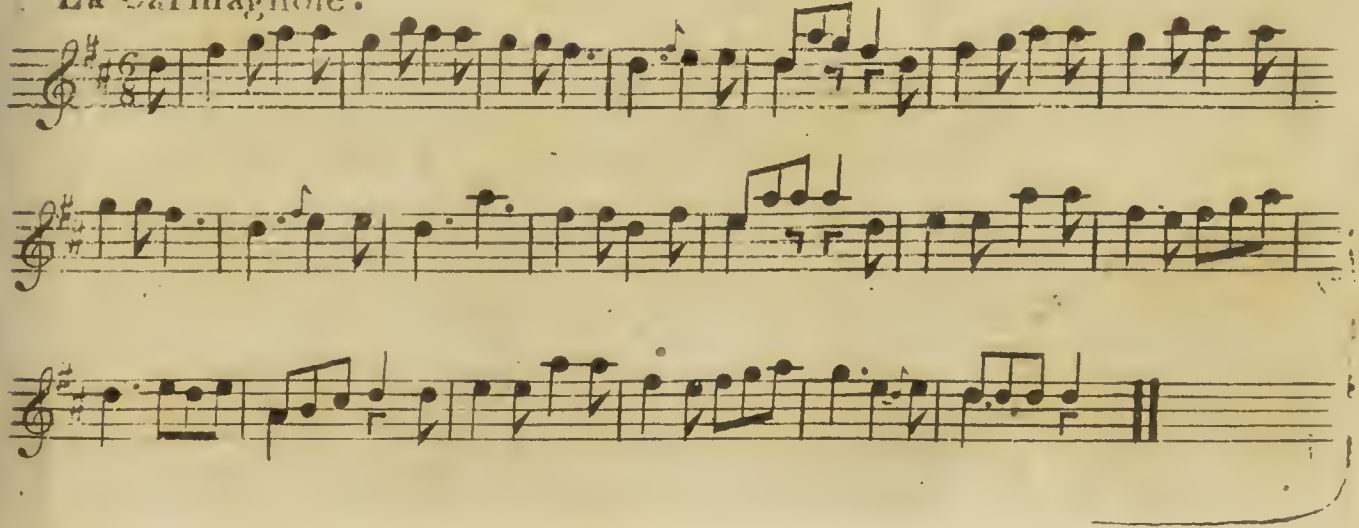

Dear I-mage of the Maid I love, Whoſe Charms you bring to view, In
Ab-ſence ſome de-light I feel By ga-zing ſtill on you: Debard her
fight by tyrant Pow'r, How wretched wretched ſhou'd I be, But that I chear each
lonely hour By ga-zing ſtill on thee, By gazing ſtill on thee, - By
gazing ſtill on thee.

2

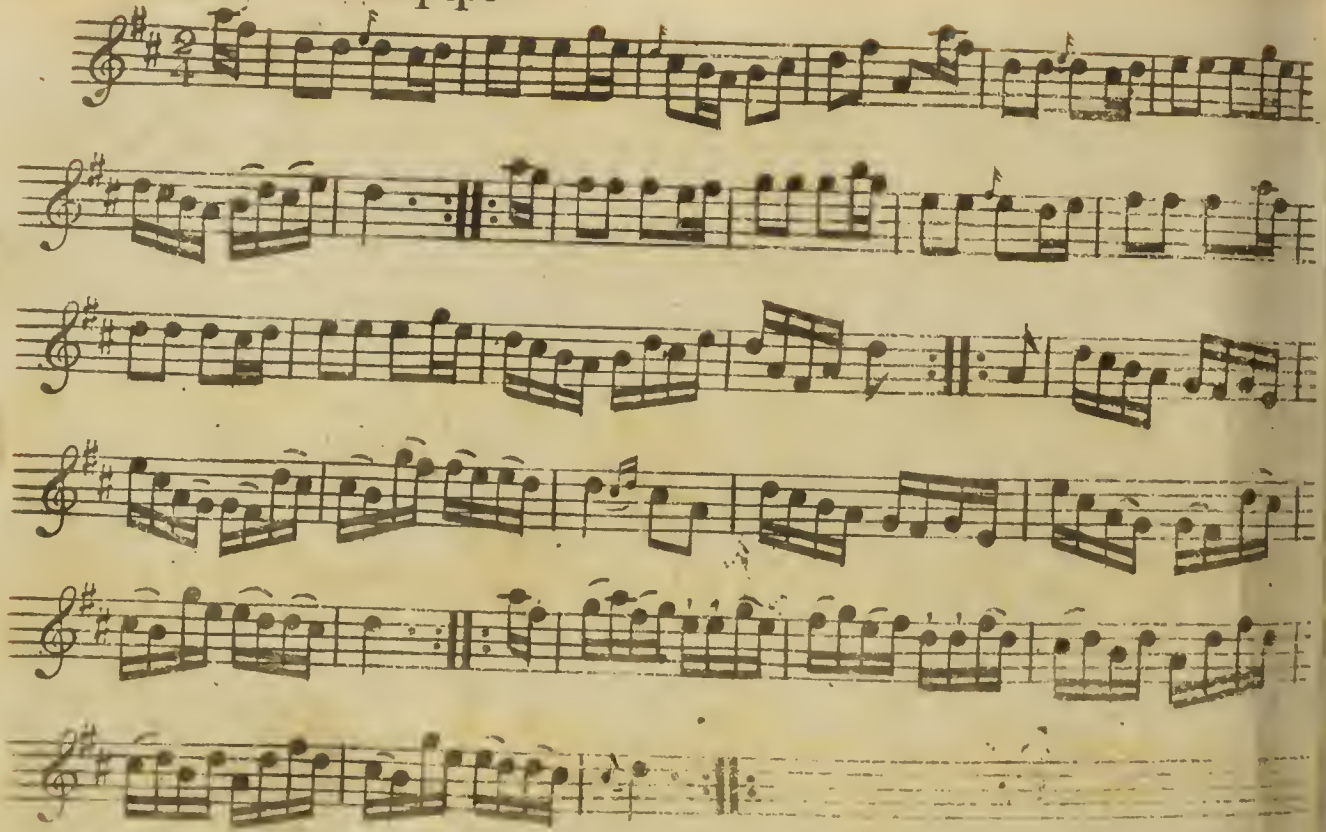
O! could I call this fair One mine,
What Rapture ſhould I feel!
Oh! could I preſs that Form divine,
Each Hour my Bliſs would feal:

But ah! deprivd of all her Charms,
My Soul can find no Reſt;
And ſhou'd ſhe bleſs another's Arms,
Deſpair wou'd fill my Breaſt.

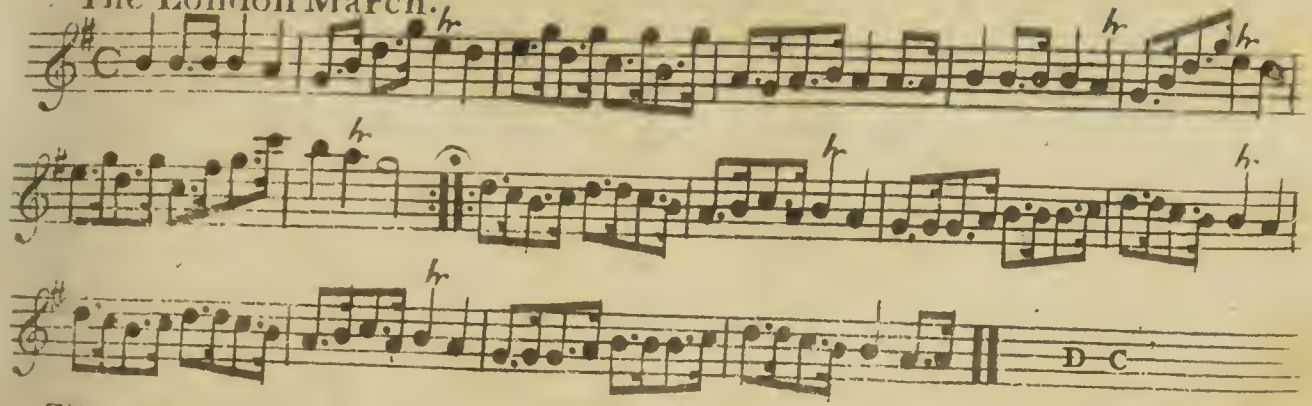
La Carmagnole.



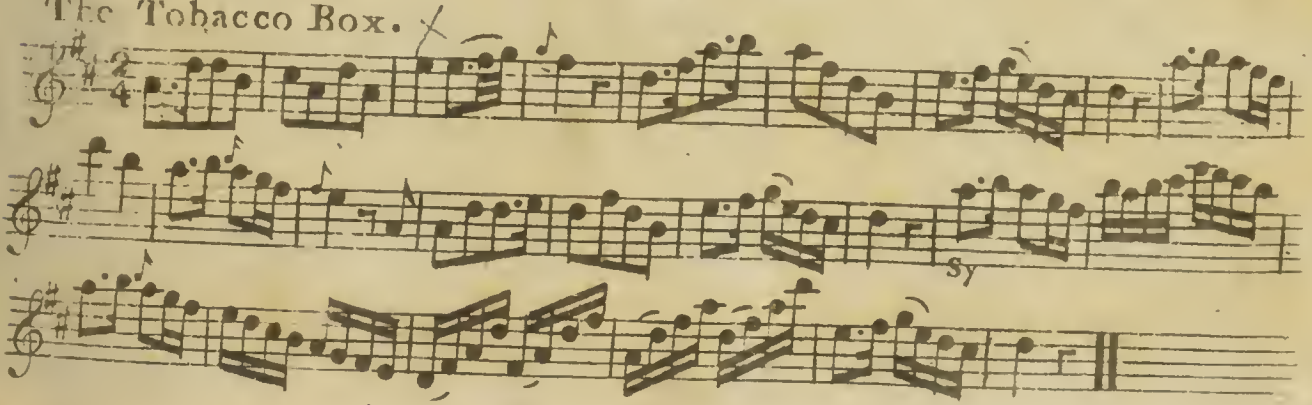
38 Afhley's Hornpipe.



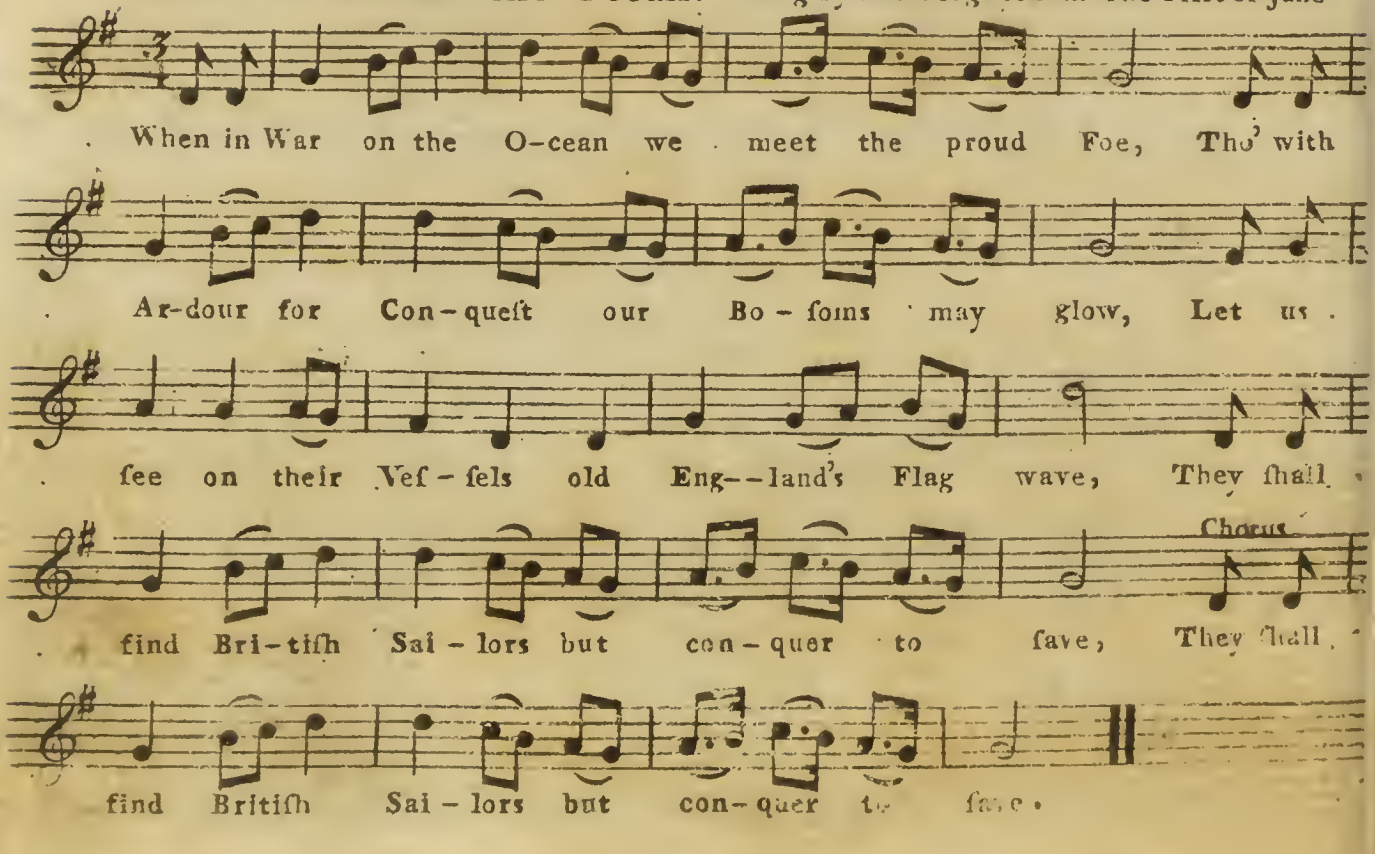
The London March.



The Tobacco Box.



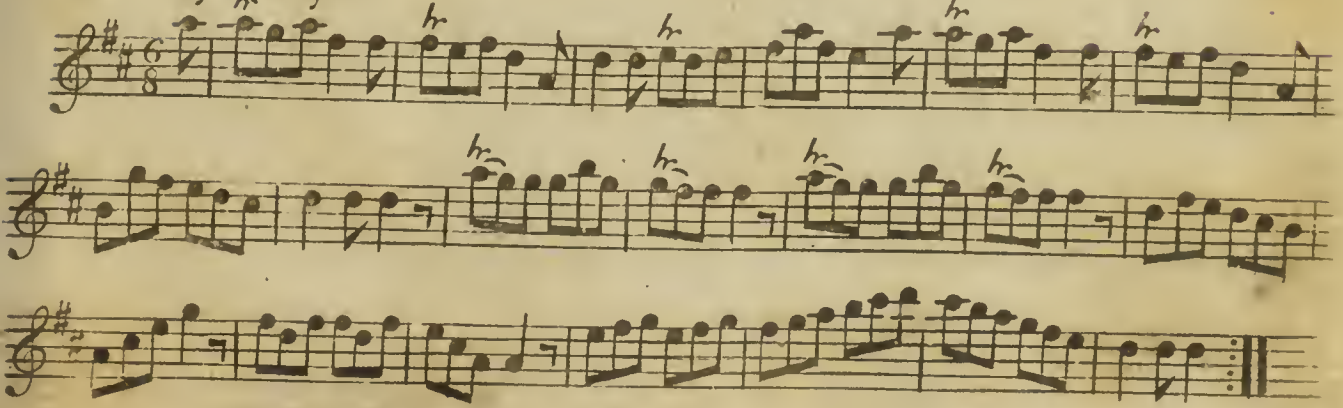
When in War on the Ocean. Sung by Mr Sedgwick in The First of June


When in War on the O-cean we meet the proud Foe, Tho' with
Ar-dour for Con-queſt our Bo-ſoms may glow, Let us
ſee on their Veſ-ſels old Eng--land's Flag wave, They ſhall
Chorus
find Bri-tiſh Sai-lors but con-quer to ſave, They ſhall
find Britiſh Sai-lors but con-quer to ſave.

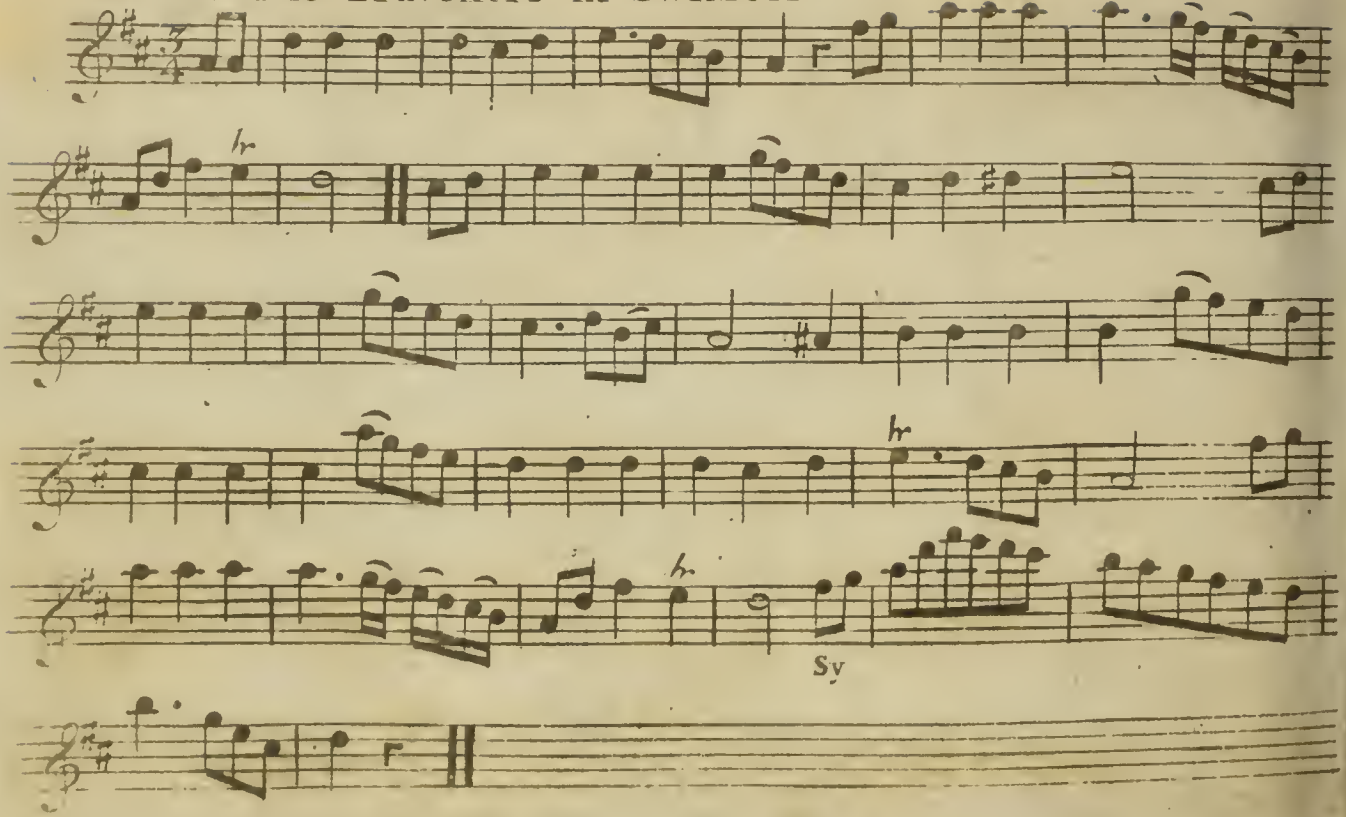
2 And now their pale Enſigns we view from afar,
With three cheers they are welcom'd by each Britiſh Tar;
Whilſt the Genius of Britain ſtill bids us advance,
And our Guns hurl in Thunder Defiance to France.

3 But mark our laſt Broadſide! ſhe ſinks! down ſhe goes!
Quickly man all our Boats, they no longer are Foes:
To ſnatch a brave Fellow, from a wat'ry Grave,
Is worthy a Brit n who conquers to ſave.

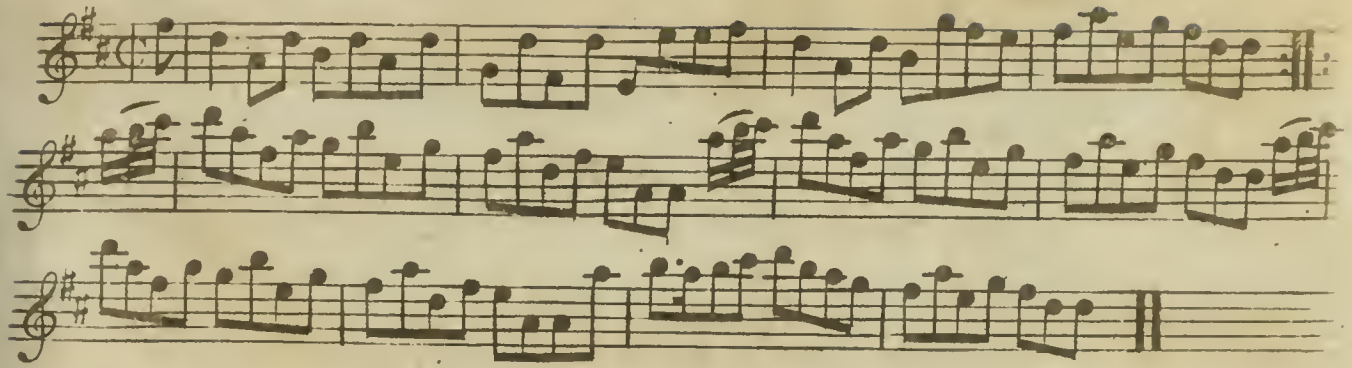
Air by Pleyel.



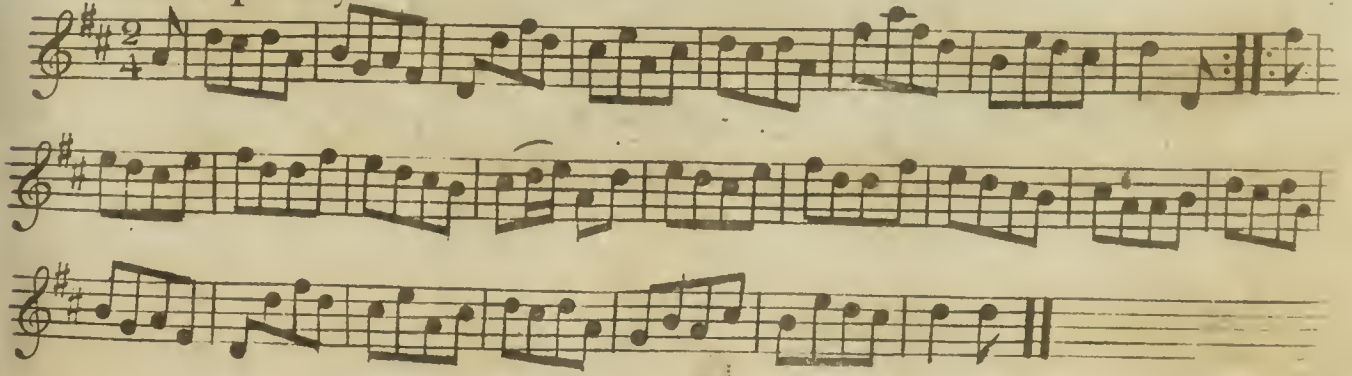
Air. in The Travellers in Switzerland



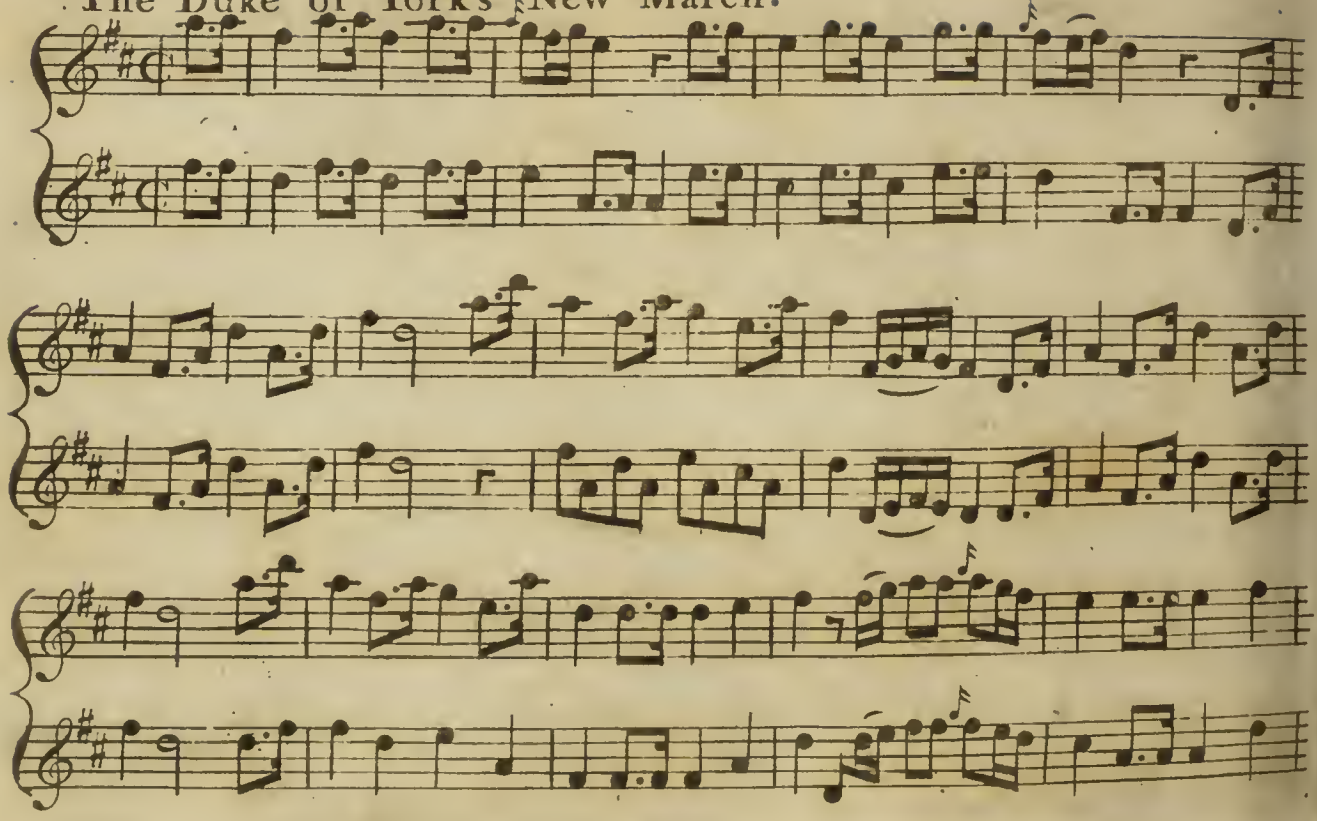
Lady Sunderland's Reel.

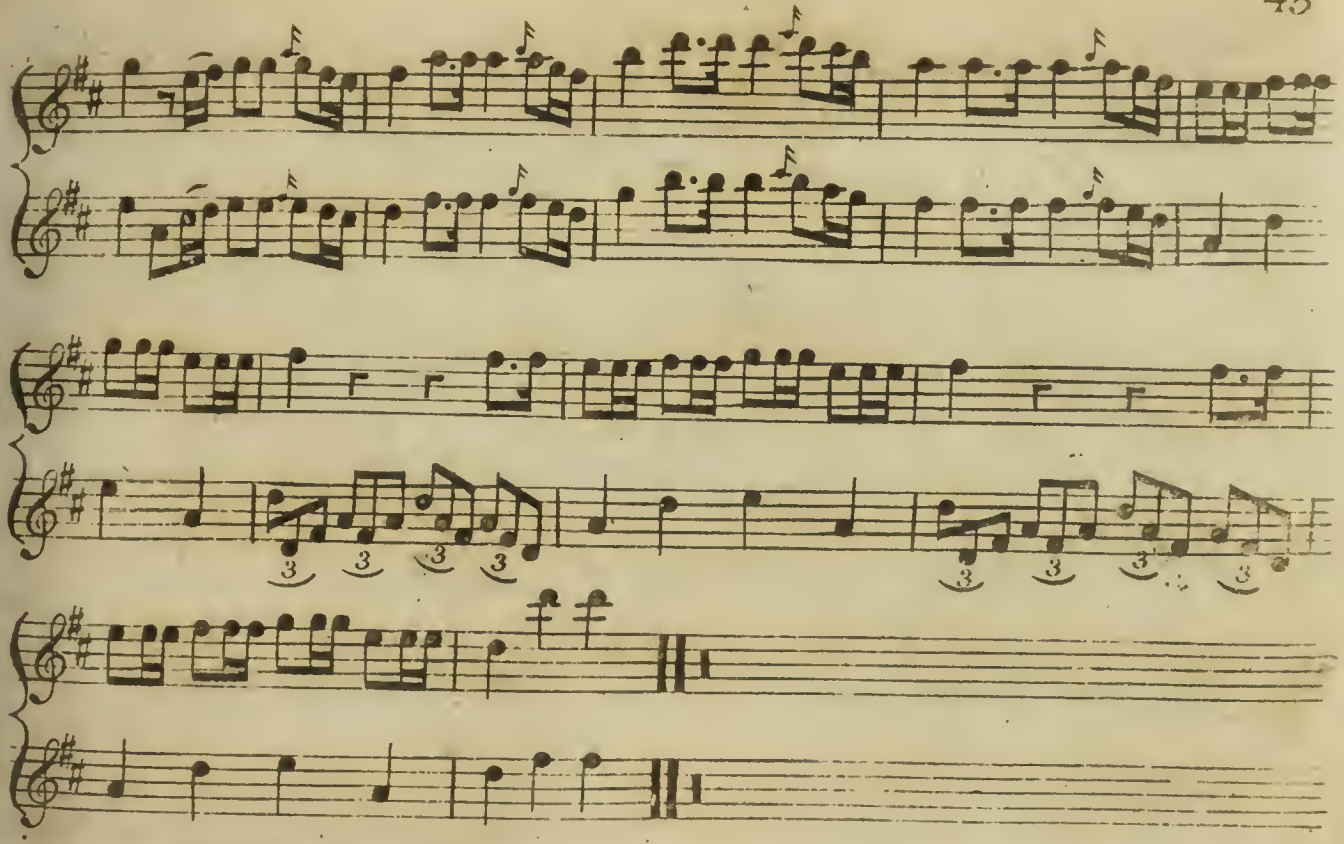


None so pretty.

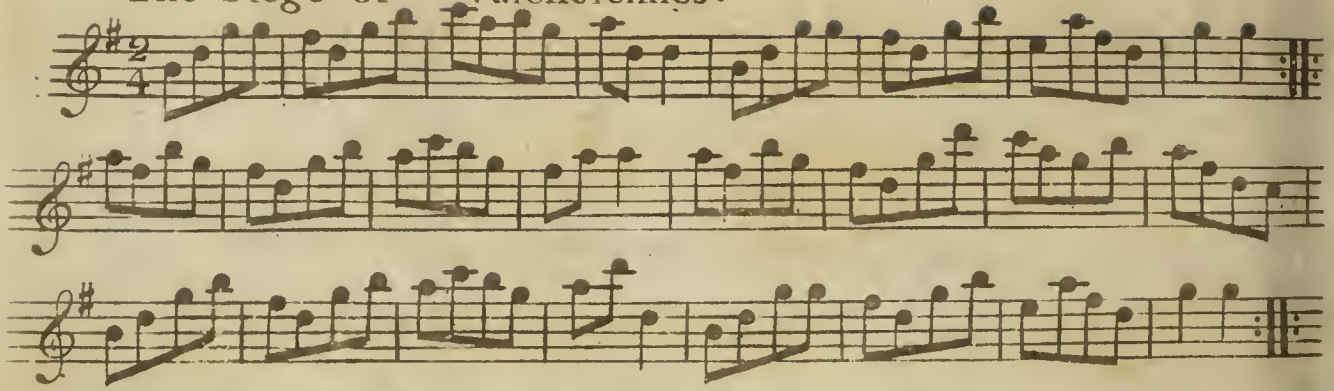


The Duke of York's New March.

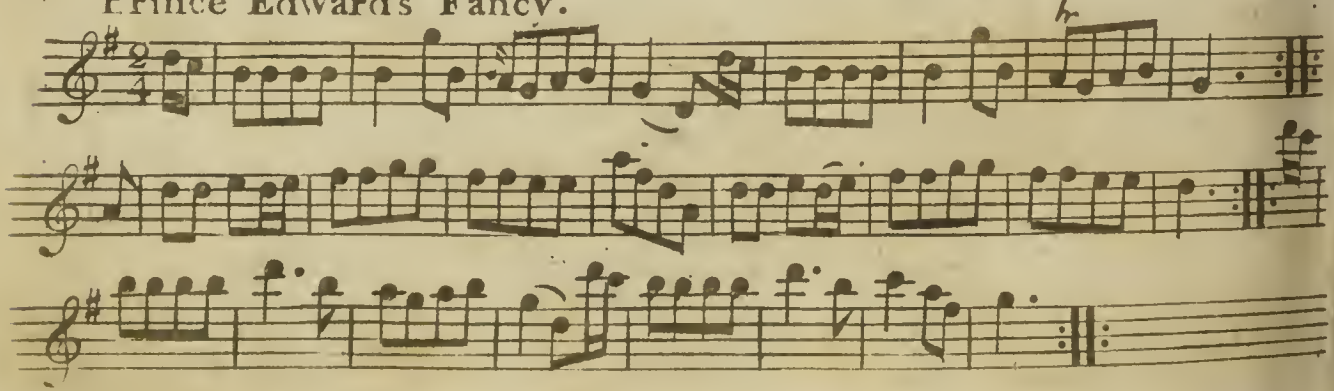




The Siege of Valenciennes.

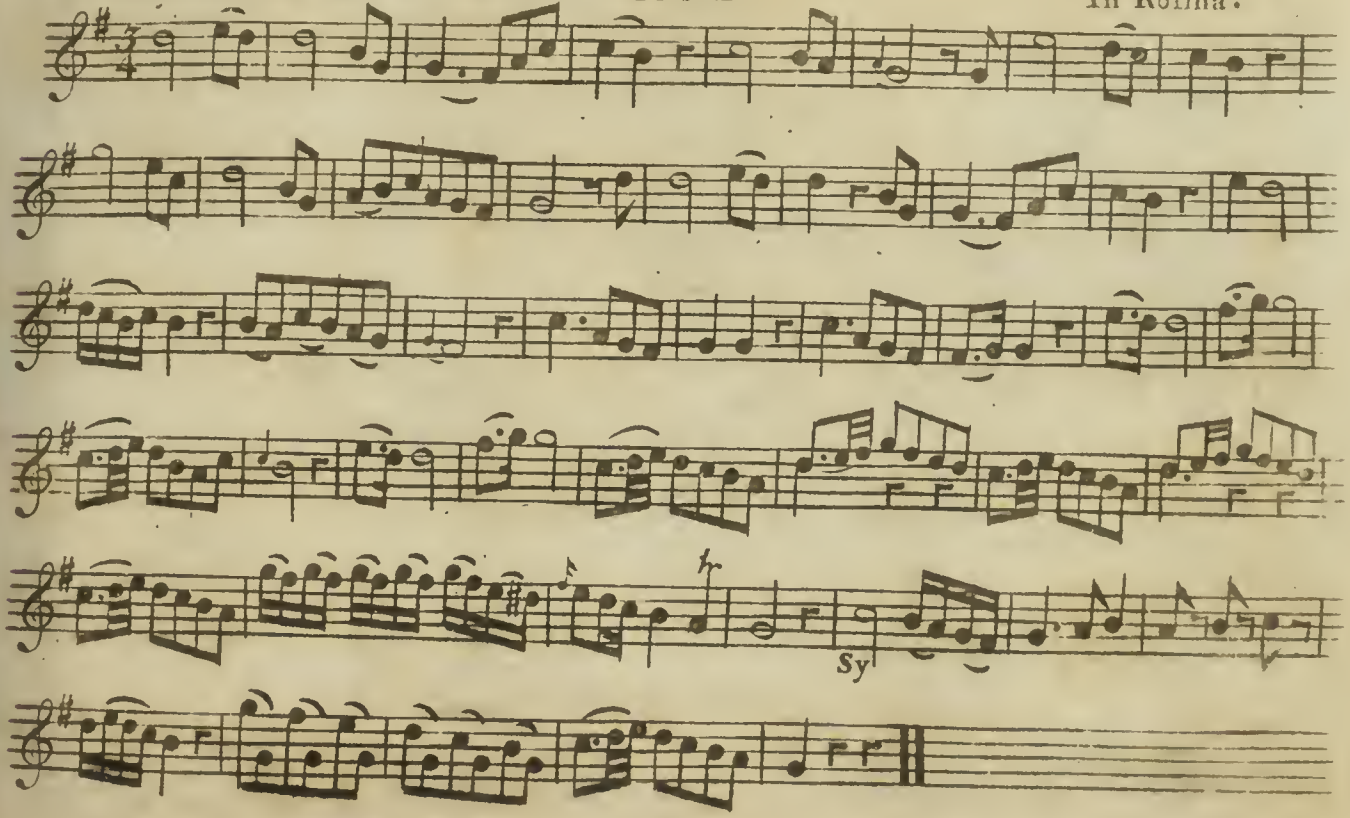


Prince Edward's Fancy.

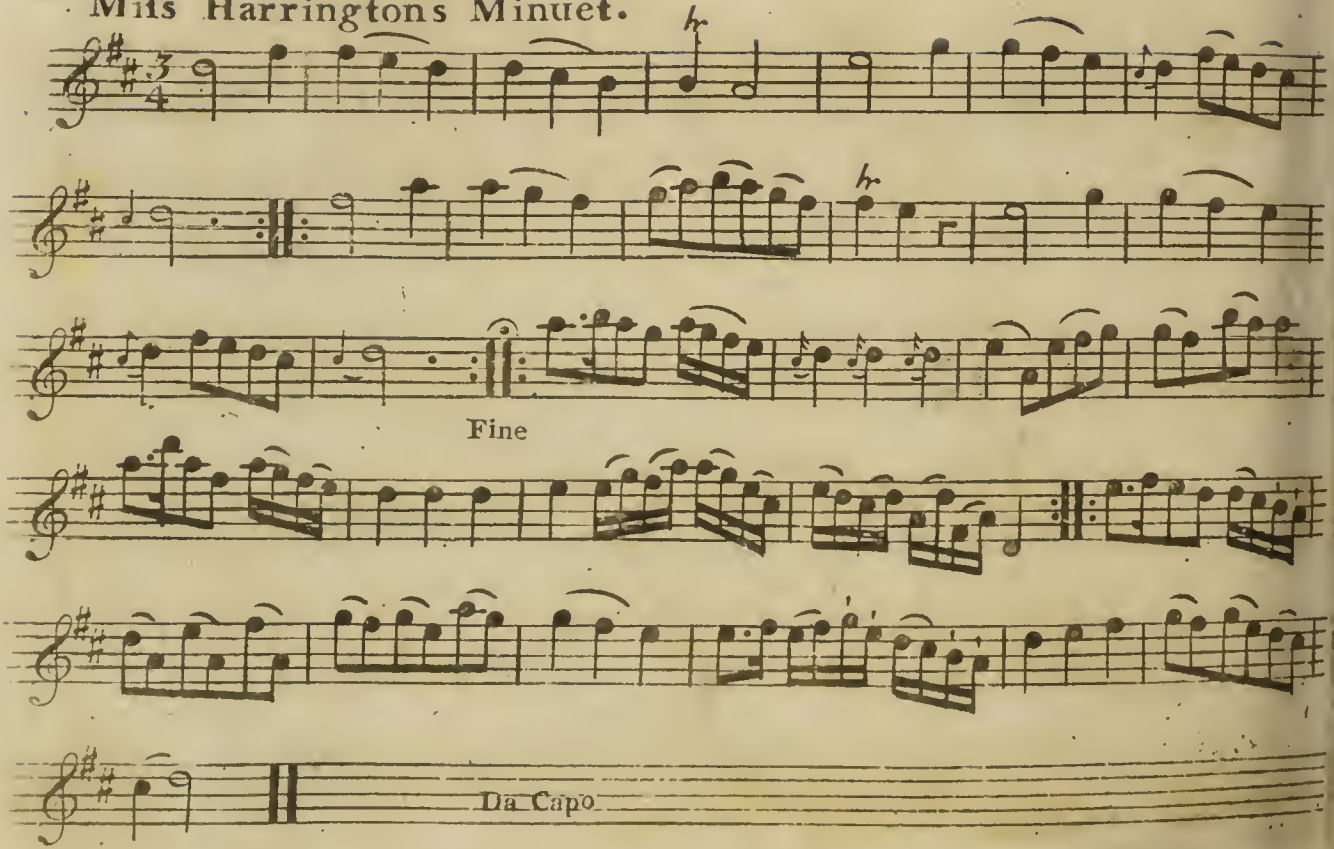


Henry cull'd the Flowret's Bloom.

In Rosina.



Miſs Harrington's Minuet.



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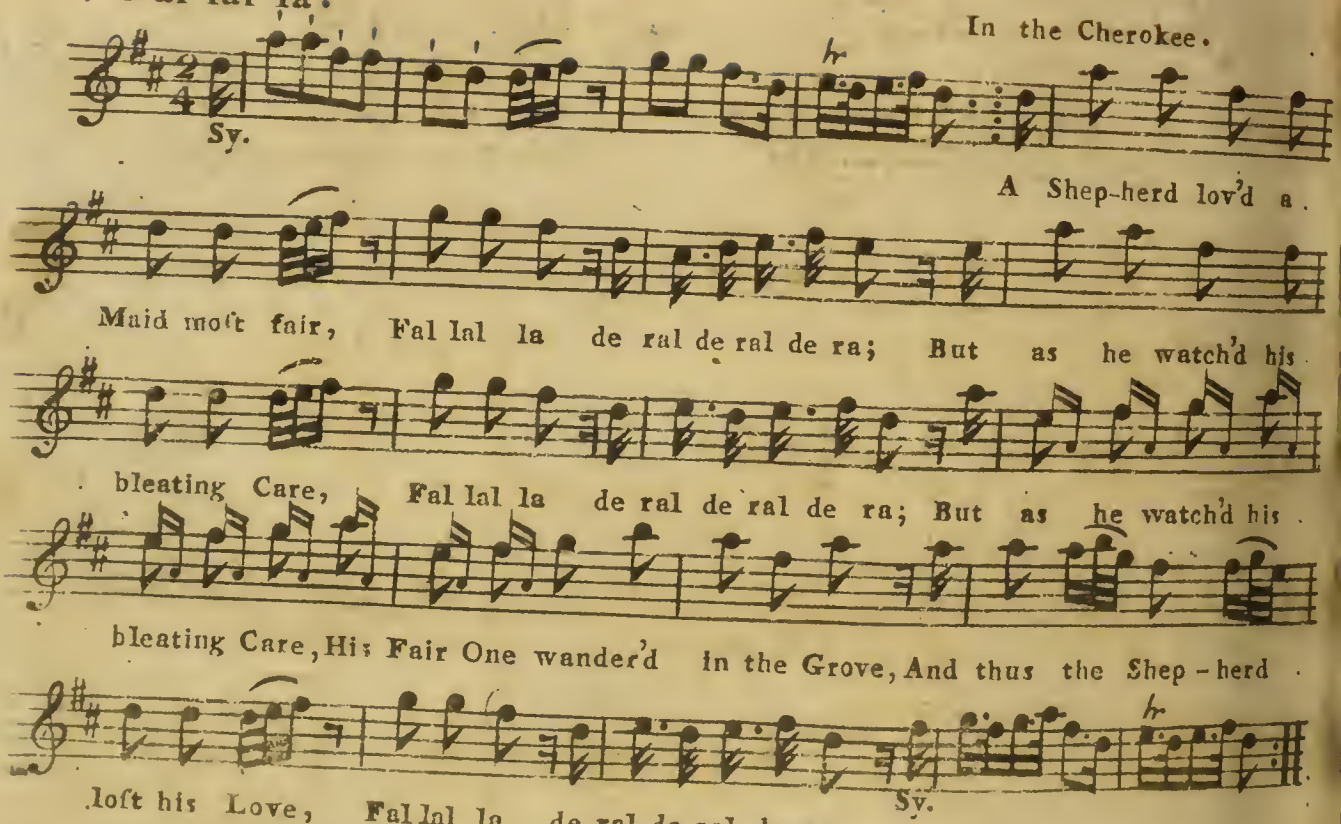
Fal lal la.


In the Cherokee.
Sy.
A Shep-herd lov'd a
Maid moſt fair, Fal lal la de ral de ral de ra; But as he watch'd his
bleating Care, Fal lal la de ral de ral de ra; But as he watch'd his
bleating Care, His Fair One wander'd in the Grove, And thus the Shep-herd
loſt his Love, Fal lal la de ral de ral de ra.
Sy.

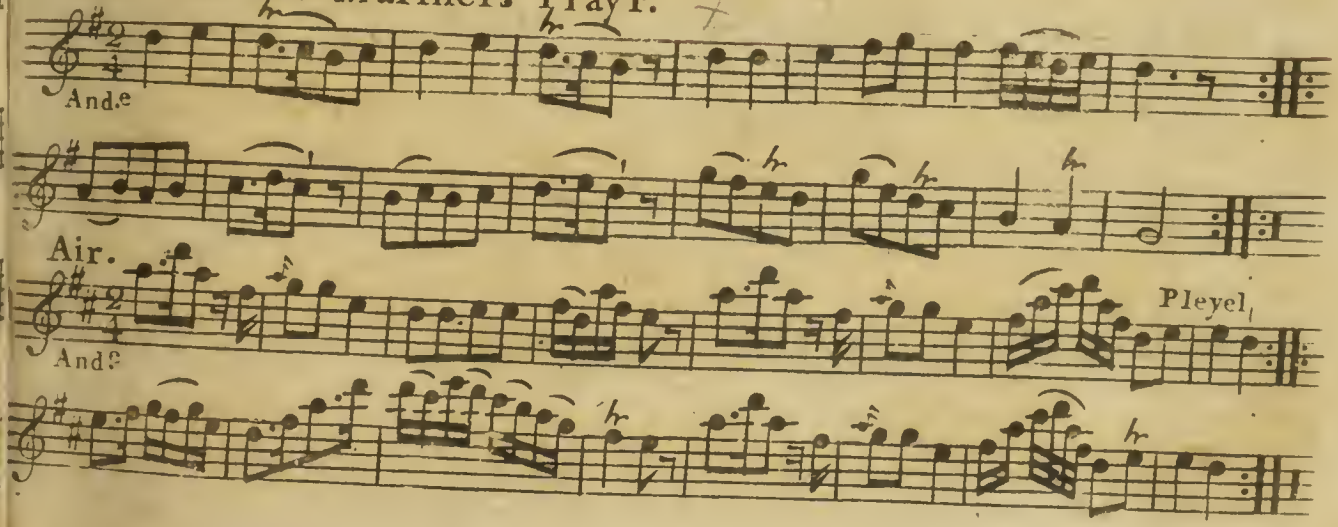
2

The Swain his fleecy Charge forsook,
His love tun'd Pipe his rural Crook;
And sought her in the thicket's Shade,
Where she to rest herself was laid.

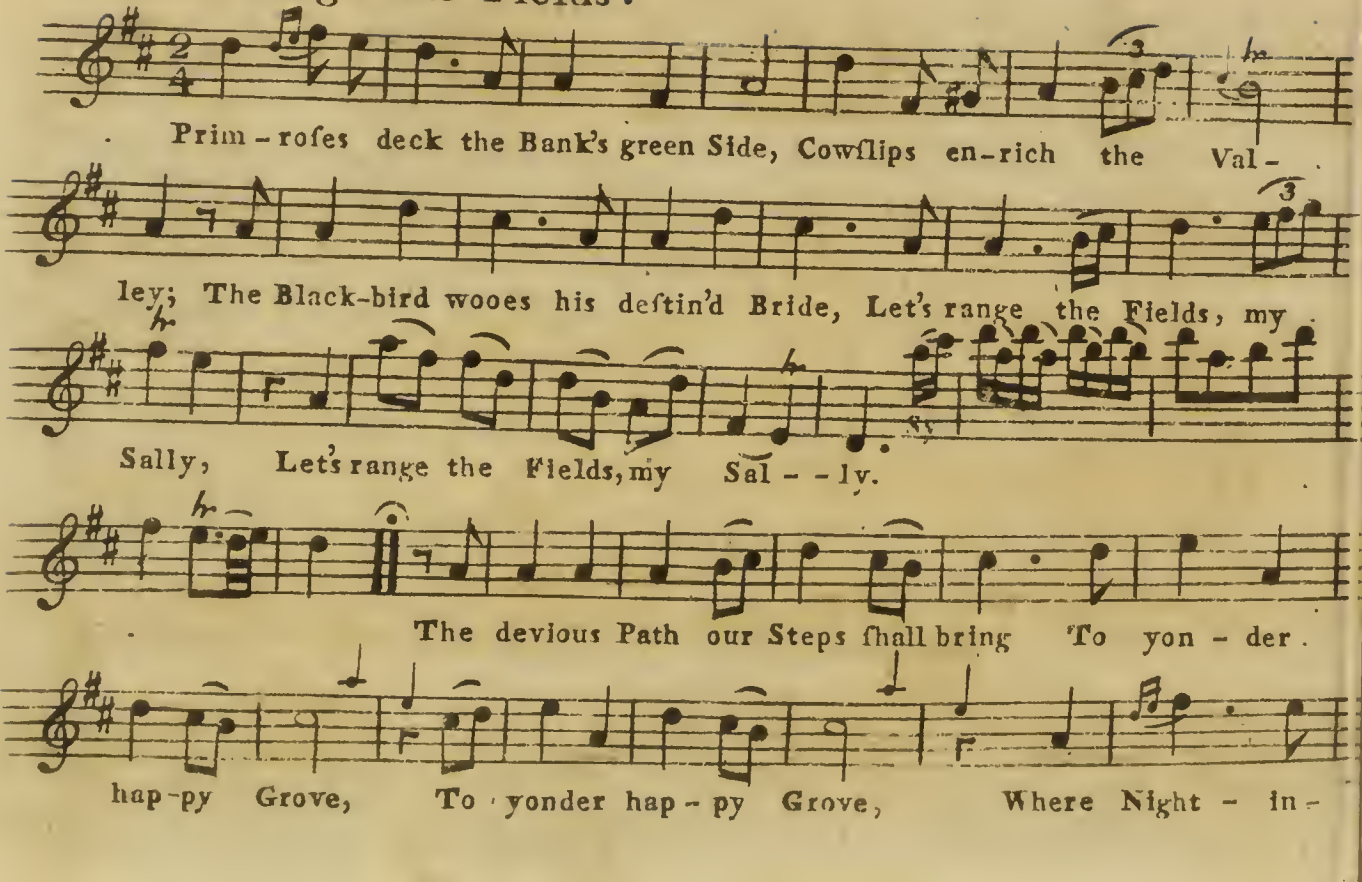
3

No sooner he the Maid espied,
Than he began to love and chide;
Dear Swain, she cry'd, but constant prove,
And I will henceforth cease to rove.

The Sicilian Mariners Pray'r.



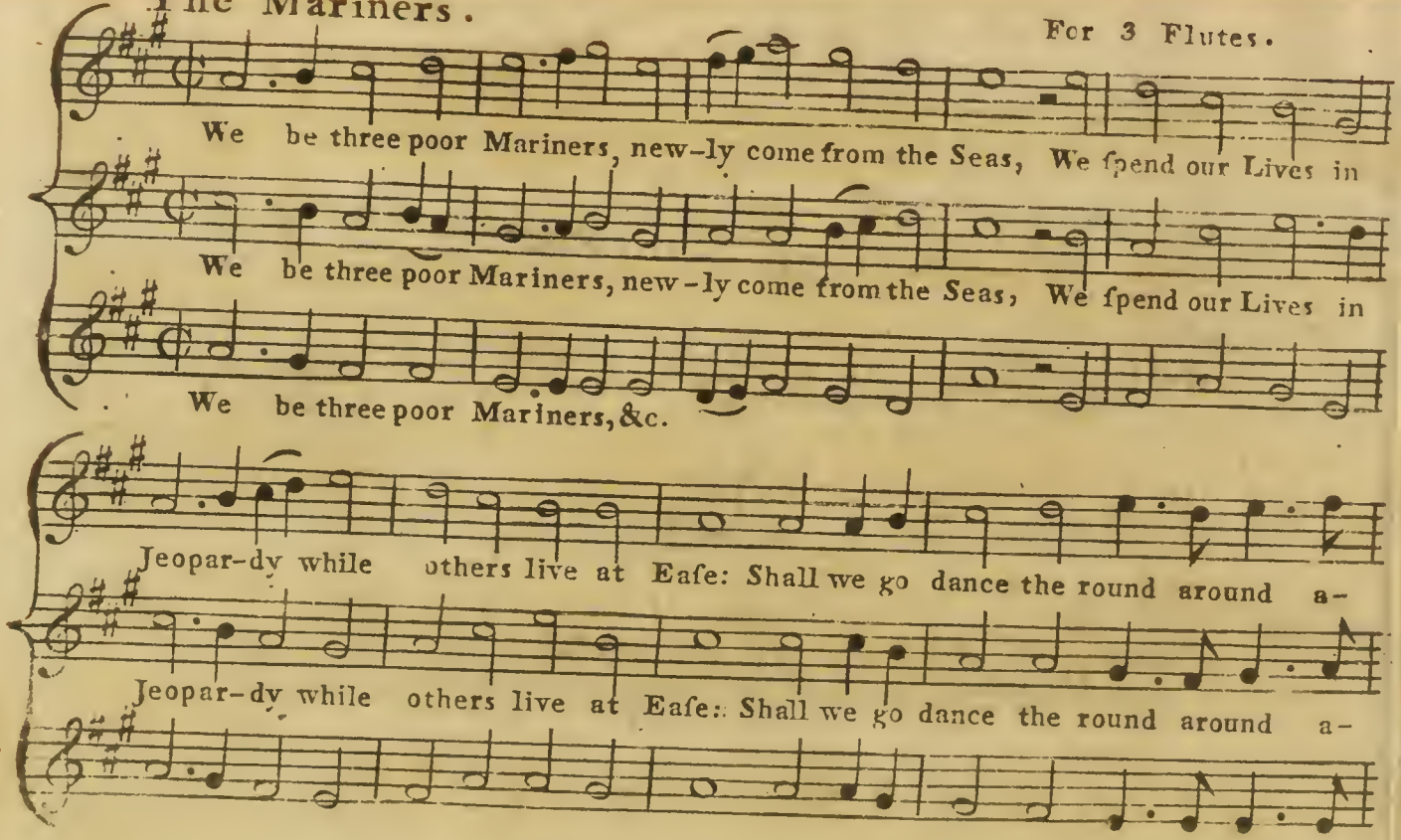
Let's range the Fields.

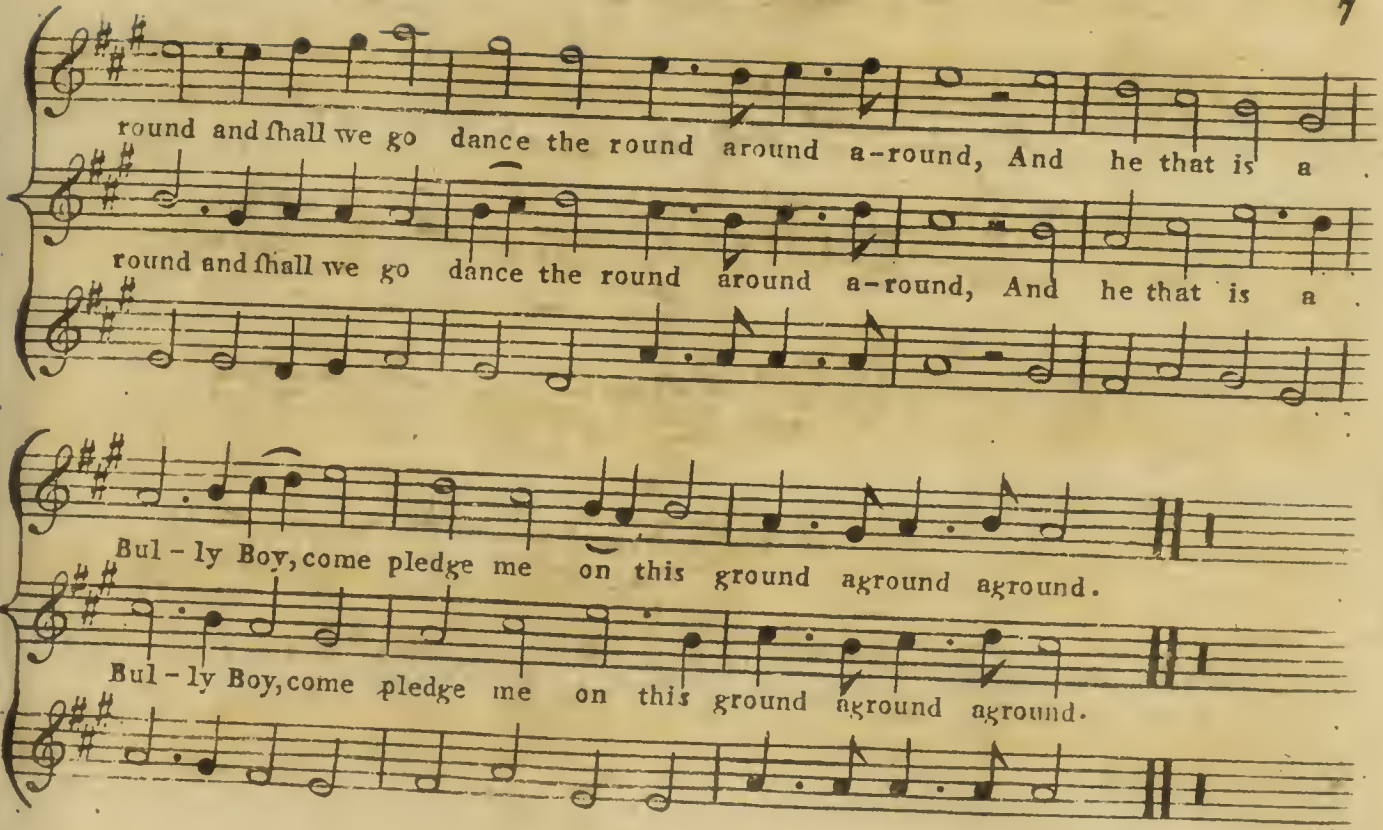

Prim-roſes deck the Bank's green Side, Cowſlips en-rich the Val-
ley; The Black-bird wooes his deſtin'd Bride, Let's range the Fields, my
Sally, Let's range the Fields, my Sal--ly.
The devious Path our Steps ſhall bring To yon-der
hap-py Grove, To yonder hap-py Grove, Where Night-in-

Sy.
gales de-light-ed ſing, And Zephyrs whiſ-per Love, And Zephyrs
whiſper Love..
D.C.
With ſweeteſt Flow'rs a Wreathe I'll twine, To bind that
modeſt Brow of thine;
Sy
My Love ſhall ba - niſh
ev'-ry Fear, And crown thee God-deſs of the Year, And crown thee
God-deſs of - the Year.
Da Capo

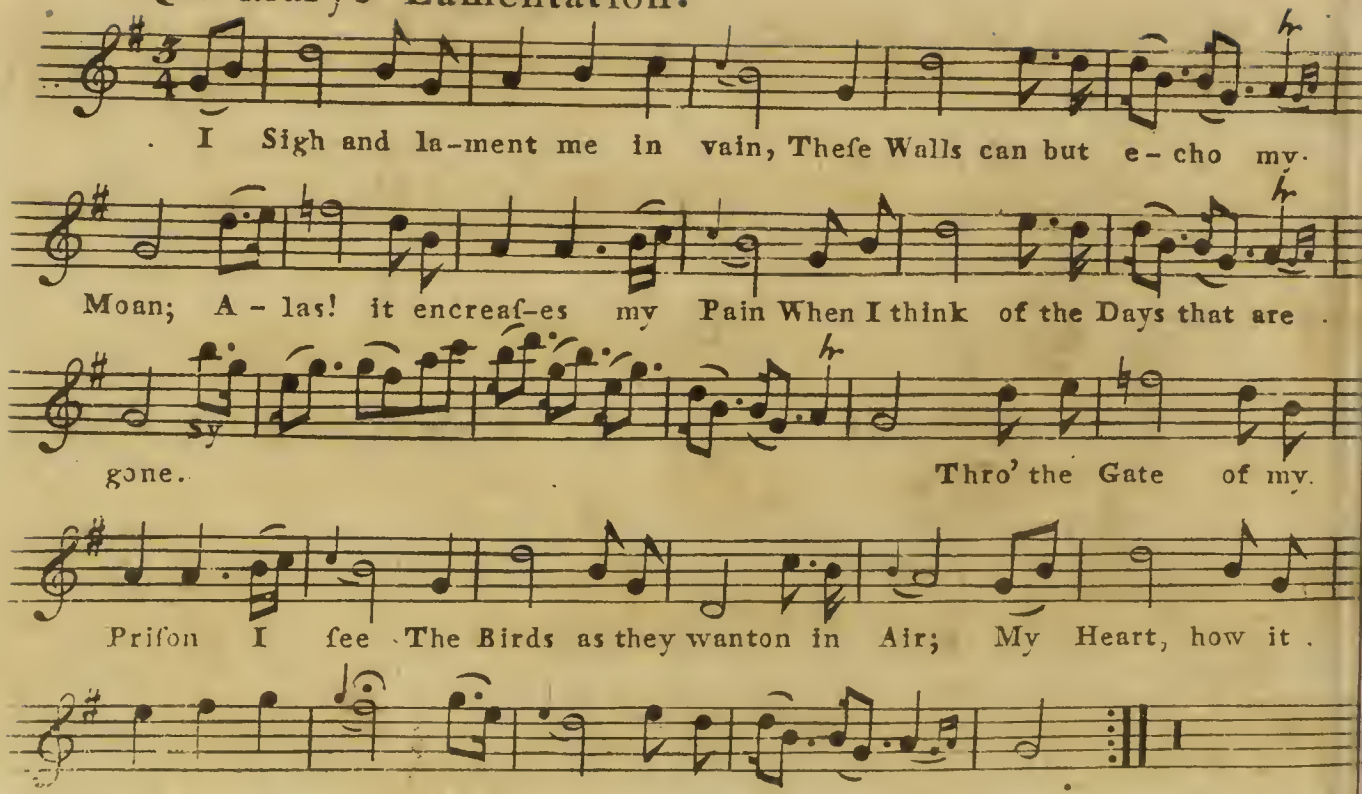
The Mariners.

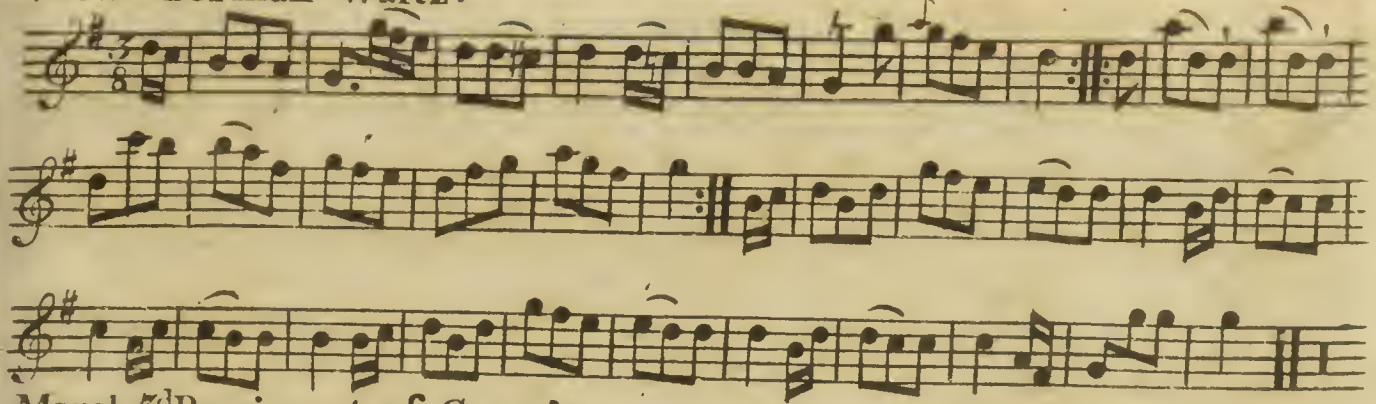
For 3 Flutes.


We be three poor Mariners, new-ly come from the Seas, We ſpend our Lives in
We be three poor Mariners, new-ly come from the Seas, We ſpend our Lives in
We be three poor Mariners, &c.
Jeopar-dy while others live at Eaſe: Shall we go dance the round around a-
Jeopar-dy while others live at Eaſe: Shall we go dance the round around a-

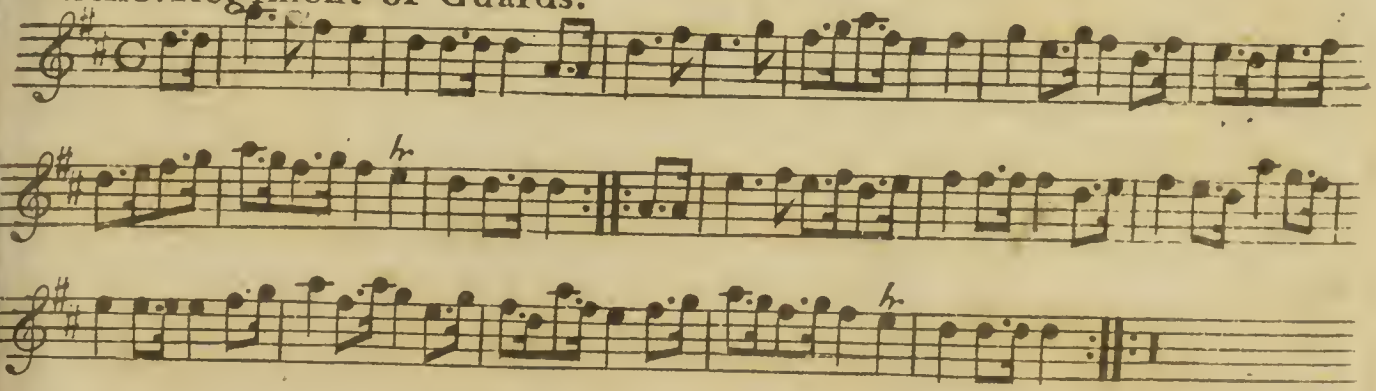

round and ſhall we go dance the round around a-round, And he that is a
round and ſhall we go dance the round around a-round, And he that is a
Bul - ly Boy, come pledge me on this ground aground aground.
Bul - ly Boy, come pledge me on this ground aground aground.

Qn. Mary's Lamentation.


I Sigh and la-ment me in vain, Theſe Walls can but e-cho my-
Moan; A-las! it encreaſ-es my Pain When I think of the Days that are
gone.
Thro' the Gate of my
Priſon I ſee The Birds as they wanton in Air; My Heart, how it
pants to be free. My Looks they are wild with Deſ-pair.

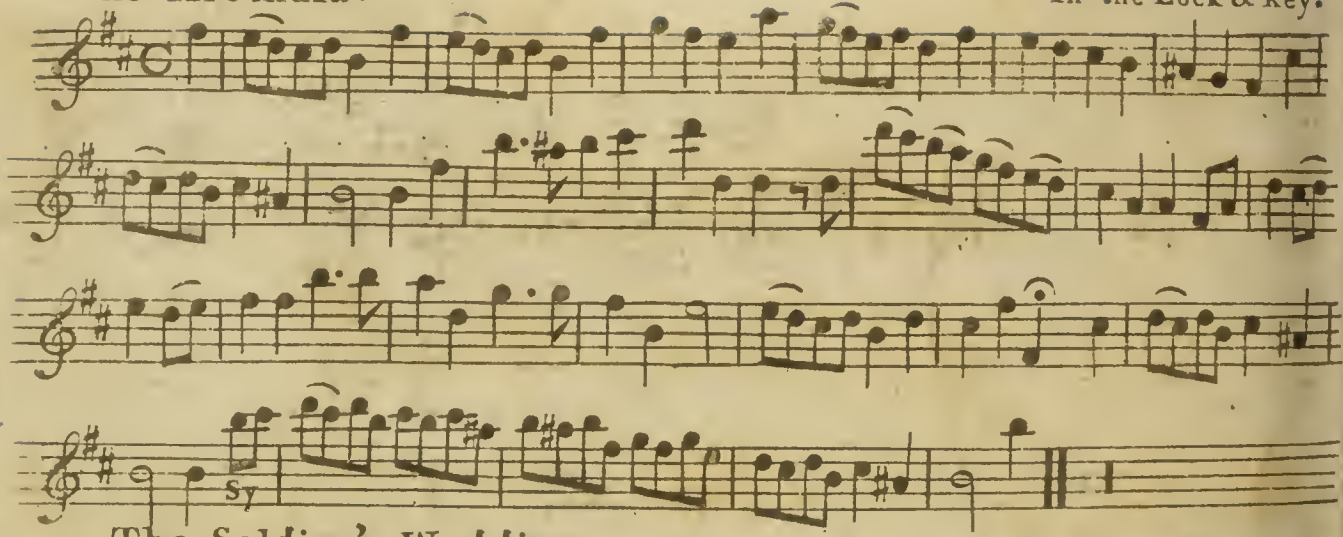


March 3d Regiment of Guards.

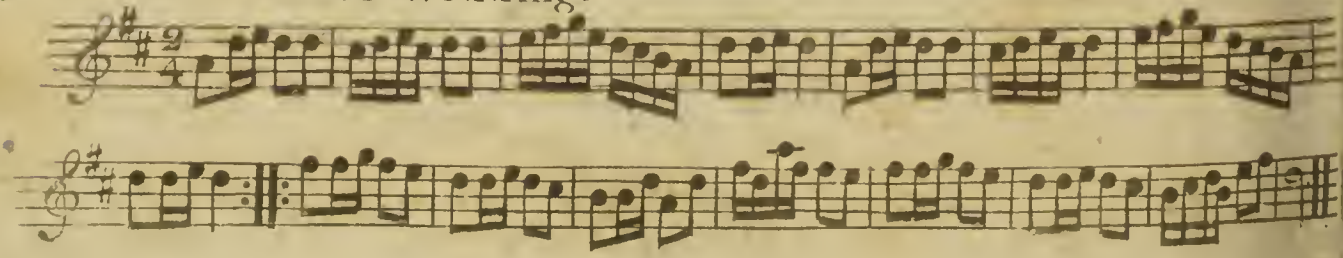


The Arethusa.

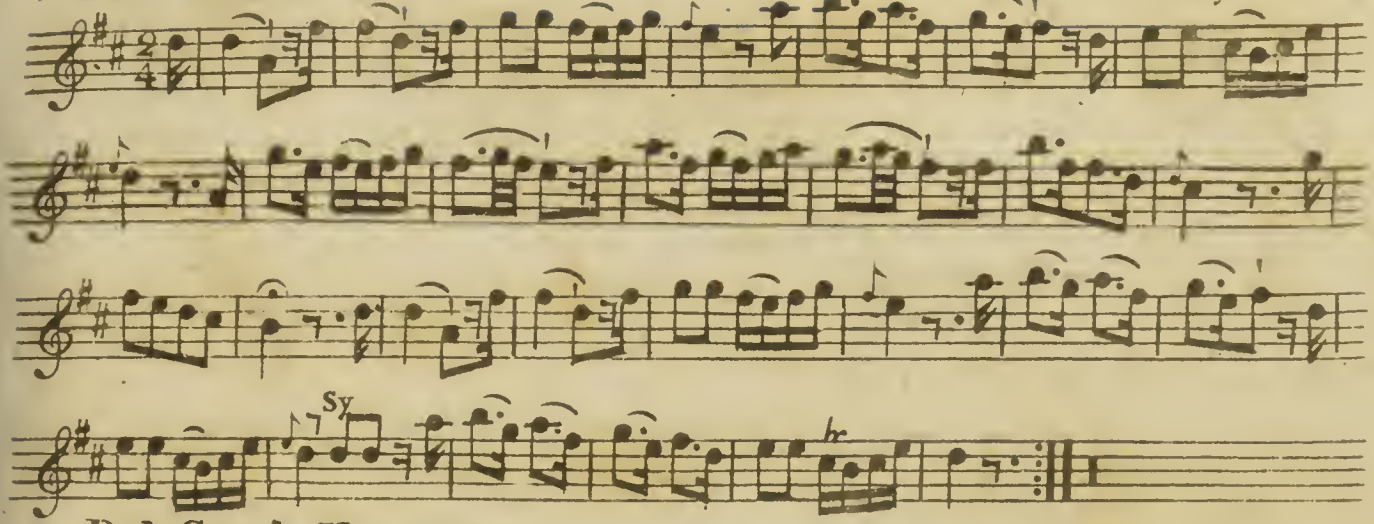
In the Lock & Key.



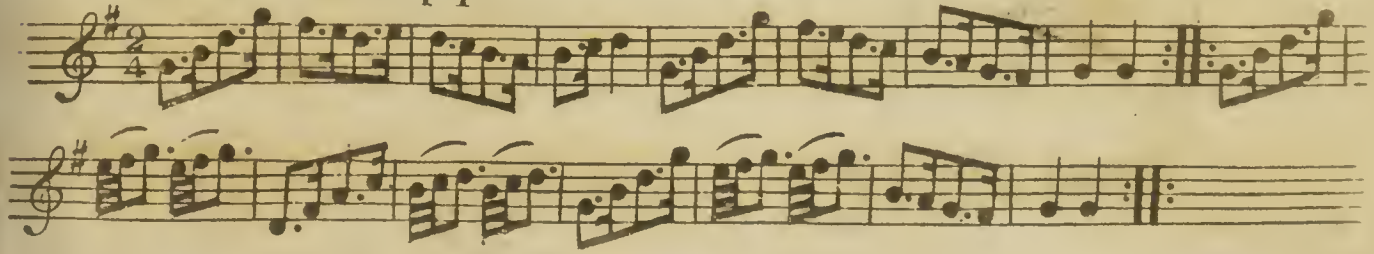
The Soldier's Wedding.



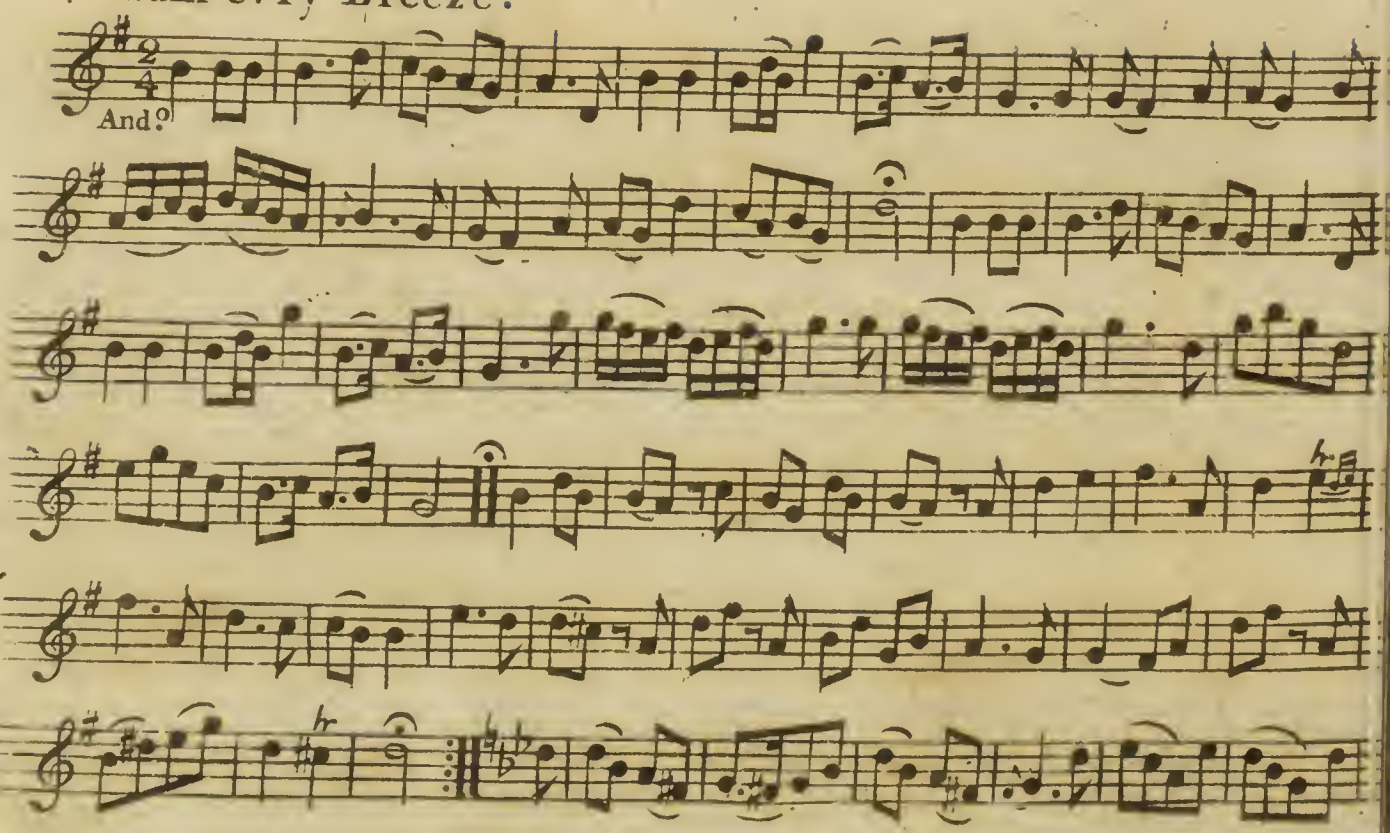
The Miniature. Pleyel.

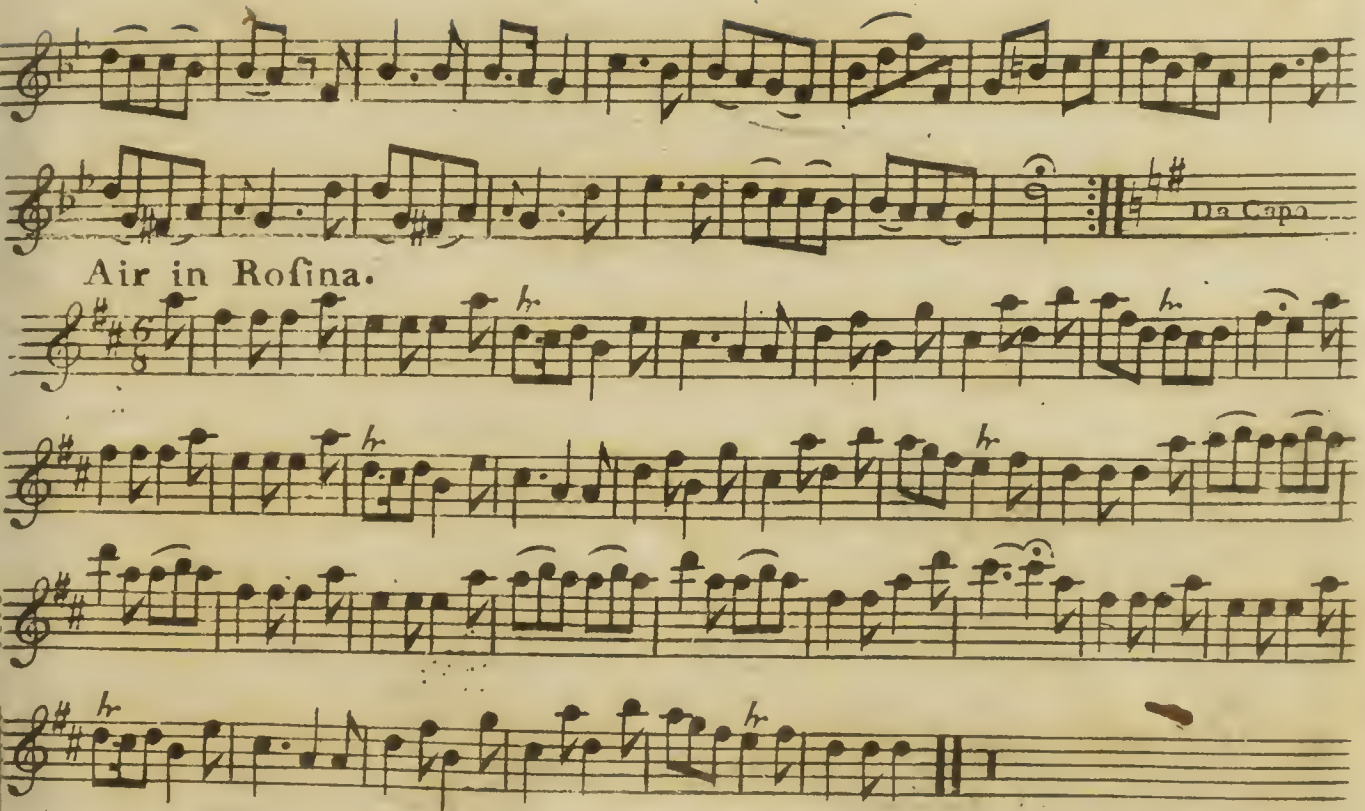


Del Caro's Hornpipe.



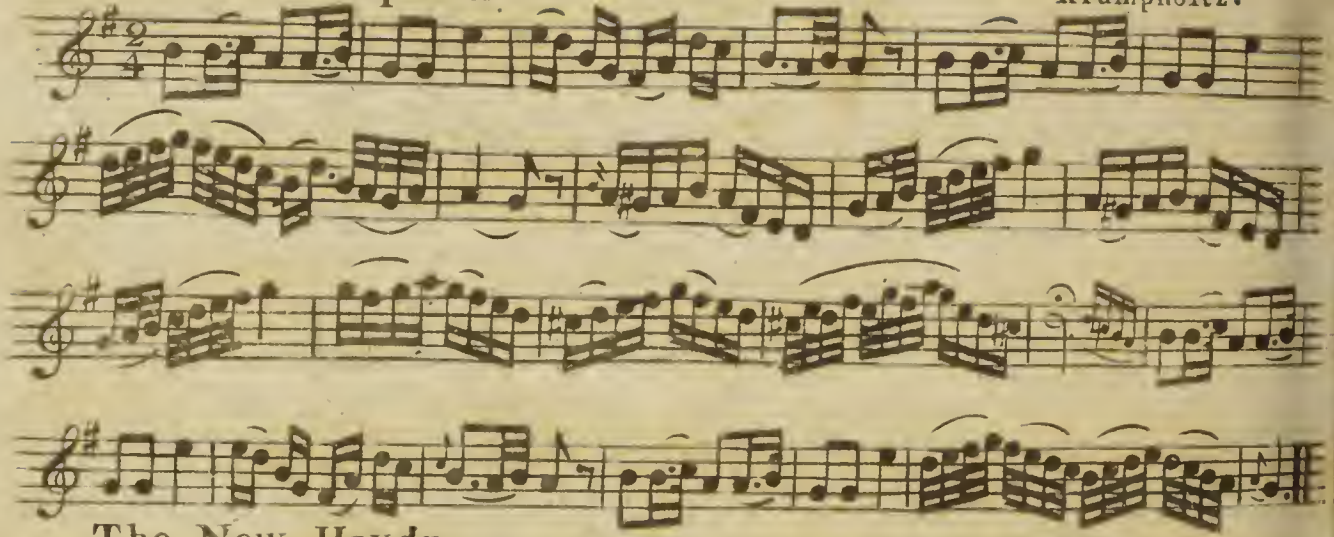
Hush ev'ry Breeze.



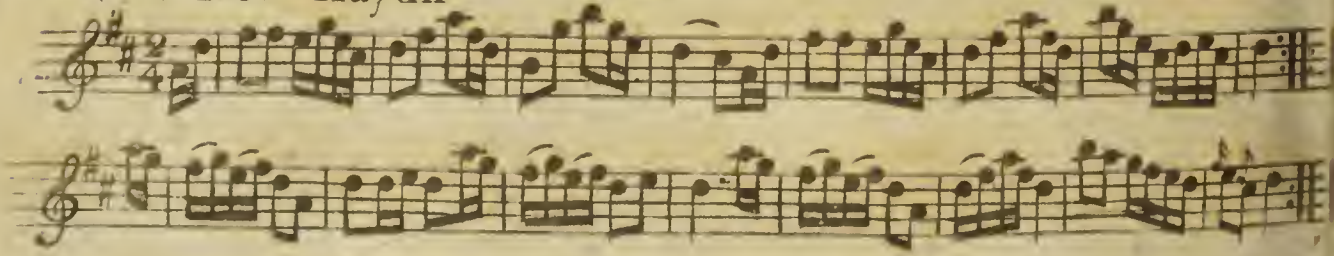

Da Capo
Air in Rosina.

The Nun's Complaint

Krumpholtz.

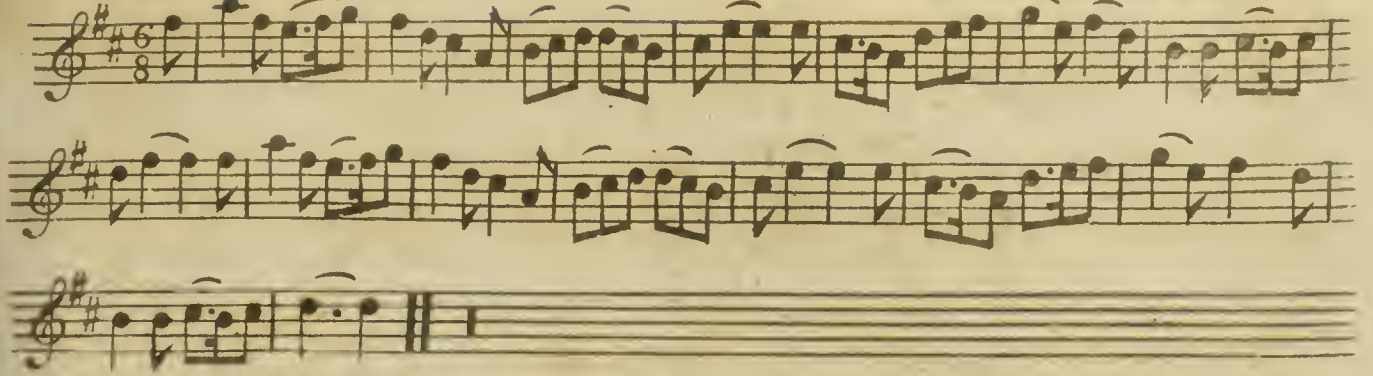


The New Haydn.

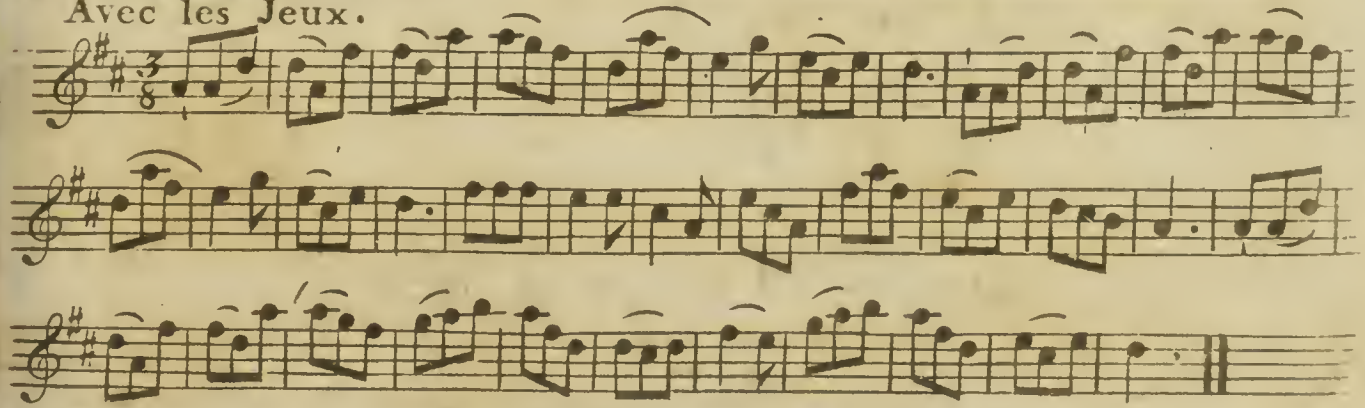


As now we're met.

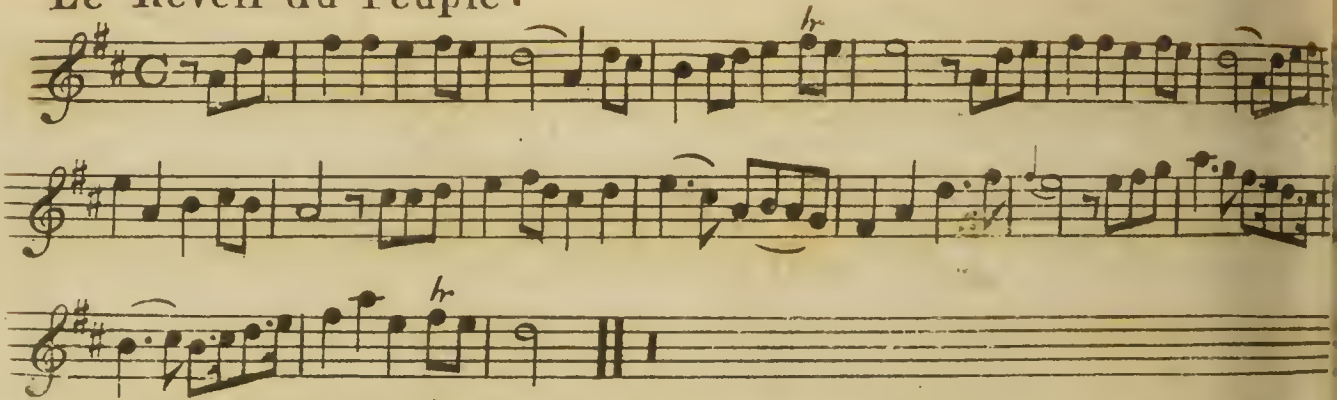
In the Haunted Tower.



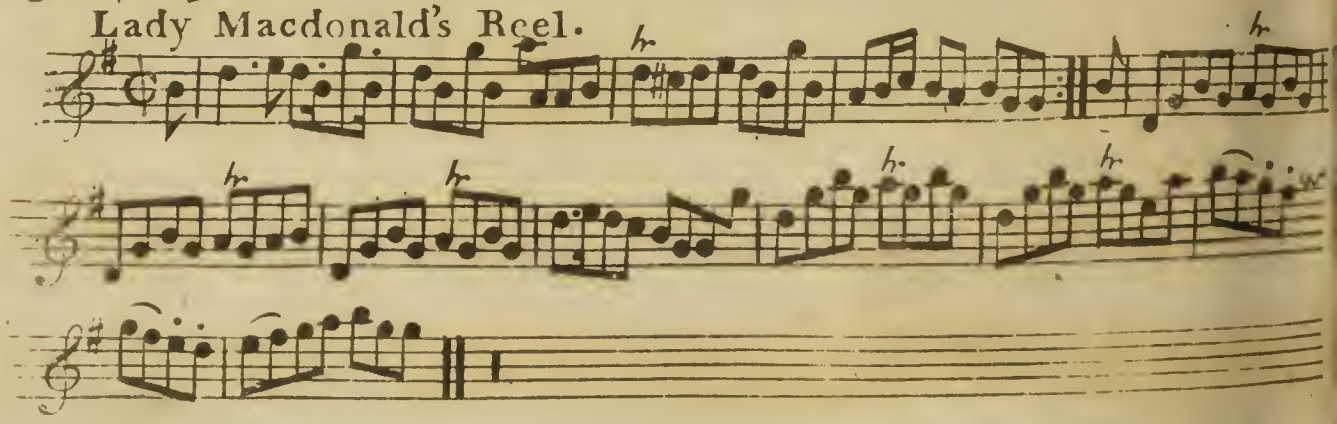
Avec les Jeux.



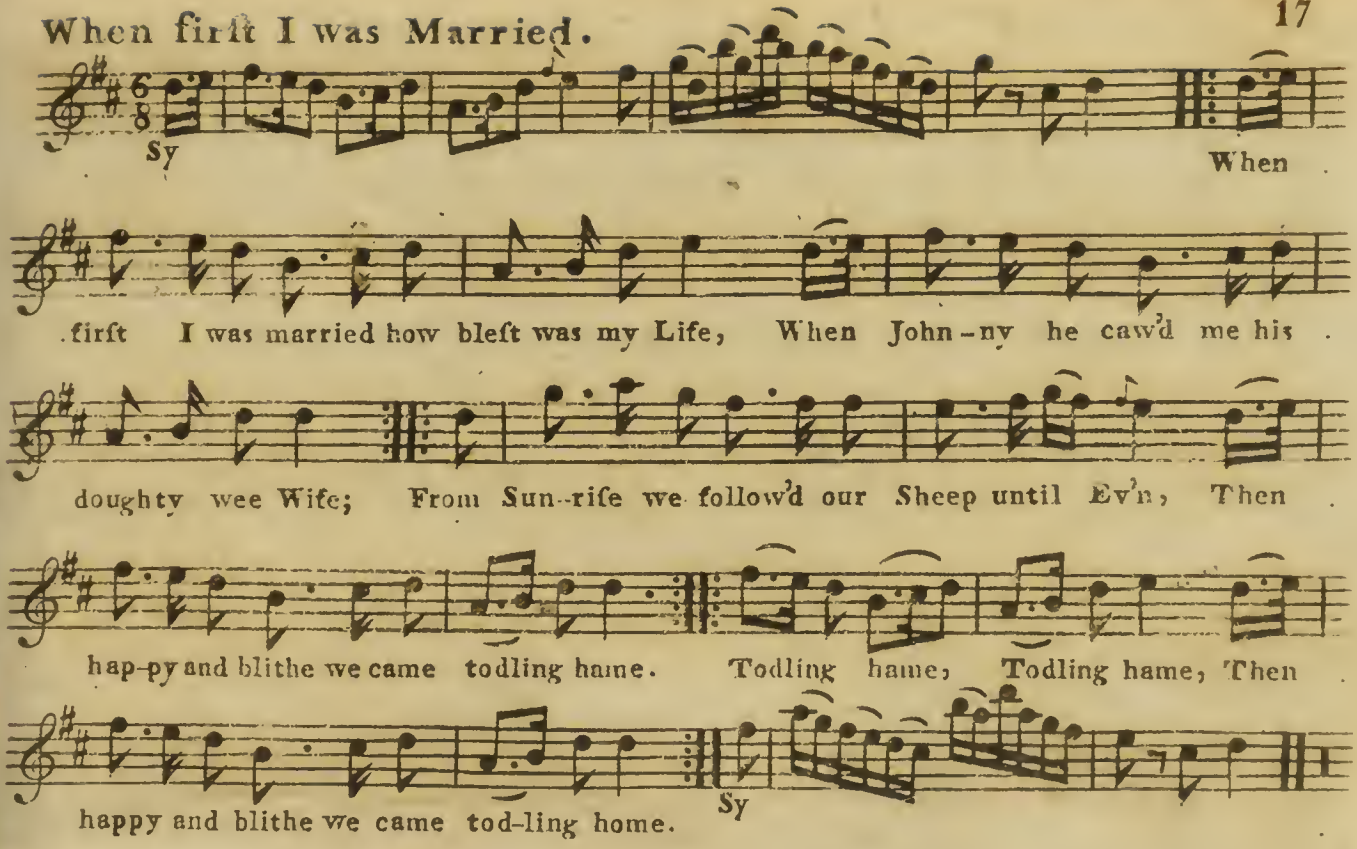
Le Reveil du Peuple.



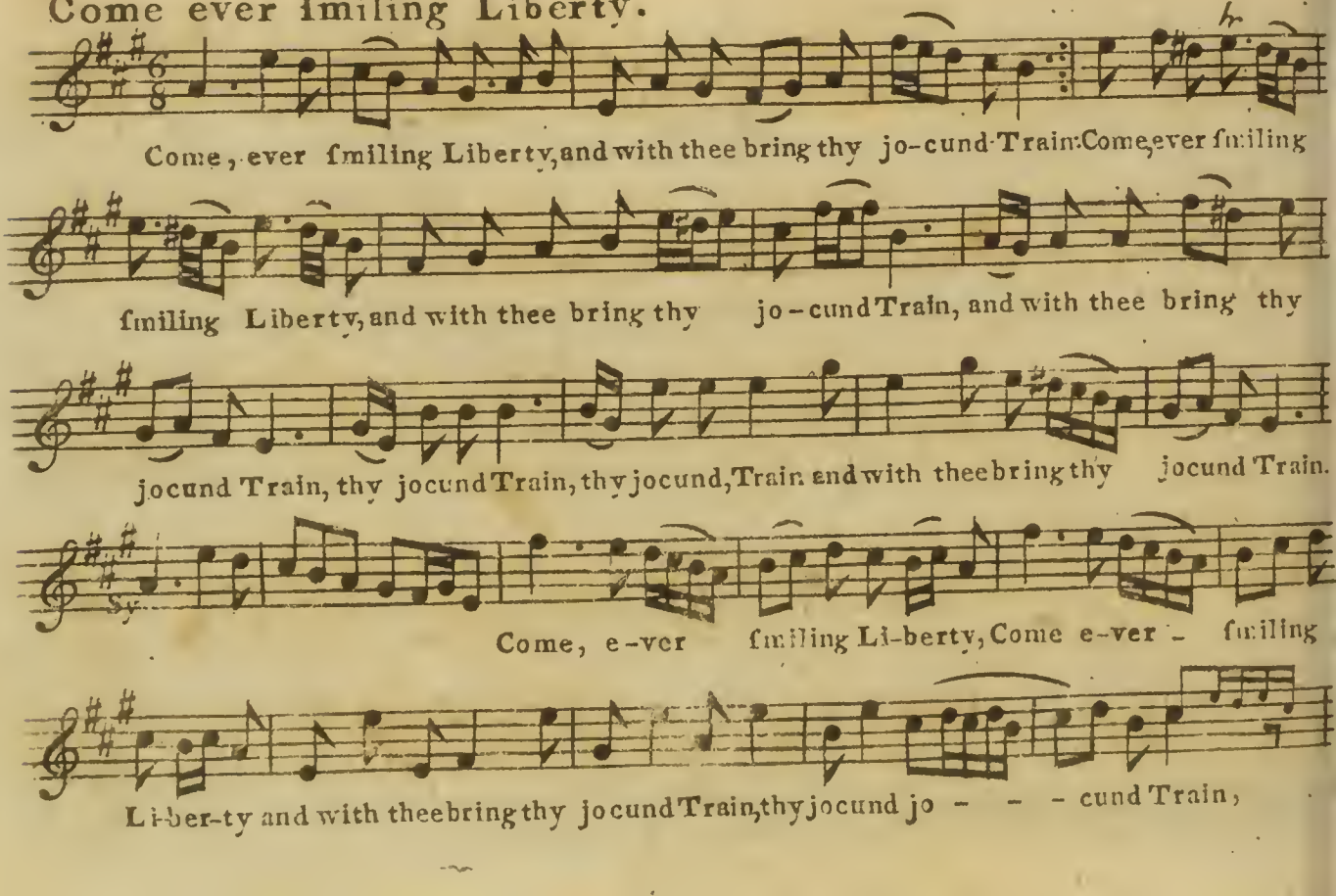
Lady Macdonald's Reel.

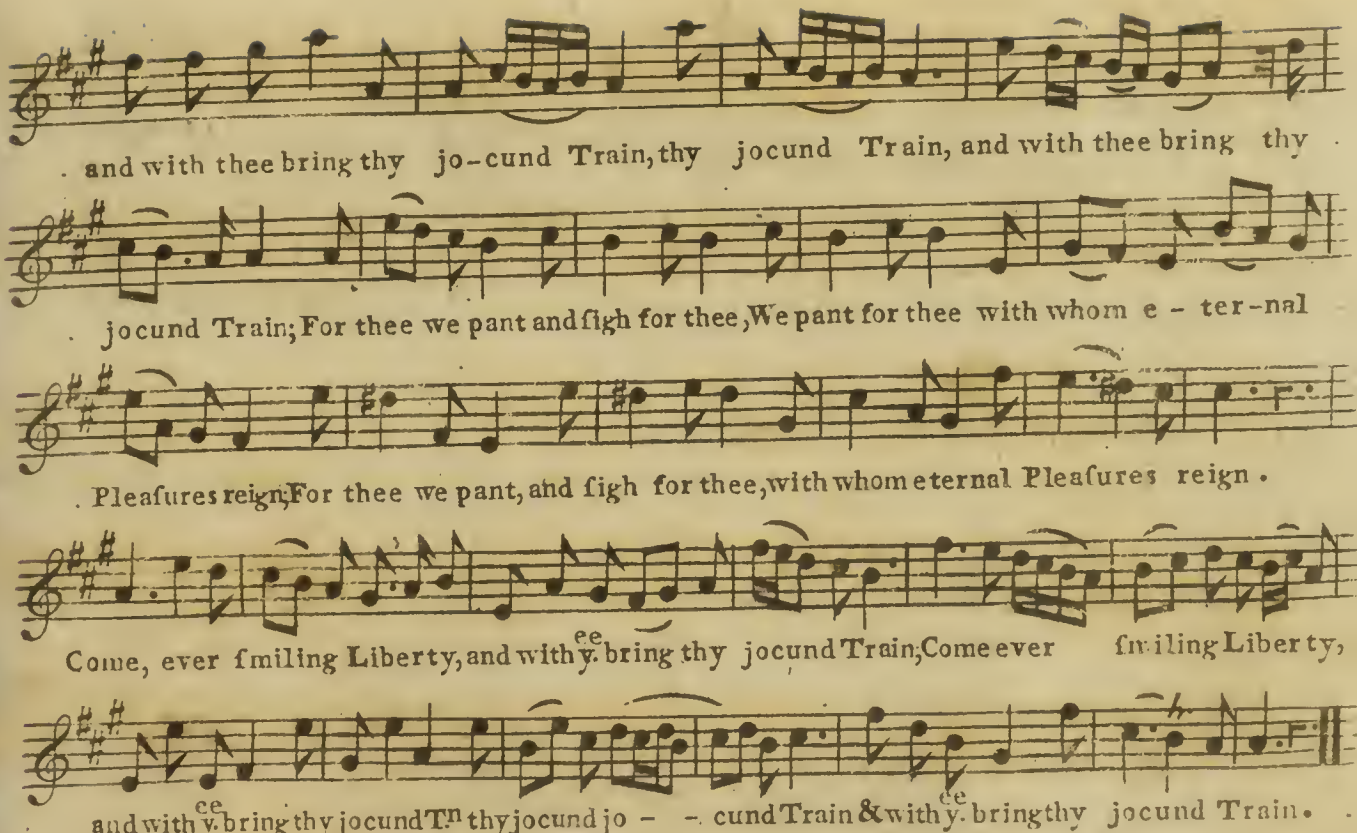


When firſt I was Married.

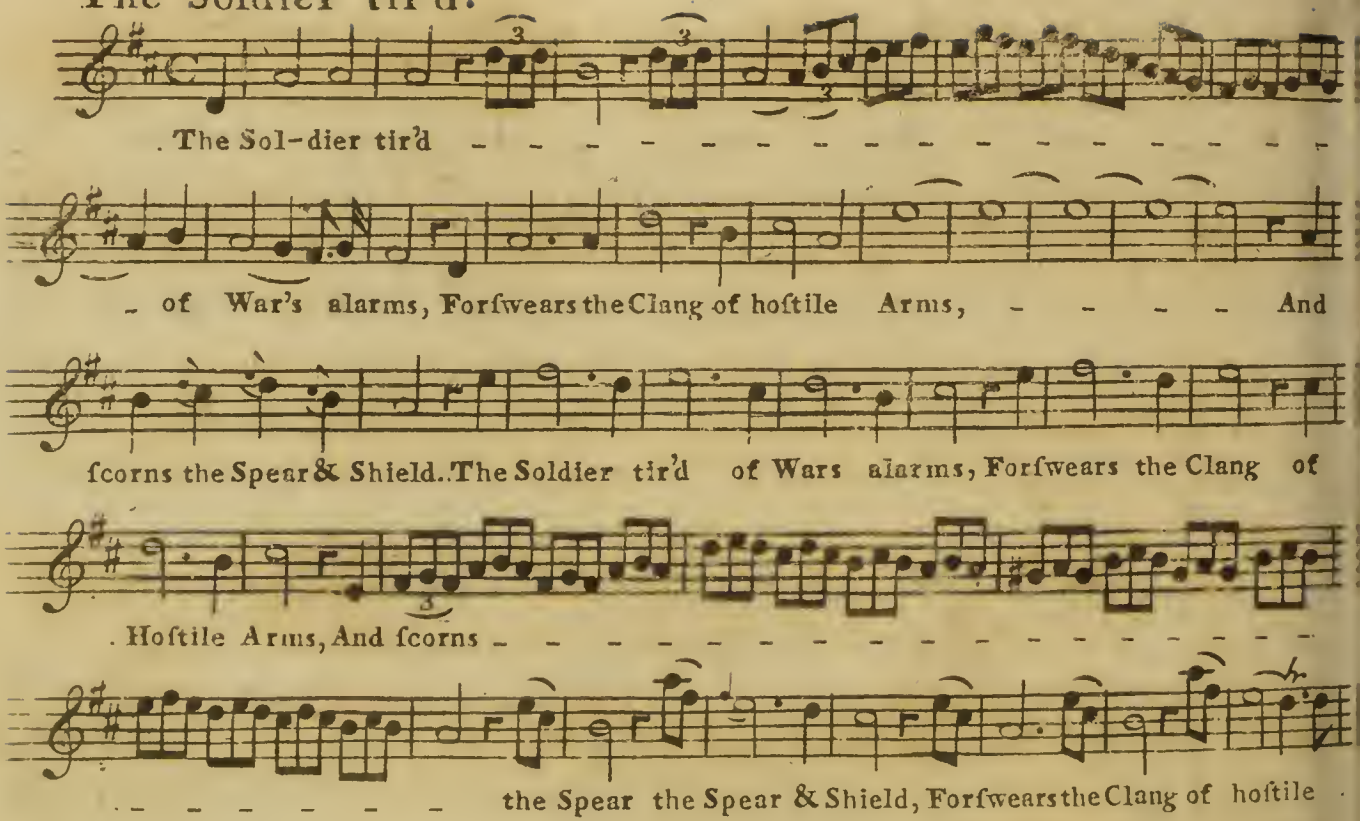

Sy
When
firſt I was married how bleſt was my Life, When John-ny he caw'd me his
doughty wee Wife; From Sun-riſe we follow'd our Sheep until Ev'n, Then
hap-py and blithe we came todling hame. Todling hame, Todling hame, Then
happy and blithe we came tod-ling home.
Sy

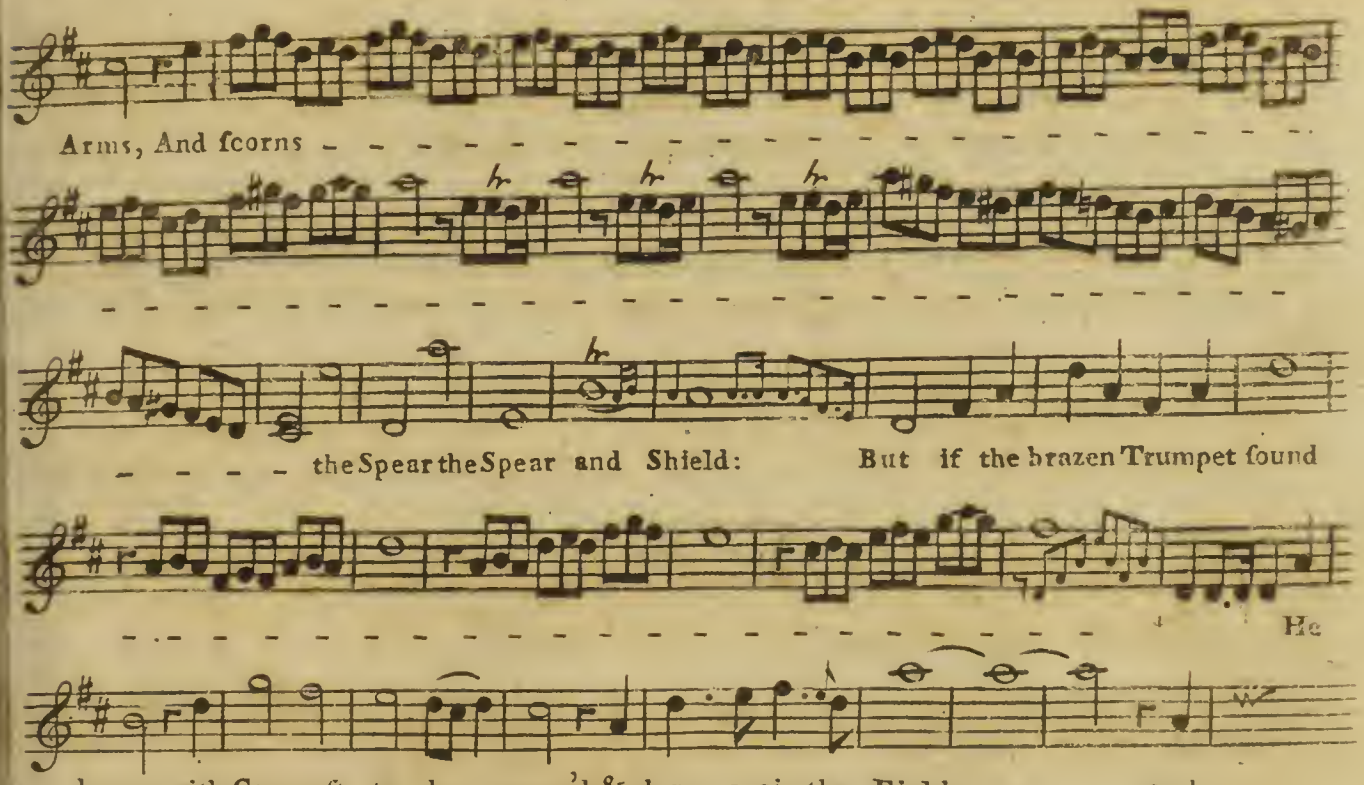
Come ever ſmiling Liberty.

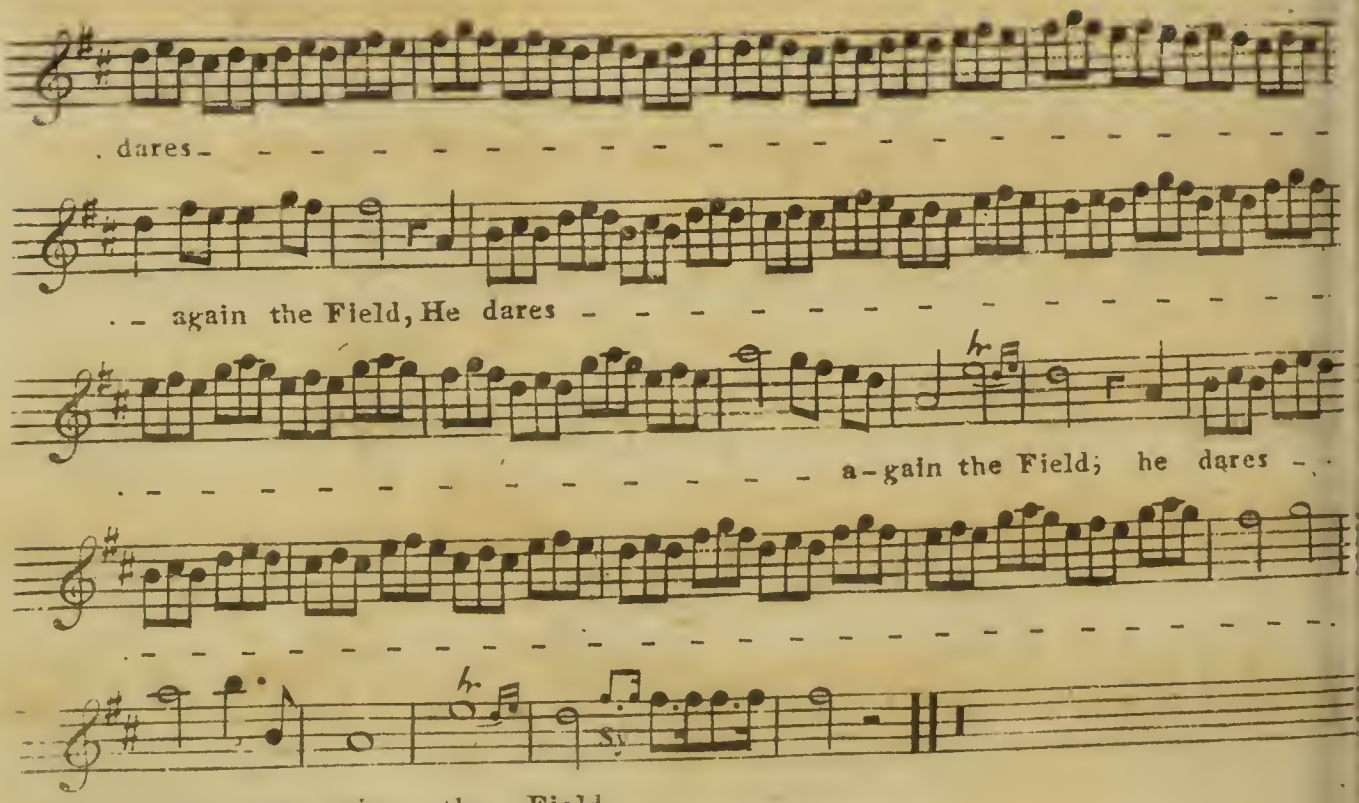

Come, ever ſmiling Liberty, and with thee bring thy jo-cund Train: Come, ever ſmiling
ſmiling Liberty, and with thee bring thy jo-cund Train, and with thee bring thy
jocund Train, thy jocund Train, thy jocund, Train and with thee bring thy jocund Train.
Come, e-ver ſmiling Li-berty, Come e-ver - ſmiling
Li-ber-ty and with thee bring thy jocund Train, thy jocund jo - - - cund Train,


and with thee bring thy jo-cund Train, thy jocund Train, and with thee bring thy
jocund Train; For thee we pant and sigh for thee, We pant for thee with whom e - ter-nal
Pleasures reign; For thee we pant, and sigh for thee, with whom eternal Pleasures reign.
Come, ever smiling Liberty, and with ee bring thy jocund Train; Come ever smiling Liberty,
and with ee bring thy jocund Tn thy jocund jo - - cund Train & with ee bring thy jocund Train.

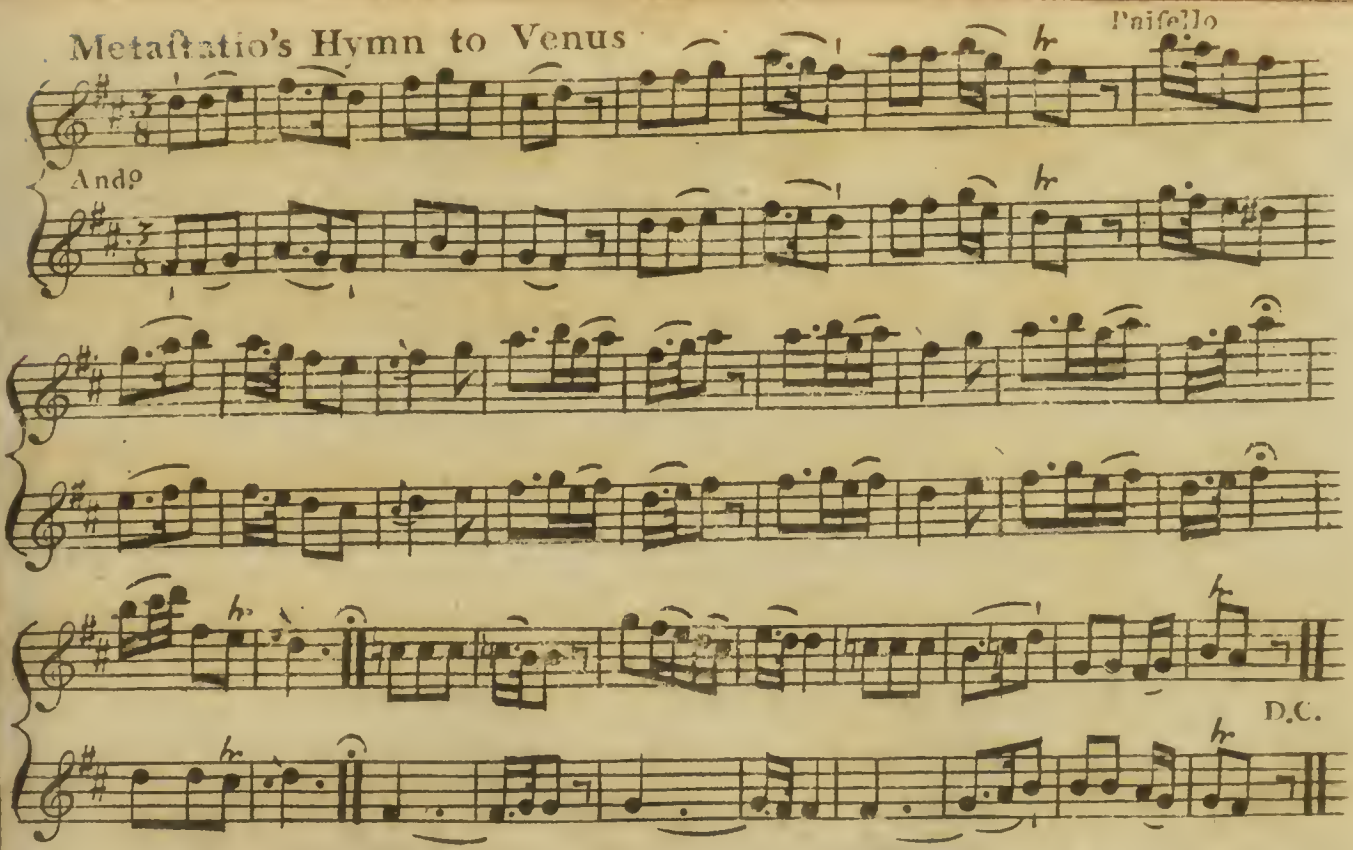
The Soldier tir'd.

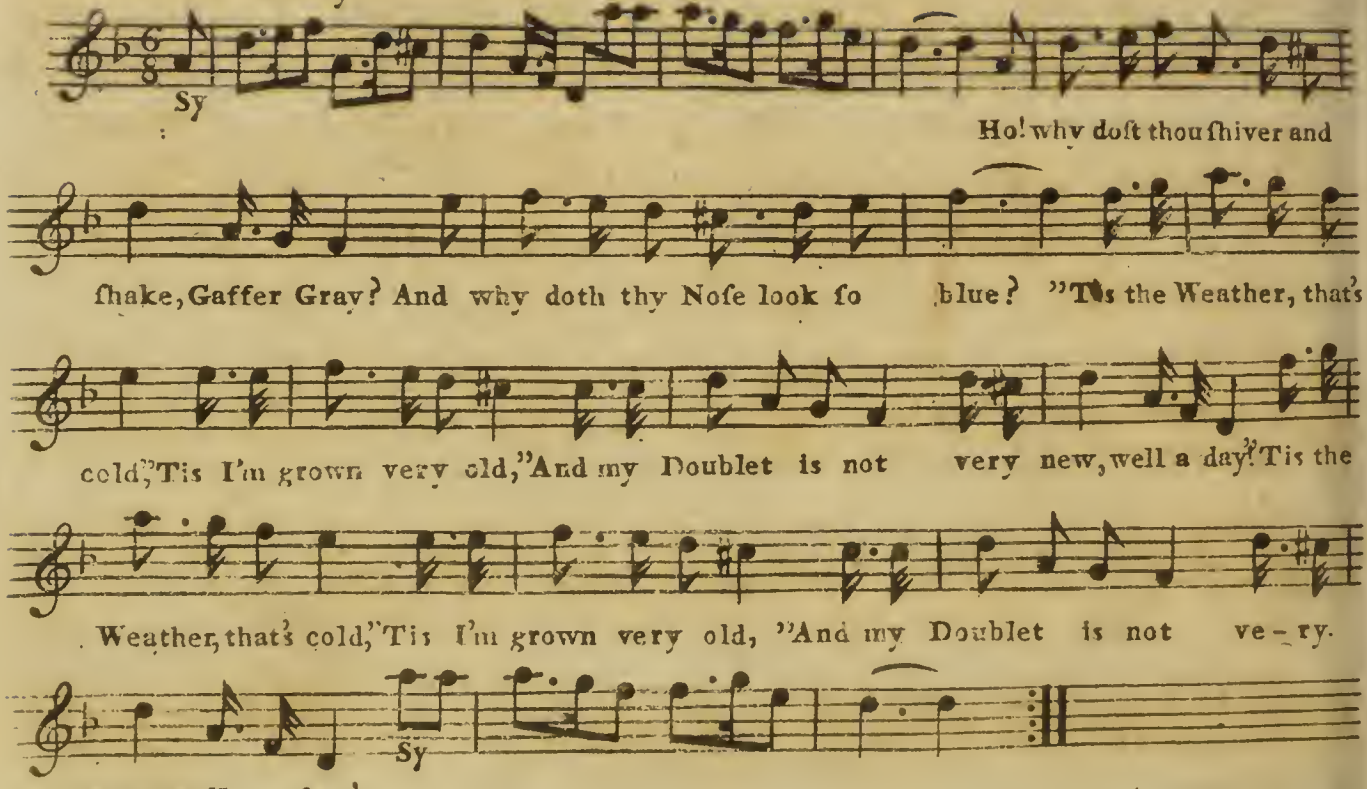

. The Sol-dier tir'd
of War's alarms, Forſwears the Clang of hoſtile Arms, And
ſcorns the Spear & Shield. The Soldier tir'd of Wars alarms, Forſwears the Clang of
. Hoſtile Arms, And ſcorns
the Spear the Spear & Shield, Forſwears the Clang of hoſtile


Arms, And fcorns
the Spear the Spear and Shield: But if the brazen Trumpet found
He
burns with Conqueſt to be crown'd, & dares again the Field and

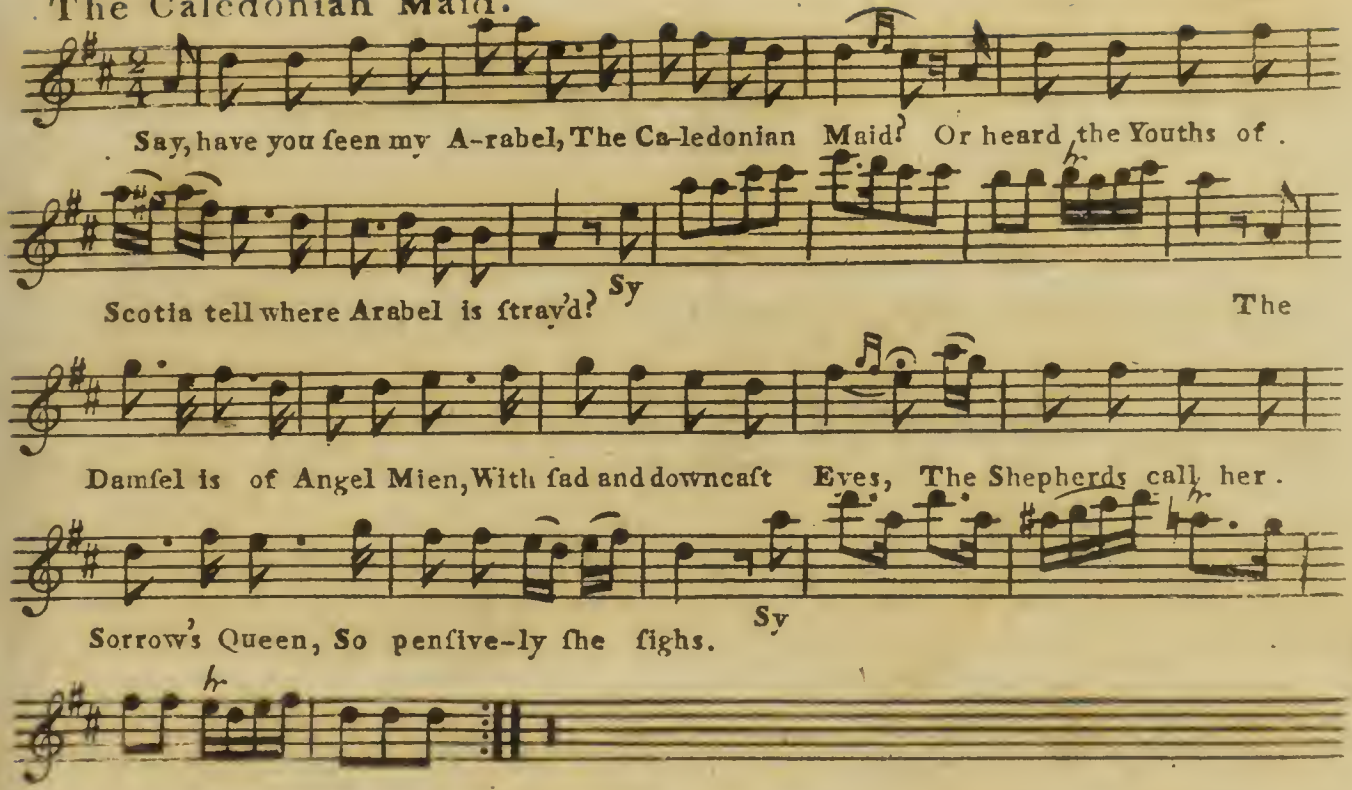

. dares -
. - again the Field, He dares
. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - a - gain the Field; he dares -
- - a - gain the Field.

Metaſtatio's Hymn to Venus



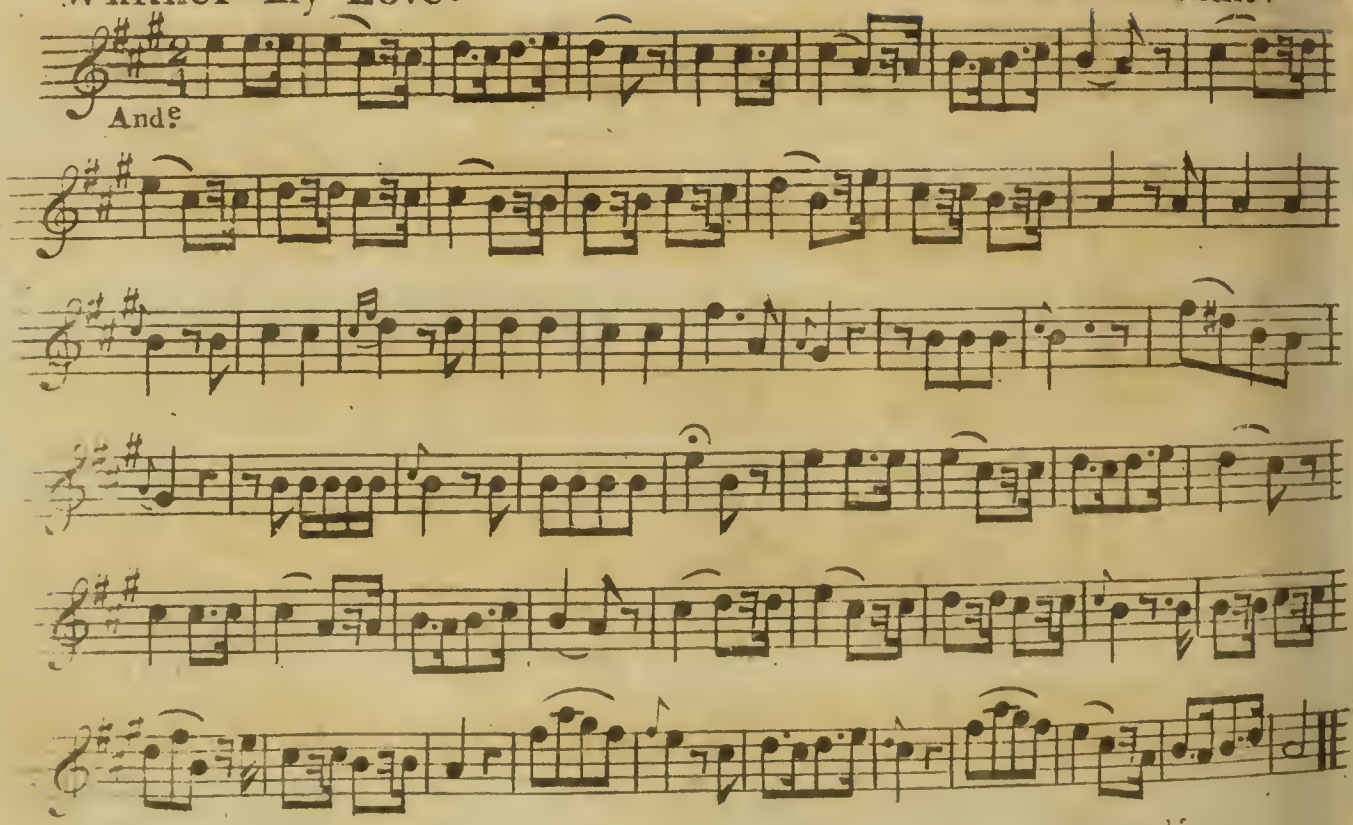

Sy
Ho! why doſt thou ſhiver and
ſhake, Gaffer Gray? And why doth thy Noſe look ſo blue? "Tis the Weather, that's
cold; "Tis I'm grown very old, "And my Doublet is not very new, well a day! "Tis the
Weather, that's cold; "Tis I'm grown very old, "And my Doublet is not ve-ry
Sy
new, well a day!

The Caledonian Maid.

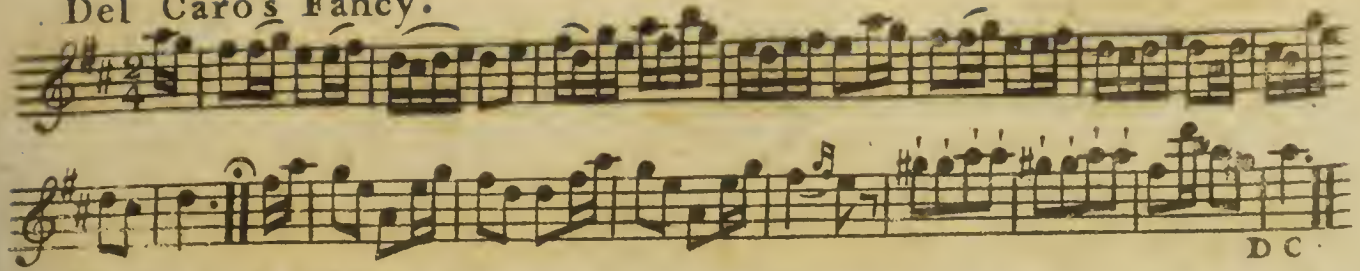

Say, have you ſeen my A-rabel, The Ca-ledonian Maid? Or heard the Youths of
Scotia tell where Arabel is ſtray'd? Sy
The
Damſel is of Angel Mien, With ſad and downcaſt Eyes, The Shepherds call her
Sorrow's Queen, So penſive-ly ſhe ſighs. Sy

Whither my Love.

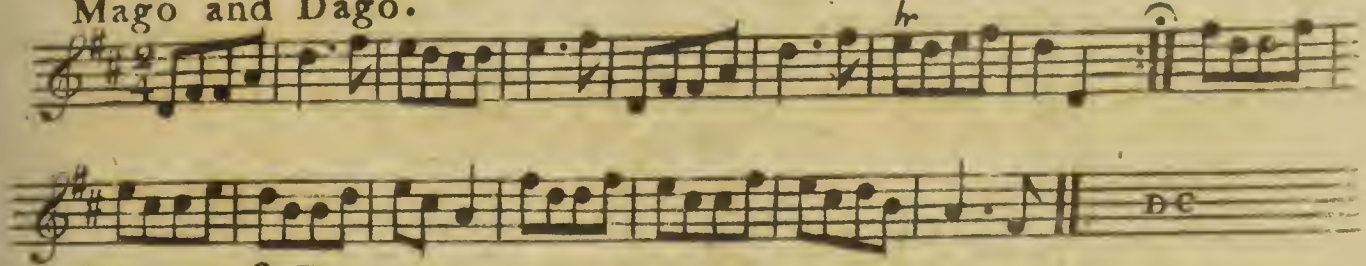
Paisello.



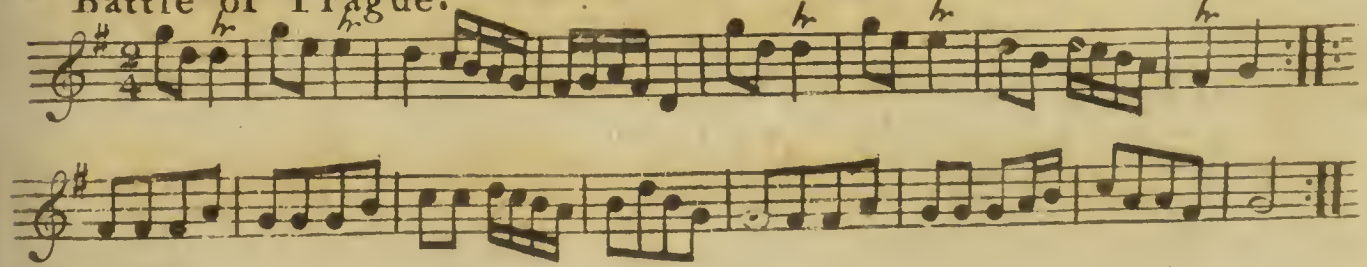
Del Caro's Fancy.



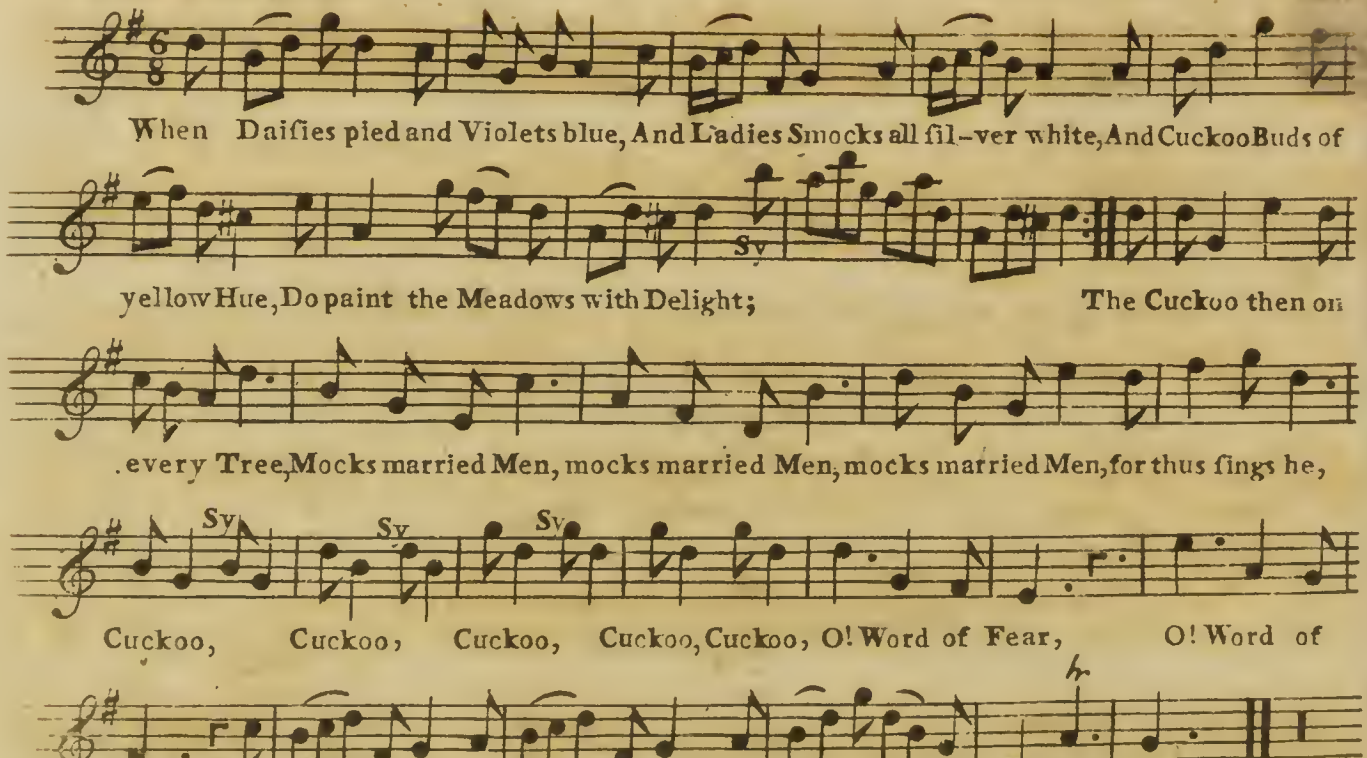
Mago and Dago.



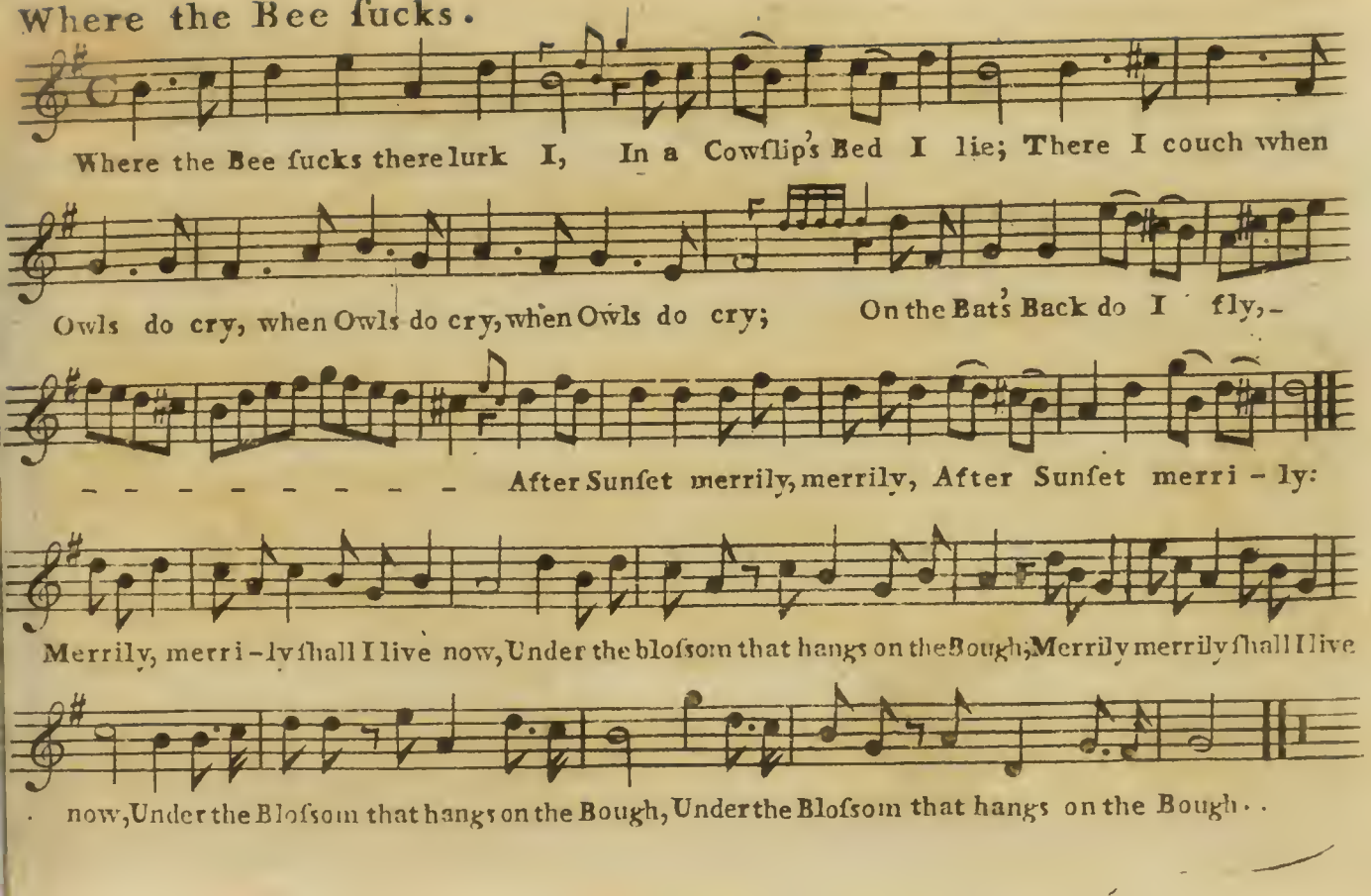
Battle of Prague.



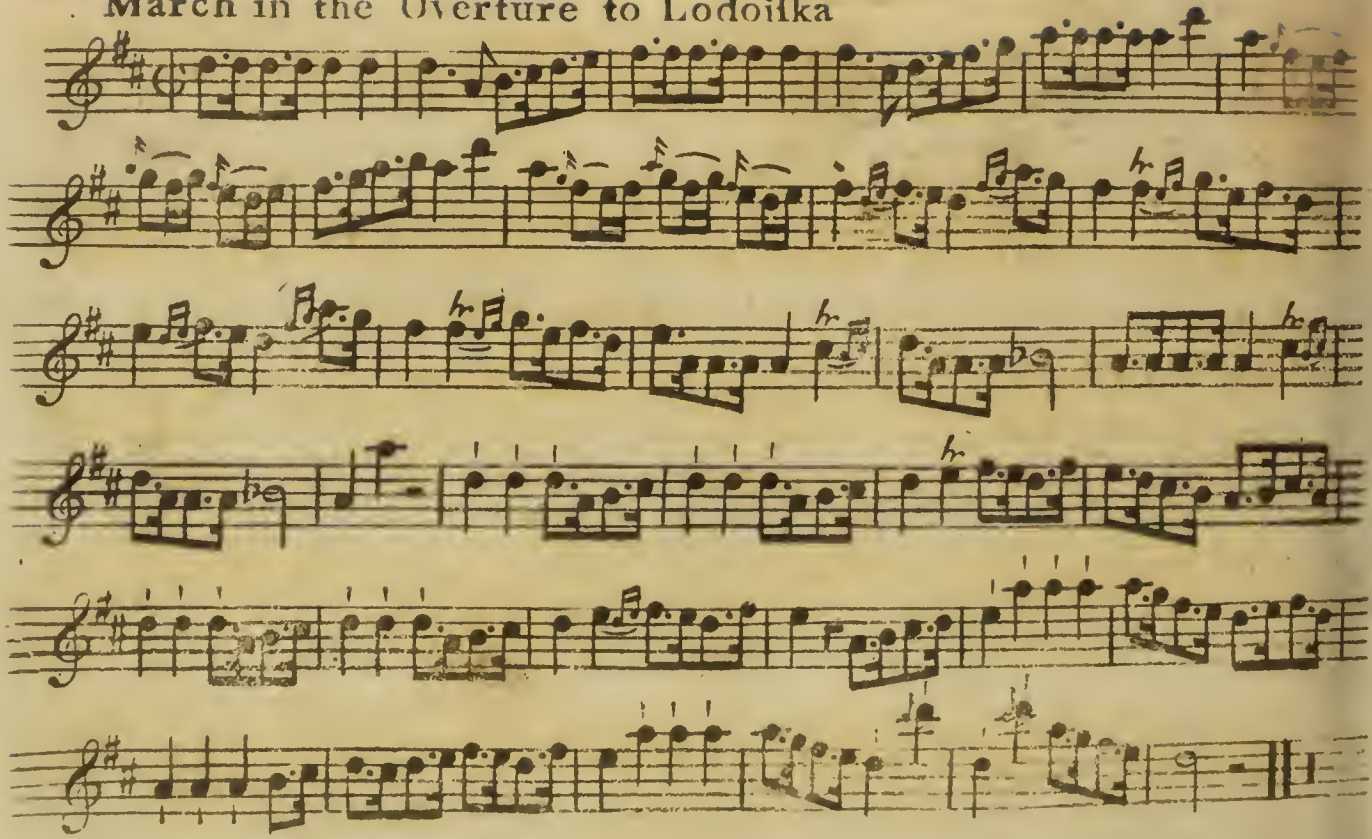
The Cuckoo.


When Daiſies pied and Violets blue, And Ladies Smocks all ſil-ver white, And Cuckoo Buds of
yellow Hue, Do paint the Meadows with Delight; The Cuckoo then on
every Tree, Mocks married Men, mocks married Men, mocks married Men, for thus ſings he,
Sy
Sy
Sy
Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, O! Word of Fear, O! Word of
Fear, Unpleaſing to a married Ear, Unpleaſing to a married Ear.

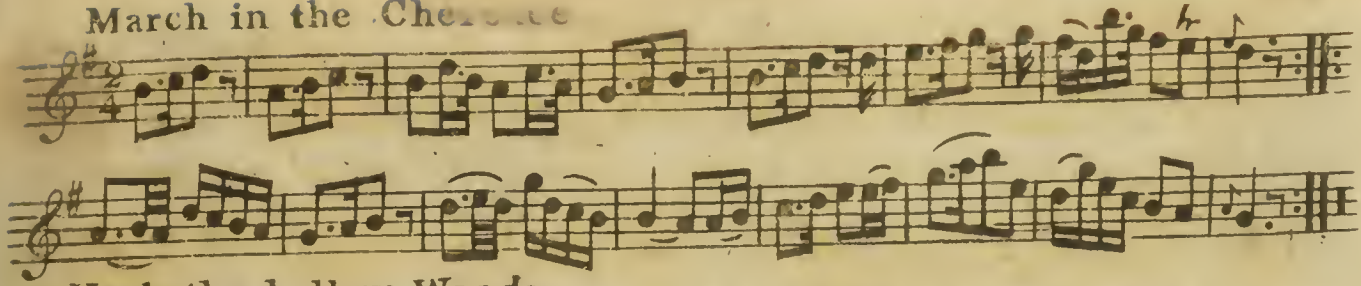
Where the Bee ſucks.


Where the Bee ſucks there lurk I, In a Cowſlip's Bed I lie; There I couch when
Owls do cry, when Owls do cry, when Owls do cry; On the Bat's Back do I fly,-
After Sunſet merrily, merrily, After Sunſet merri - ly:
Merrily, merri - ly ſhall I live now, Under the bloſſom that hangs on the Bough, Merrily merrily ſhall I live
now, Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bough, Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bough..

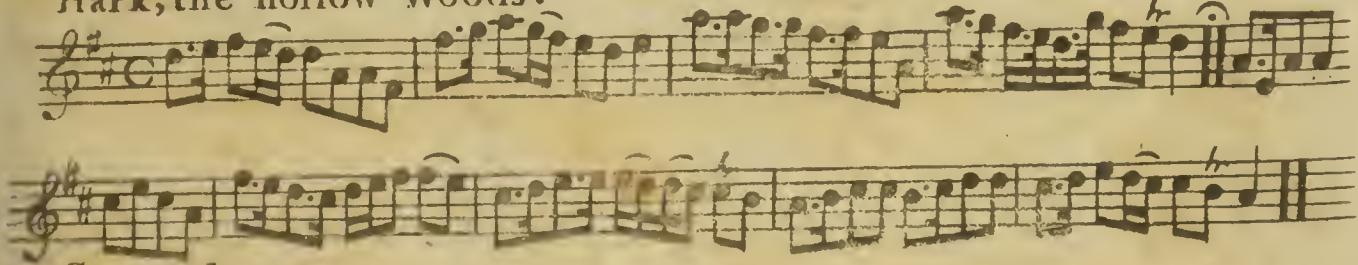
March in the Overture to Lodoiska



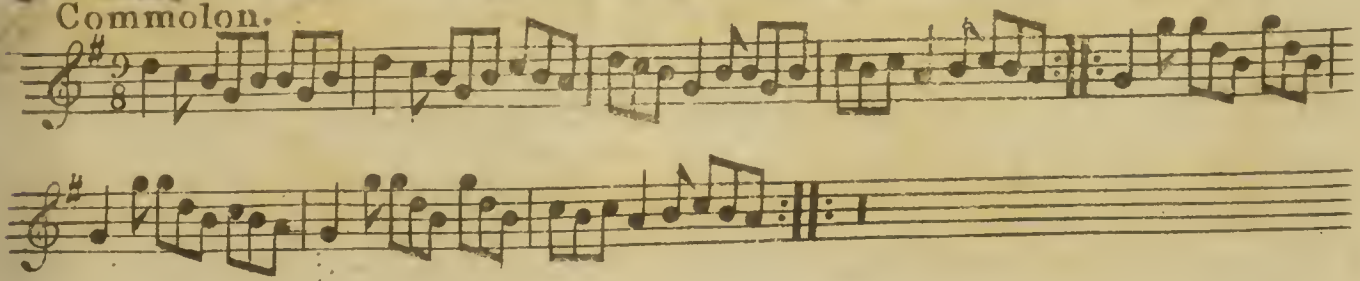
March in the Cherokee



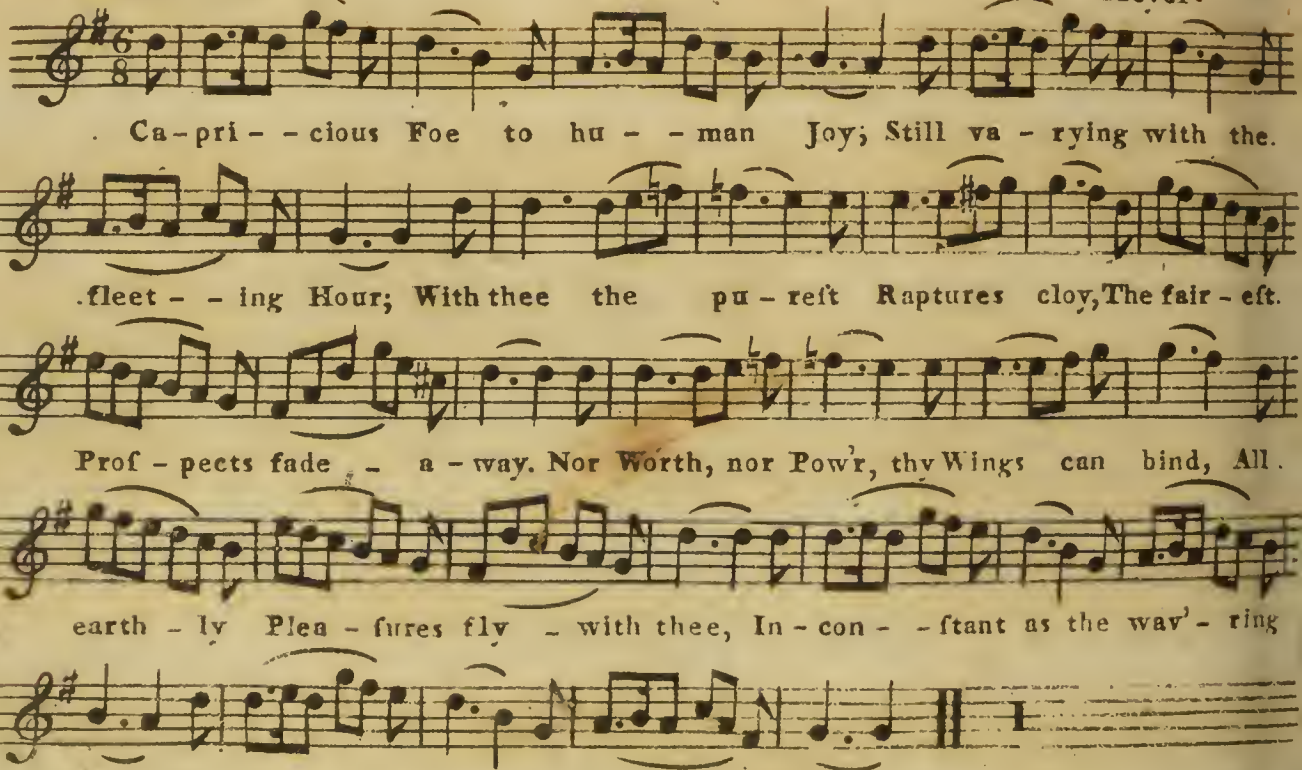
Hark, the hollow Woods.



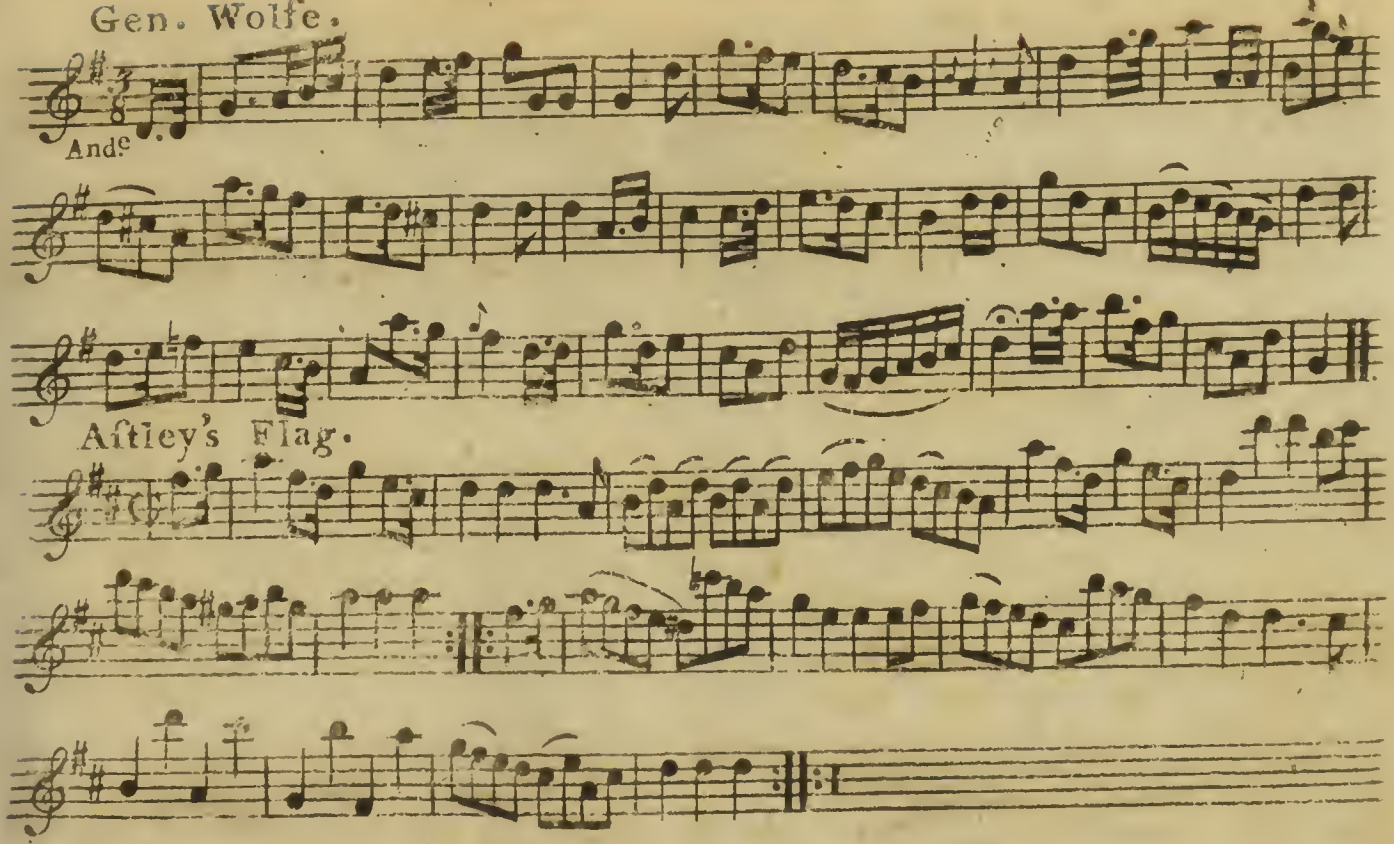
Commolon.



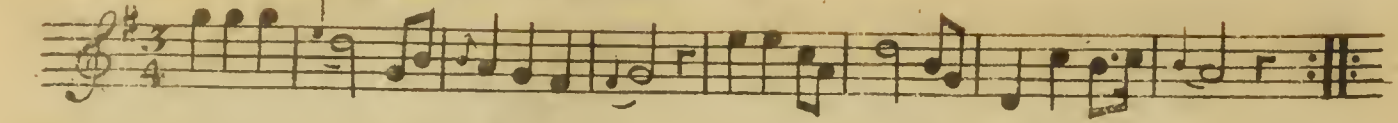
Time. Plevel.


Ca-pri--cious Foe to hu--man Joy; Still va-rying with the.
.fleet--ing Hour; With thee the pu-reſt Raptures cloy, The fair-eſt.
Proſ-pects fade -a-way. Nor Worth, nor Pow'r, thy Wings can bind, All.
earth-ly Plea-ſures fly -with thee, In-con--ſtant as the wav'-ring
Wind; That plays up-on the Sum-mer's Sea.

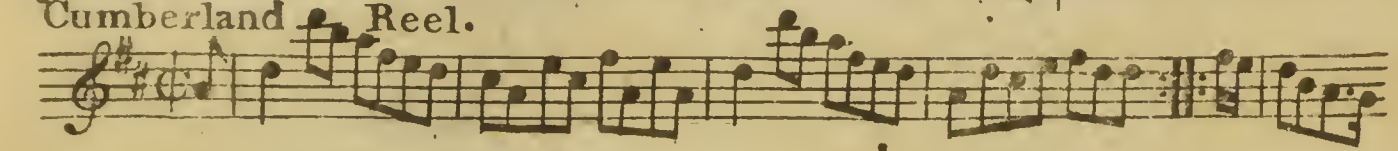
Gen. Wolfe.



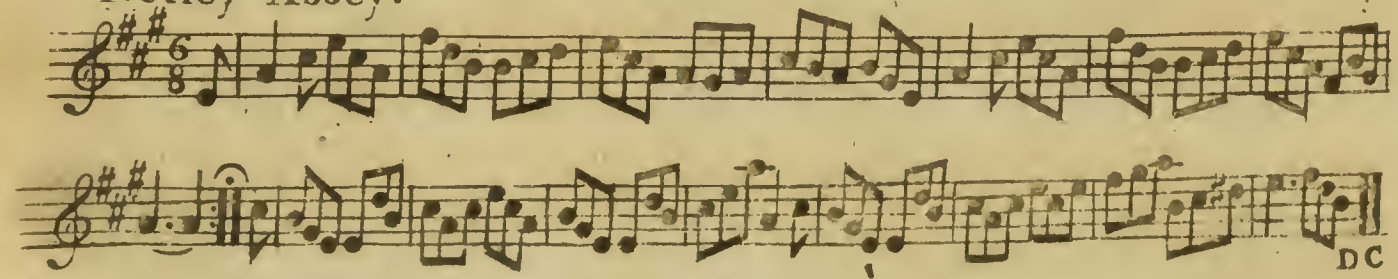
Princefs of Wales's Minuet.



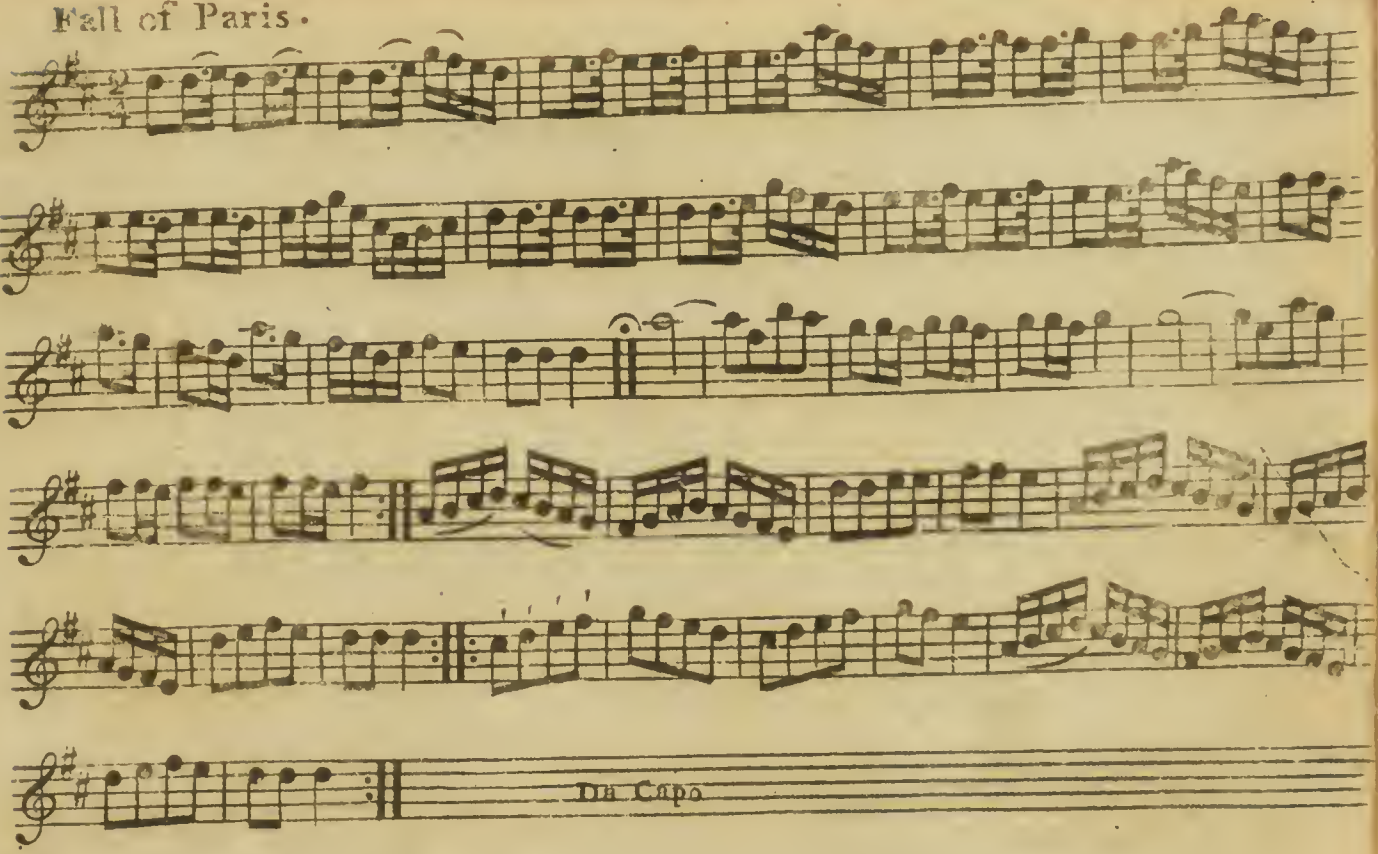
Cumberland Reel.

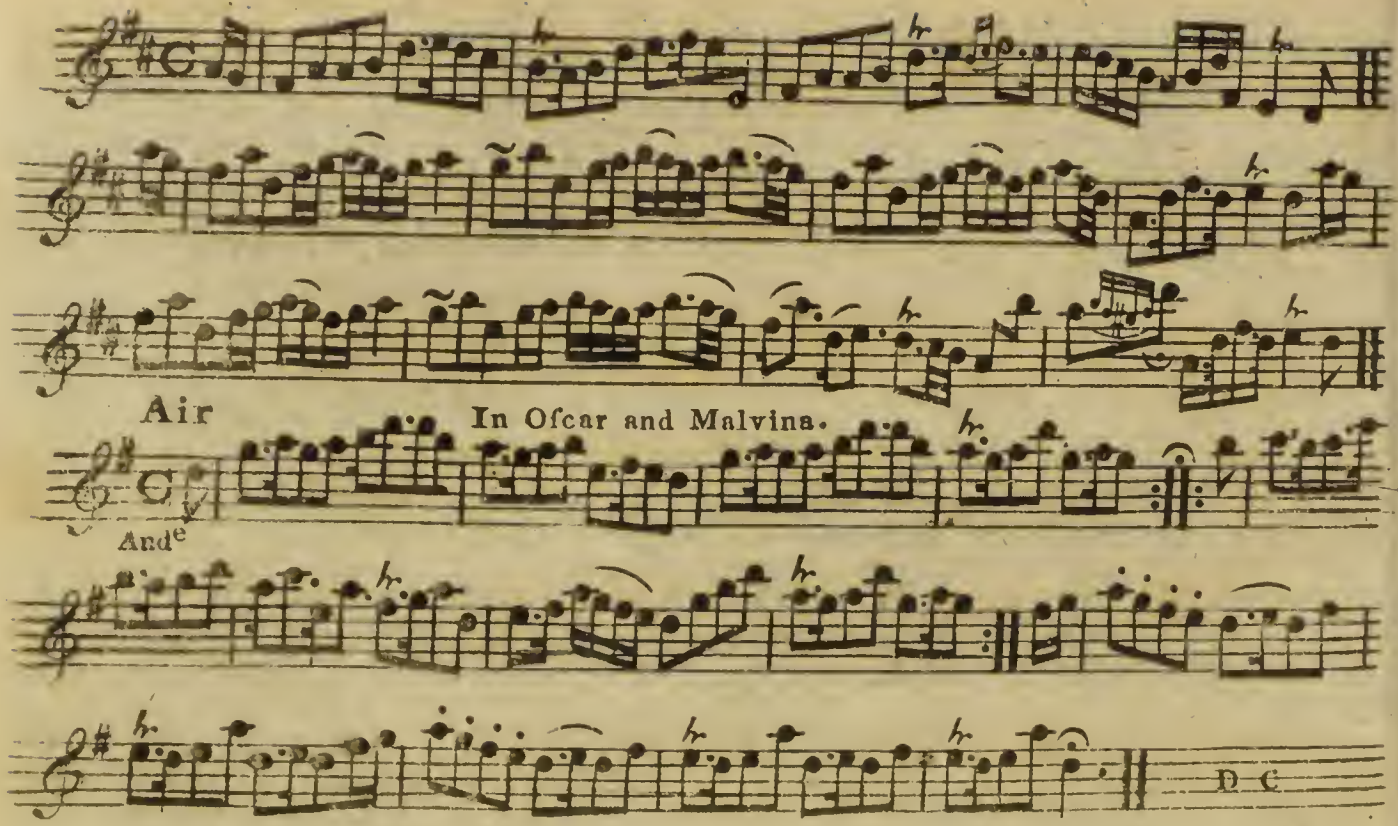


Netley Abbey.

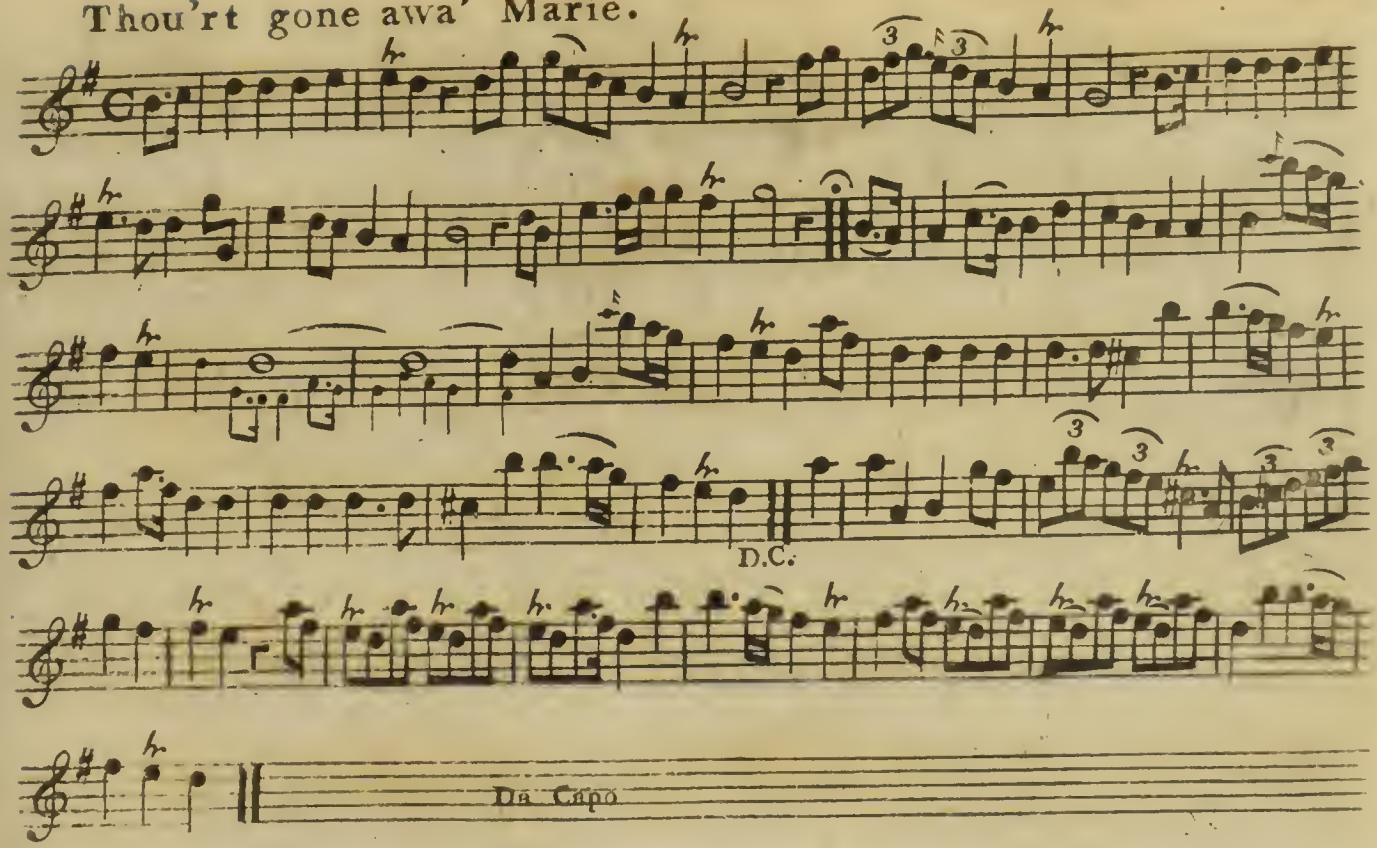


Fall of Paris.

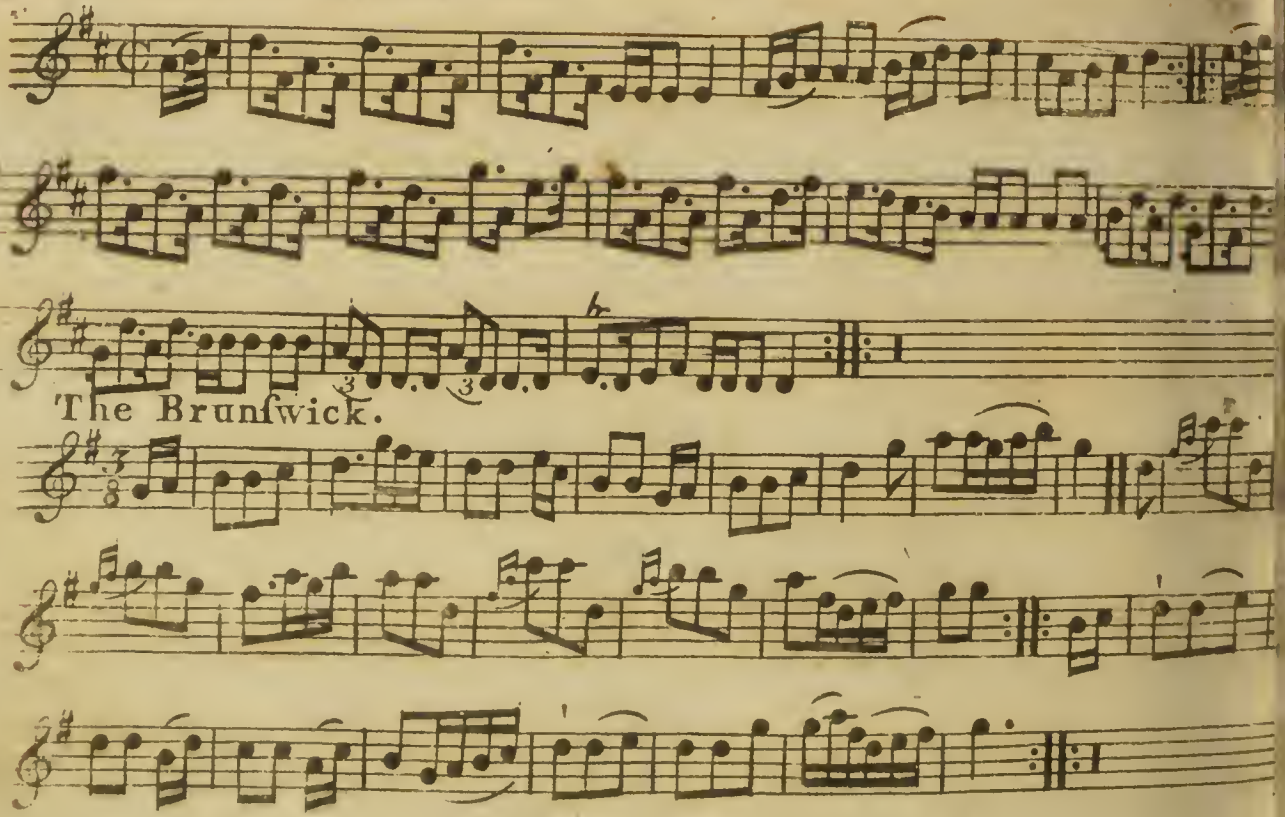



Air
In Oscar and Malvina.
And^e
D C

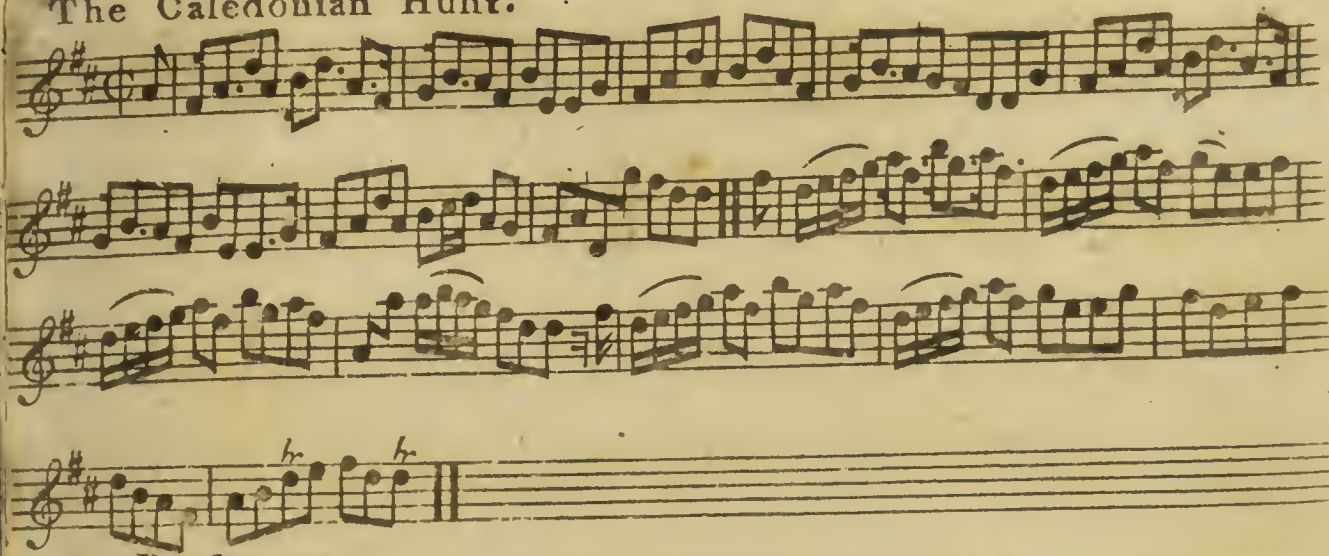
Thou'rt gone awa' Marie.



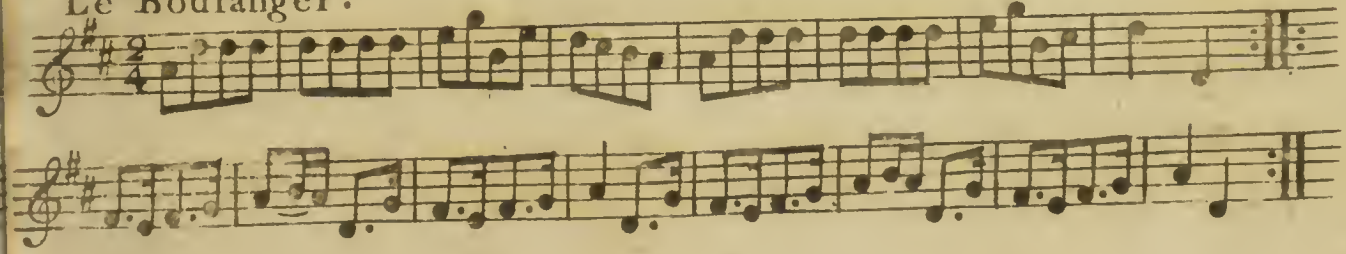
Princeſs of Wales's Reel



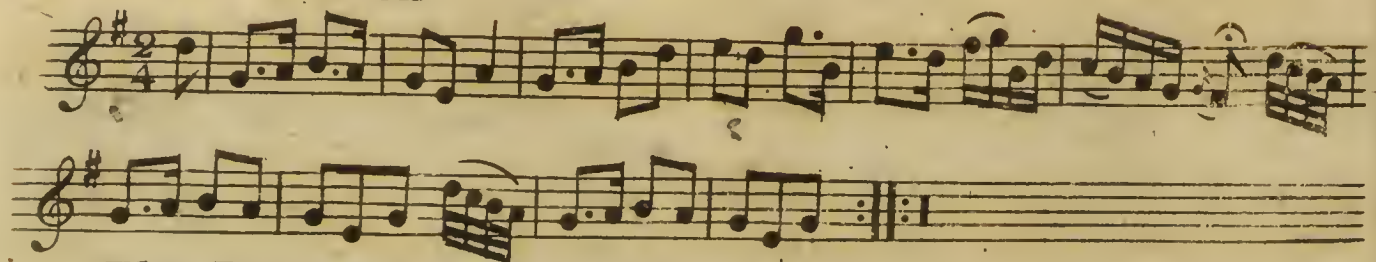
The Caledonian Hunt.



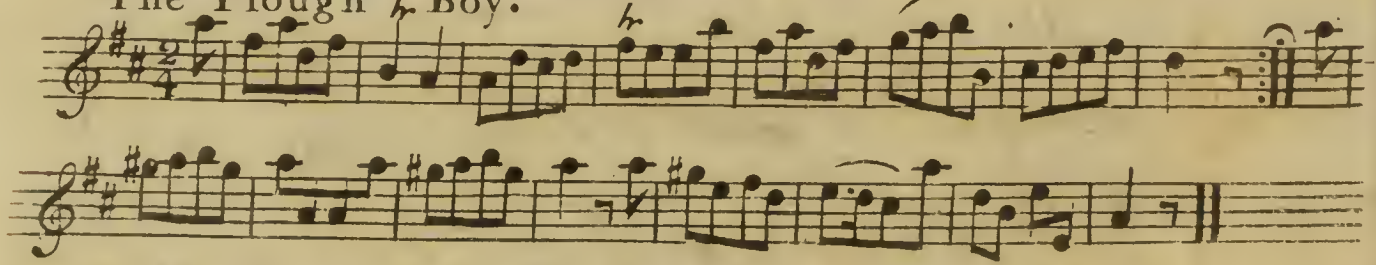
Le Boulanger.



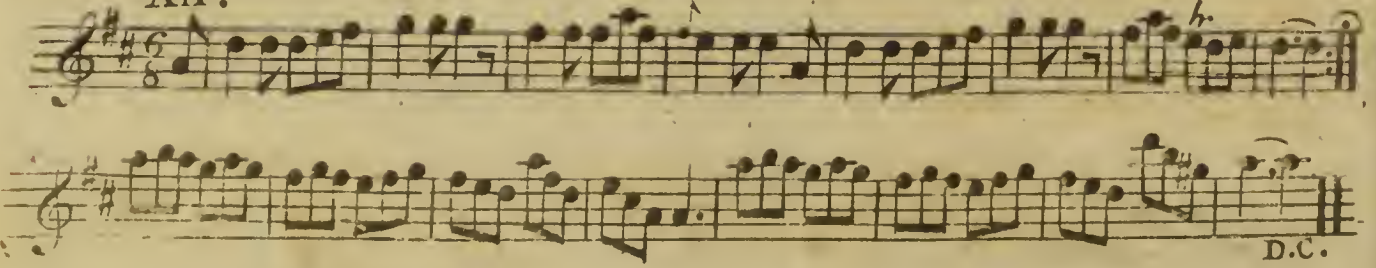
Lewie Gordon.



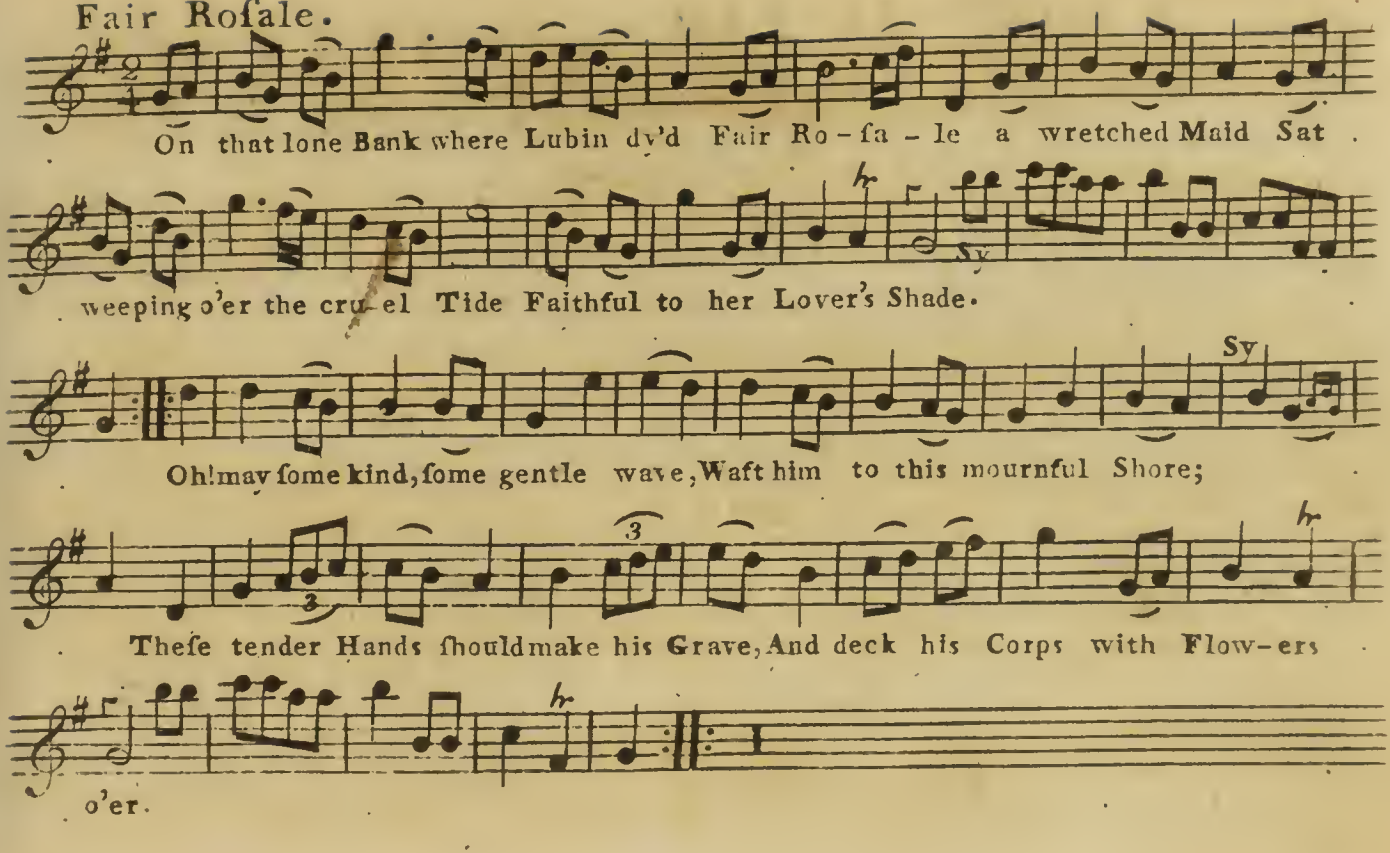
The Plough Boy.



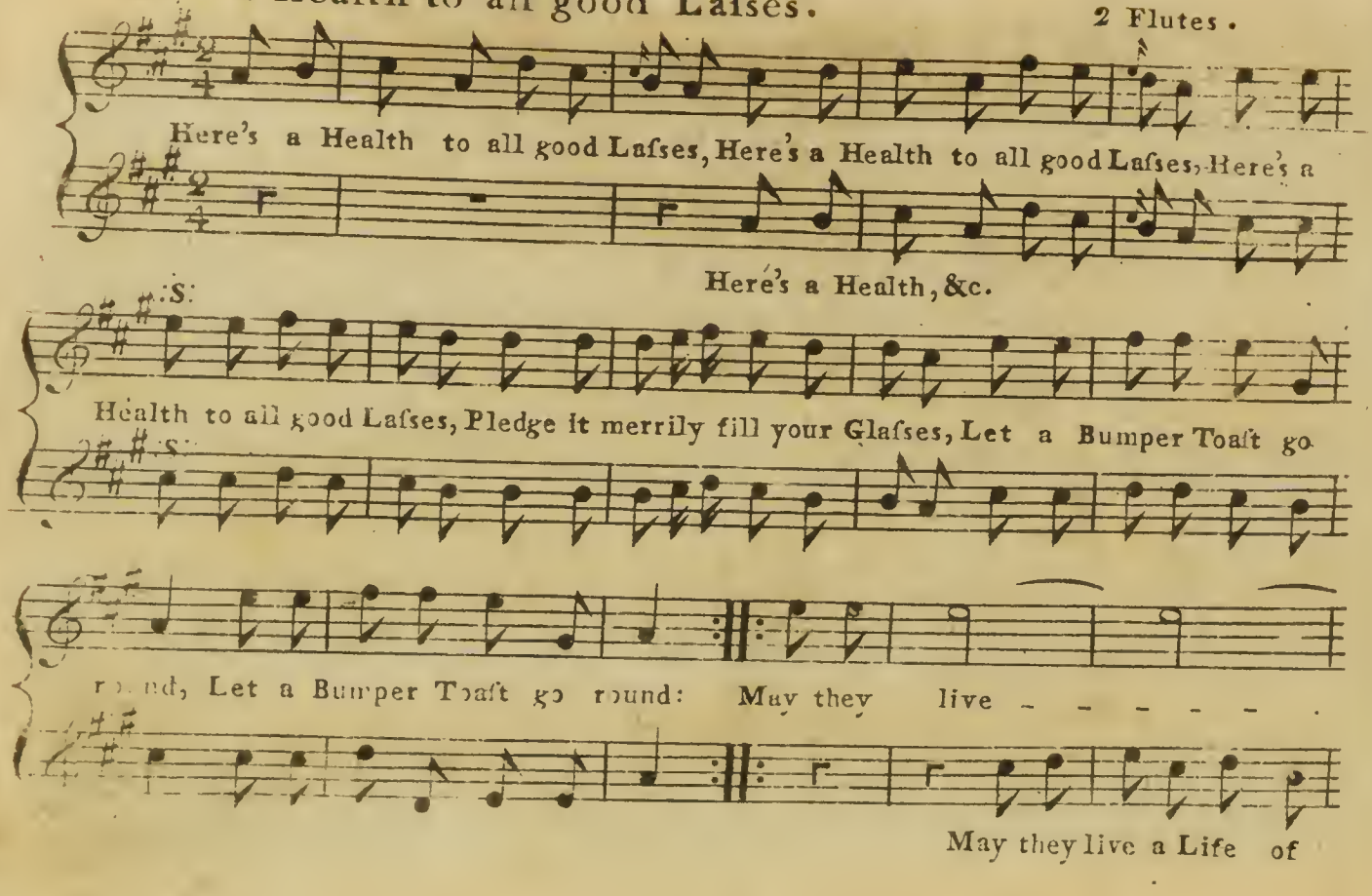
Air.

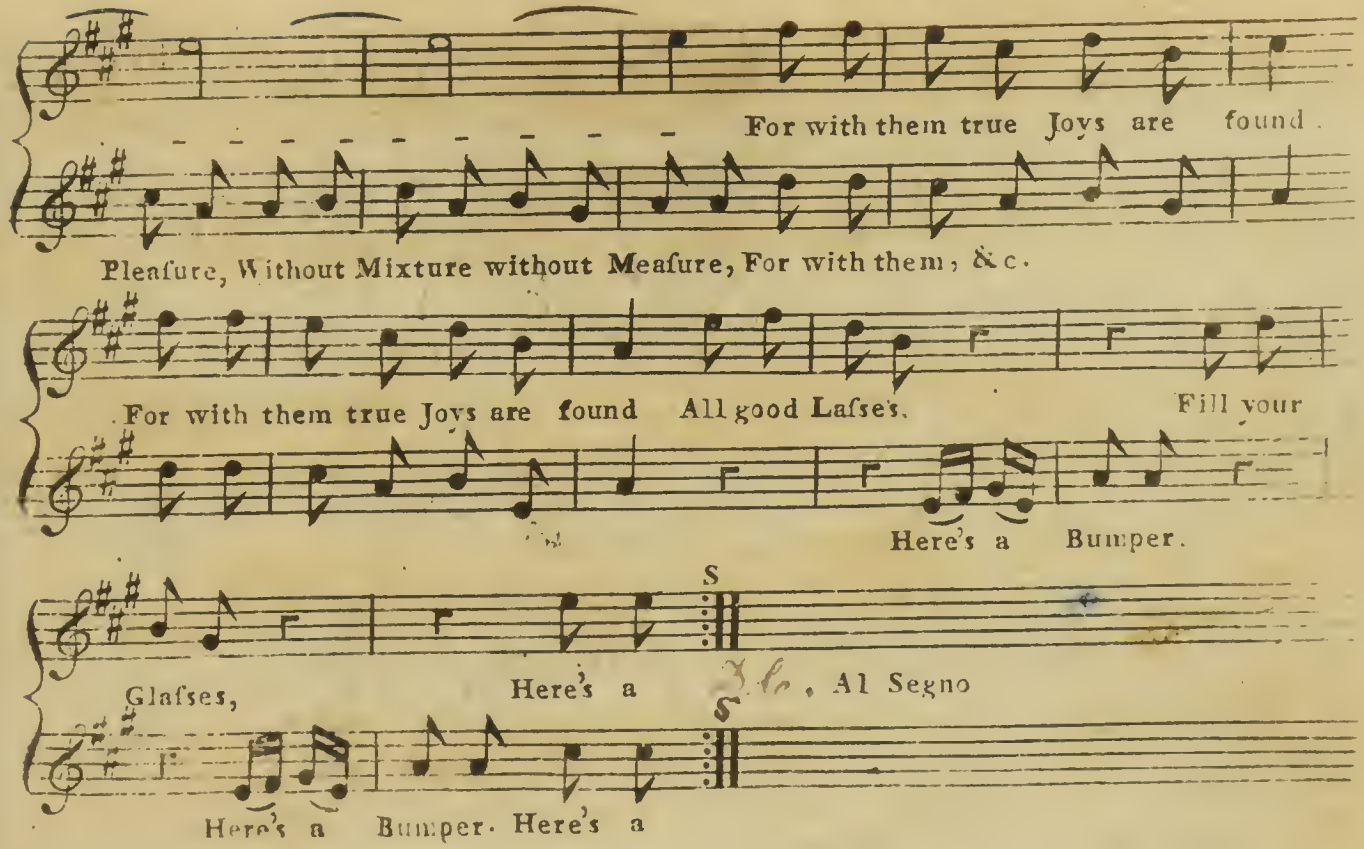


Fair Roſale.


On that lone Bank where Lubin dy'd Fair Ro-ſa-le a wretched Maid Sat
weeping o'er the cru-el Tide Faithful to her Lover's Shade.
Sy
Oh! may ſome kind, ſome gentle wave, Waft him to this mournful Shore;
Sy
Theſe tender Hands ſhould make his Grave, And deck his Corps with Flow-ers
hr
o'er.

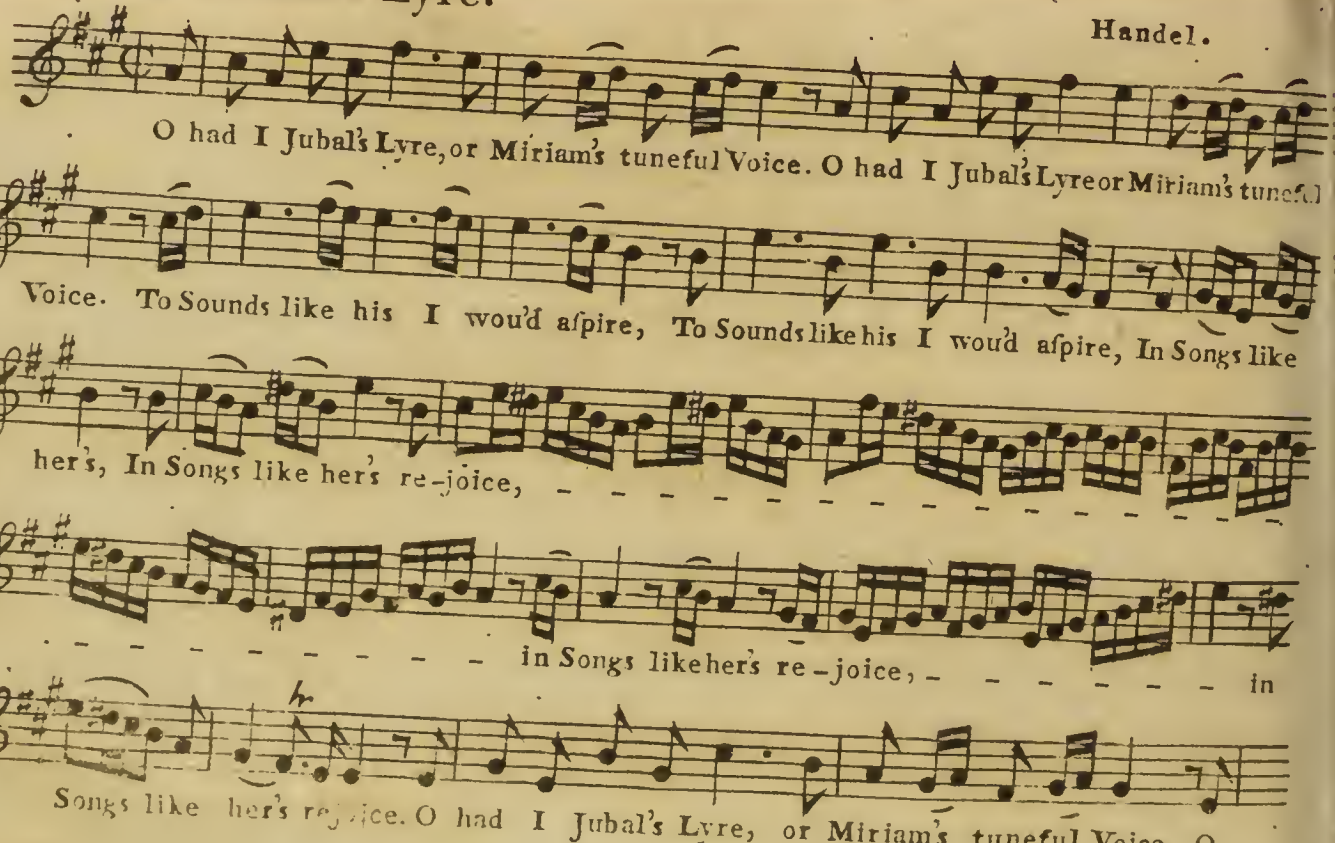
Here's a Health to all good Lafses.

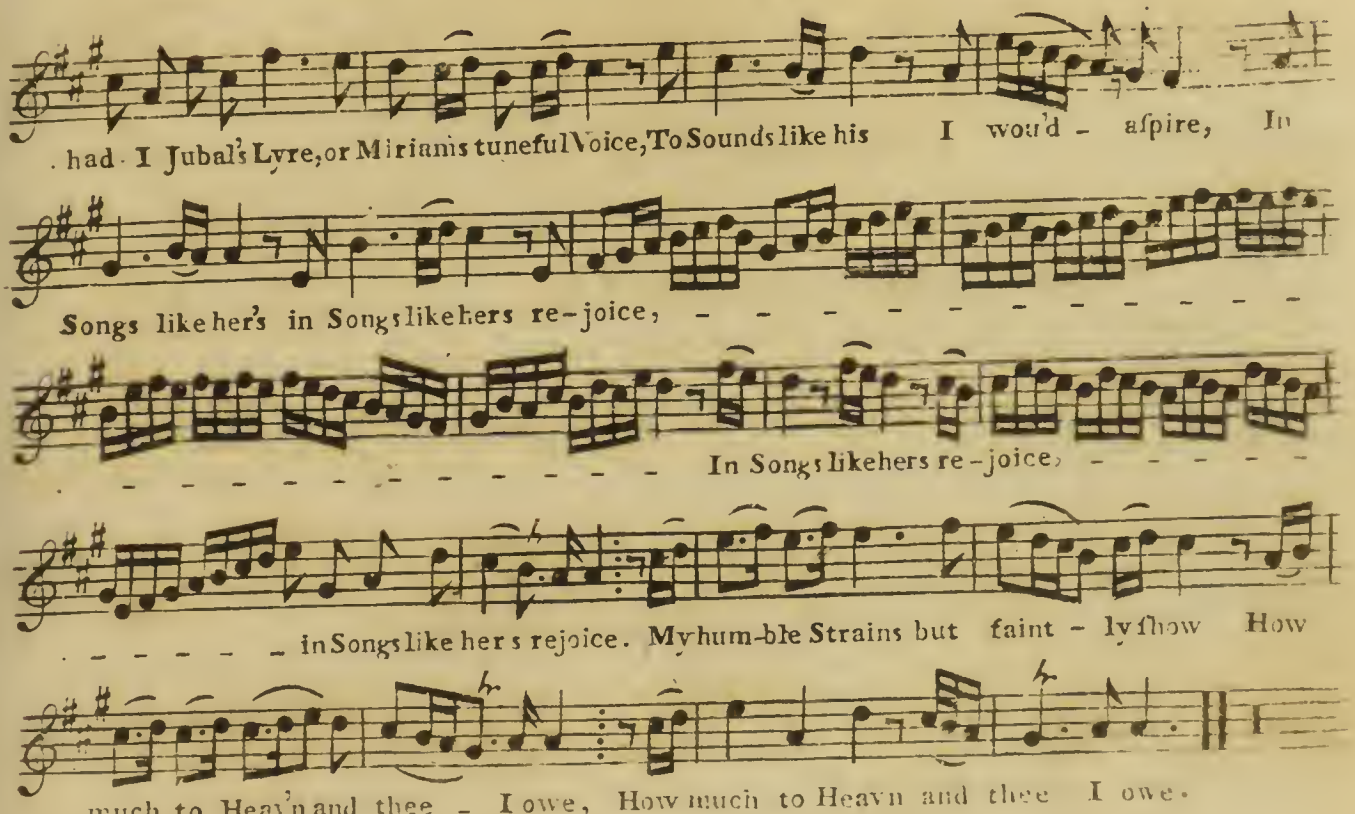

2 Flutes.
Here's a Health to all good Lafses, Here's a Health to all good Lafses, Here's a
Here's a Health, &c.
:S:
Health to all good Lafses, Pledge it merrily fill your Glafses, Let a Bumper Toaft go
:S:
round, Let a Bumper Toaft go round: May they live - - - - - .
May they live a Life of

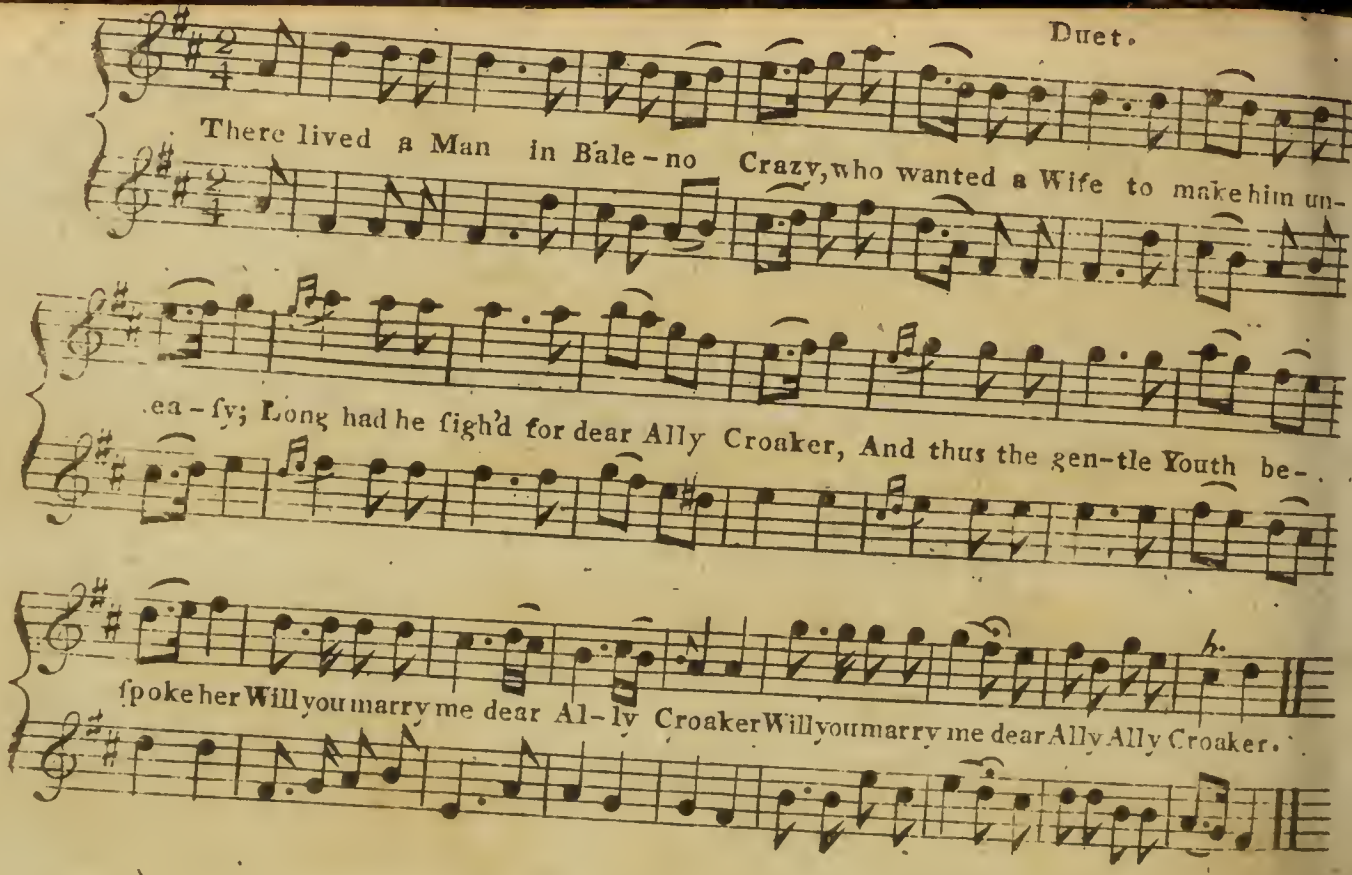

For with them true Joys are found.
Pleaſure, Without Mixture without Meaſure, For with them, &c.
For with them true Joys are found All good Laſſes.
Fill your
Here's a Bumper.
S
Glaſſes,
Here's a
Al Segno
S
Here's a Bumper. Here's a

O had I Jubal's Lyre.

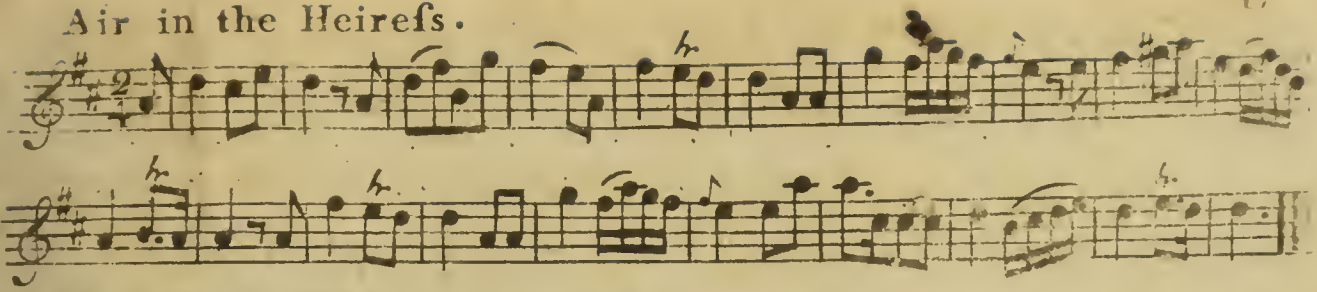
Handel.


O had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful Voice. O had I Jubal's Lyre or Miriam's tuneful
Voice. To Sounds like his I would aspire, To Sounds like his I would aspire, In Songs like
her's, In Songs like her's re-joice,
in Songs like her's re-joice, in
Songs like her's rejoice. O had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful Voice. O

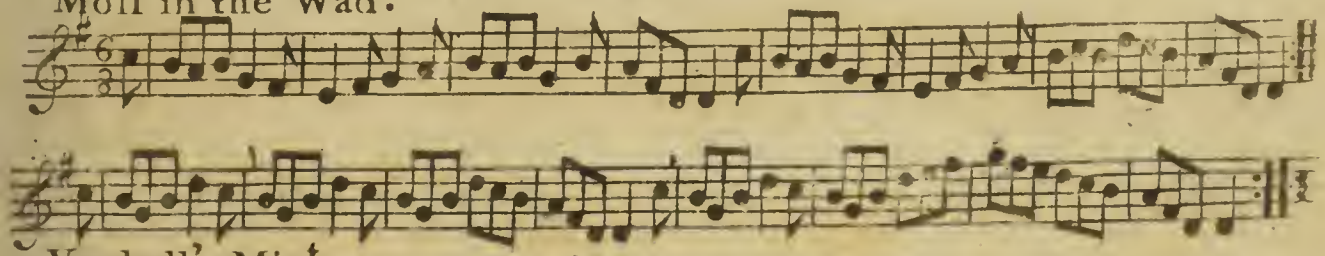

had I Jubal's Lyre, or Miriam's tuneful Voice, To Sounds like his I would - aſpire, In
Songs like her's in Songs like hers re-joice,
In Songs like hers re-joice,
in Songs like hers rejoice. My hum-ble Strains but faint - ly ſhow How
much to Heav'n and thee - I owe, How much to Heavn and thee I owe.


Duet.
There lived a Man in Bale-no Crazy, who wanted a Wife to make him un-
ea-sy; Long had he sigh'd for dear Ally Croaker, And thus the gen-tle Youth be-
spoke her Will you marry me dear Al-ly Croaker Will you marry me dear Ally Ally Croaker.

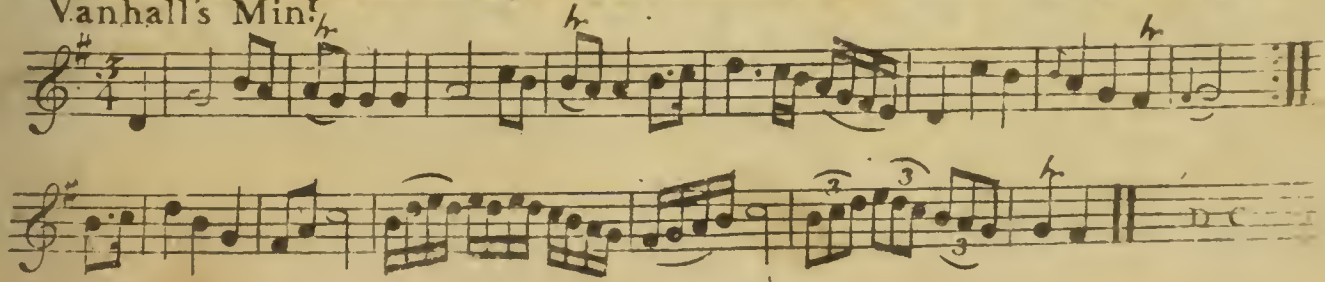
Air in the Heirefs.



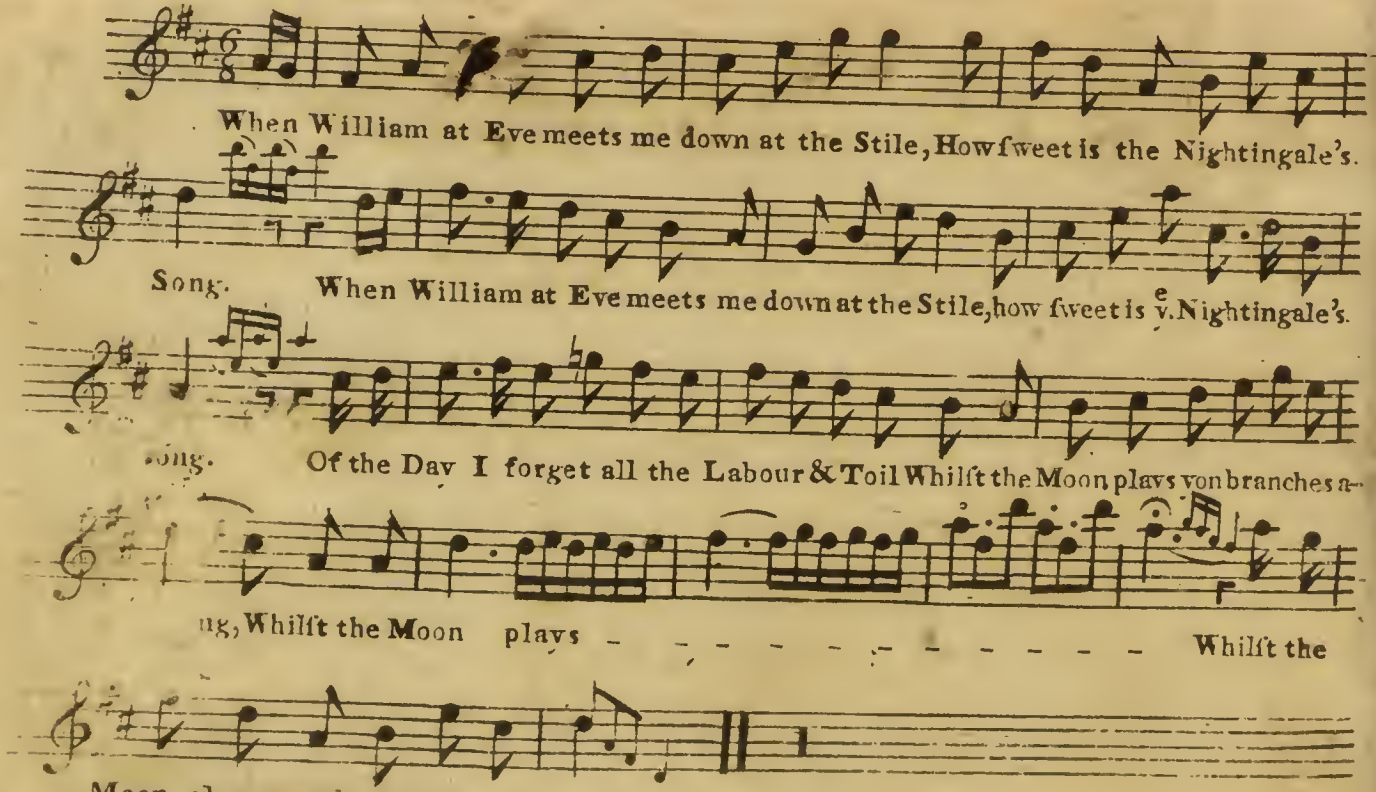
Moll in the Wad.



Vanhall's Min.



William at Eve.


When William at Eve meets me down at the Stile, How sweet is the Nightingale's.
Song. When William at Eve meets me down at the Stile, how sweet is ye Nightingale's.
Song. Of the Day I forget all the Labour & Toil Whilst the Moon plays von branches a-
ng, Whilst the Moon plays - - - - - - - - - - Whilst the
Moon plays von branches a-mong.